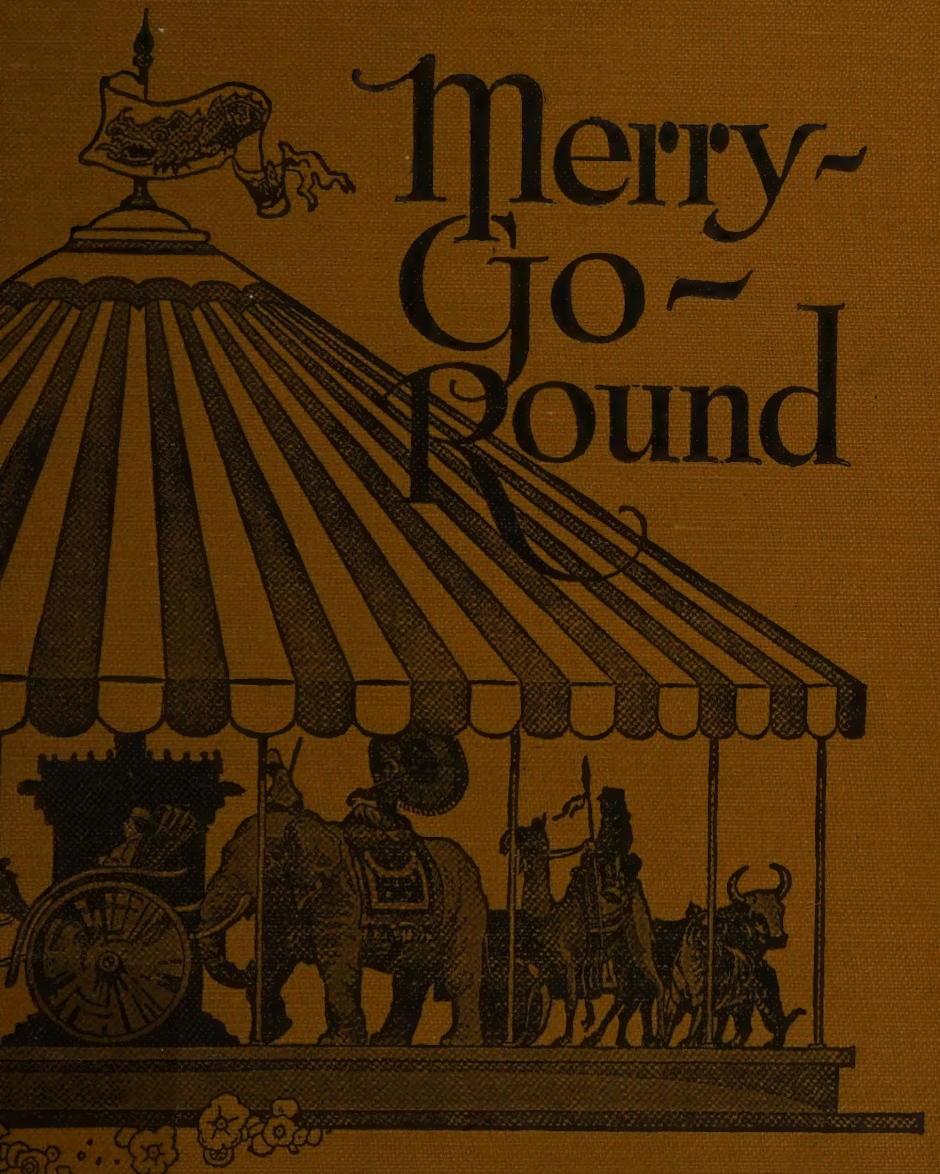
Merry-Go-Round



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MERRY-GO-ROUND

MERRY-GO-ROUND

A Pilgrim's Progress Around the World

By

MARGARET T. APPLEGARTH

Author of

"A China Shepherdess," "Friday's Footprints," "Short Missionary Plays," etc.

With Decorations by the Author

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BEFORE THE MERRY-GO-ROUND STARTS

PURPOSE. For several years we have all been quoting, "God does not make heathen, he just makes little children," until the great hope and glory of all mission work has been shown to center in the child started Christ-ward. But in regard to our own boys and girls the time has come to paraphrase, "God does not make the Average Church-Member, he just makes little children." Somewhere in the process of growing up the A. C. M. has acquired a curiously warped and un-Christlike attitude toward missions, world friendships, and race relationships, which has been perpetuated long enough.

"Merry-Go-Round" brings you a group of stories built around two words with but a single thought. The thought is the kingdom of God spreading all the way around the world; the two words are delightfully challenging to any teacher of things Christian: "attitude" and "service"; and it is never to be forgotten that missionary education is primarily concerned with creating attitudes. There is a charm about that one word; say it over and over until the sheer wonder of it sinks deep: Attitude! attitude! attitude! What is

an attitude? It is all one's emotions, all one's impulses, all one's habits of thought, tending to rule one's activity in response to any given situation. Therefore nothing else in the whole world matters so greatly to the teacher as training the attitude of the growing boy and girl toward God's family. Emotions—impulses—habits of thoughts: yours to mold!

You will see at a glance that mere missionary knowledge is not quite enough. Mere missionary stories are not quite enough. Mere missionary giving is not quite enough. These may be rather harmful if they tend to foster a Lady Bountiful type of superiority. It is to be hoped that the use of "Merry-Go-Round," through stories, Bible and hymn memorizing, impersonations, dramatizations; through such handwork as the making of villages and the rendering of actual service, may develop a new attitude toward the spread of the kingdom of God: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

Adapting to Various Ages. The book was designed for junior and junior high (intermediate) groups. The former will care more for the object-lessons, and will not be able to do so much with the research activities as the intermediates. Teachers in church schools are far too prone to do all the making, and planning, and discovering, and presenting. Boys

and girls will never acquire habits of thought unless they share definitely in initiating and carrying through the activities suggested.

Primary groups, by stressing the object-lessons, and by dividing each story into several sections to be continued from week to week, may use the general Merry-Go-Round idea, one country lasting several months. In fact, the June suggestions on the people who get us our food, clothes, etc., could last a whole year, one product for each session. The keeping of individual scrap-books may take the place of any poster work, or cardboard "vehicles" may be covered with pictures.

The Senior Department in a church school has already presented many of these stories as impersonations or original dramatizations, once a month, during the opening exercises of the school, the filling of a specific need forming the climax of the event. Care should be taken not to ask for too little; or, rather, not to be satisfied that the giving of a doll fulfils one's whole duty toward India, for example. A bigger objective should be taken, such as the fact that twenty-four dollars will support a Bible-woman for one year. "Alas! The Human Inchworm" offering a concrete example—one dollar will support her for two weeks, while she visits fourteen homes telling the gospel story to many hundred persons. Or, in the case of Fingiah

("When Caste Flew Out of the Doorway"), fifty-two dollars a year will support an evangelist, etc.

Debates are valuable attitude-builders for this senior group, provided they are fairly worded, so that neither side gets a non-Christian bias. Here are two which have been debated recently in a spirited fashion: "Resolved, that medical missions have done more (for China, India, Korea, or in general) than educational missions." "Resolved, that the Japanese women need higher education at present more than the men."

Practical Suggestions. Ask your church printer for odds and ends of colored papers and cardboards which he throws out ordinarily. He will give you, gratis, enough for dolls and other smaller uses. He will also furnish, at cost, colored pieces of four-ply cardboard for posters. Paper-tearing is securing attractive posters in public schools; your group may know how to tear different colors in irregular outlines and then paste them one color on another, e. g., light-blue, sky; green, hill; yellow, sun; etc. This is quick and effective.

Another effective plan is to have the "Go" vehicle for each month made as nearly life-size as possible, by using stiff wide sheets of corrugated cardboard, bought in the largest size possible. This may be cut with a

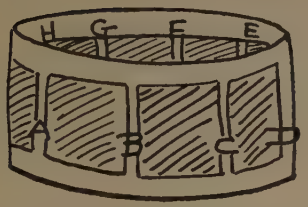
knife. Prop the vehicle against a backless chair with thumb-tacks, so that a rider may sit on the chair and seem to be riding as the story is told. At the map-exercise session each month this life-size vehicle may be used as a chart on which map and pictures are to be pasted. Hang each such enlargement on the wall when your use of it is over, so that the exhibit in itself forms a successive itinerary of the Merry-Go-Round. If you cannot enlarge these sketches a pantograph will solve the difficulty; inquire at a school-supply store or mechanical toy-shop; prices, $1.50 up.

Occasionally you may care to make the faces of the smaller cardboard dolls by pasting on bone buttons—the kind with two large holes through which tape is fastened, for children's underwear. A dot for a nose and an O for a mouth, with two dabs of pink for the cheeks make very attractive little countenances. Cardboard dolls, cut double as directed, are so simple that only these have been suggested in the text. But the costume ideas may be carried out with materials draped on real dolls as well as on the members of the group.

Send to your denominational headquarters for literature catalogues. *M. E. M.*, in the references to picture-sheet material, refers to Missionary Education Movement, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

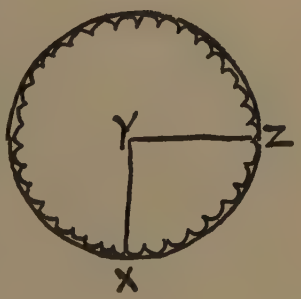
PRAYERS. Prayer is a sincere desire. There can never be a wholly Christian attitude if we train our boys and girls to have habits of right living with God's family only, and not with God also. They are quick to sense what many grown-up Christians do not yet understand, that prayer does not change God's *purpose,* but it does *release* it—through us! We are his channels of working in the world today. There is no beauty of holiness so wonderful as this to plant in the mind of a child. At every session one period of time should be devoted to an expression of the sincere desires created by the day's study. The author has found that the writing of prayers at home, or during the session, focuses the attention and trains the mind toward a more thoughtful worship. One group made a prayer-book, illustrating the Lord's Prayer, by phrases: e. g., "Our" (pictures of boys and girls of every land); "daily bread" (pictures of food and those who get it for us, as in the June lessons), etc.

HOW TO MAKE A MERRY-GO-ROUND



A circular hat-box will be the easiest foundation to use for a Merry-Go-Round. You will need seven or eight uprights (A, B, C, D, etc.) on which to paste the various "Go" vehicles during the progress of the course; these may be obtained by carefully cutting away with a knife the obliquely shaded portions of the sides. Leave sufficient margin at the top on which the lid may fit.

Take a sheet of white paper and mark on it a large circle, scalloping the edges when you cut it out. With a ruler draw stripes or radii from scallops to center of circle; color each alternate stripe red. Cut one radius X to Y, then move X over to Z until a cone has been formed which just fits the lid of the box. Paste X under Z. Now paste the scallops flat against the rim of the lid and place lid on Merry-Go-Round.



A small globe, mounted on a standard, should be kept inside the Merry-Go-Round (it will show through the open spaces) and a tape should be pasted from country to country as the Merry-Go-Round progresses. It might be a mark of high merit to give the honor member of your group the custody of the Merry-Go-Round for a month, entrusting to him the marking of the progress from week to week. See jacket design for final appearance, when vehicles are in place.

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The author gratefully acknowledges permission to use several stories which appeared first in *Everyland*.

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I

[OCTOBER]

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND REACHES US

Here is the Bible merchant being punished by riding backward. Cut two of these figures from gray or tan cardboard; paste together the two halves of the man and of the horse's head and back. When dry, spread the legs apart so that the horse can stand alone. (Be sure to have all three feet on a level.) The cloak may be a circular piece of cloth, if desired. Paste little black "books" (folded pieces of cardboard) around the hem, and a real feather in the hat. Paste the horse on the Merry-Go-Round.

For use in game "Lighting the Jack-o'-Lantern."

An Indian tepee may be made by curving a circle of tan cardboard into a cone, after cutting a radius. Pin at the top, fold back the pie-shaped flaps, and decorate in gaudy reds, blues, and greens. Broom straws for poles!

Pueblo homes for Indians can be made by pasting together several sizes of gray boxes, or if not gray, cover them with molding clay. Twig ladders.

The blanket of the little squaw should be bright red, her feather another gay color; the feathers in the young brave's bonnet should be many-colored, his suit tan. Slash the edges of the cardboard with scissors to give a fringe effect. Cut each doll from two thicknesses of cardboard, pasting head and shoulders together, then spreading legs apart so that doll can stand alone. The curved piece around the papoose cradle will enable the papoose to ride on the squaw's back or in a tree-top! If life-sized Indians are desired, borrow large "Beacon Blanket" advertisements from your department-store. They are astonishingly real!

A crude design like this is useful for decorating tepees or posters or note-books.

This is a copy of a wooden god, actually worshiped by Indians in Arizona. It can be modeled from molding clay, or from a dough mixture, made from two cups of coarse salt and one cup of flour into which about half a cup of water has been added little by little during the mixing. This takes water color beautifully. Use real feathers to decorate.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND REACHES US

OUTLINE OF FIVE SESSIONS ON THE BIBLE

Country: Our own ancestors in England and America.

Aim: To show how the Bible has been passed down to us.

Key Bible Verse for the Month: "Thy word was the JOY of my heart" (Jer. 15 : 16).

Memory Hymn for the Month: "O Word of God Incarnate" (Tune, Munich).

"Go" Vehicle for Merry-Go-Round: Horse.

FIRST SESSION. *Story:* "The Bluebeards of the Family." (See pp. 8-13.)

1. If desired, the story may be told by the leader and acted, impromptu, in pantomime by the following, either with or without the simple equipment suggested: (1) Queen Victoria (seated; Bible on table; cardboard crown). (2) Pagan ambassador (kneels; turban on head; tunic). (3) Group of Bluebeards (clubs; furs around hips to suggest type of clothing). (4) Early missionary (seated on floor, rowing; Bluebeards pull him ashore, rudely take coat, etc.). (5) Group of monks, timid; Saint Augustine holding high a cardboard cross leads them to meet (5) Ethelbert (crown) and (6) Bertha (crown).

2. Sing memory hymn.

3. Repeat memory verse.

SECOND SESSION. *Story:* "Smuggled in Sacks of Flour." (See pp. 13-22.)

1. The following exhibits will make the story more vivid as you tell it: (1) Sack of flour, with Bible inside, to be removed at psychological moment. (2) Picture of William Tyndale (send to Bible Society; see under Fifth Session). (3) Picture of Henry VIII. (See English history.) (4) Picture of old printing-press, dated 1525. (5) Bonfire of Bibles (in large pan, use twigs and

paper to burn). (6) Horse added to Merry-Go-Round, merchant riding backward, cloak hung with Bibles. (7) Burn Tyndale's picture. (8) Have whole group repeat, "God, open the King of England's eyes."

2. Sing memory hymn.

3. Repeat memory verse.

THIRD SESSION. *Group Research:* "How the Bible Came to America."

Appoint six groups to report how:

1. The Cavaliers, coming from England, brought the Bible to Jamestown (1607). Mention encounters with Indians, e. g., Pocahontas saving Capt. John Smith.

2. The Pilgrims brought the Bible to New England (1620). Mention encounters with Indians, e. g., Squanto and Massasoit teaching Pilgrims to plant corn, beans, squash; to use maple sirup, cranberries, oysters; to use animal skins, moccasins, etc. Roger Williams (1635) was the first to devote his life definitely to teaching the gospel to the Indians; so unpopular in Massachusetts because of this that he had to leave; settled in Rhode Island.

3. William Penn and the Quakers brought the Bible to Pennsylvania (1682). Mention Penn's peace-pipe-smoking with Tamanend, the great Indian chief who called Penn his "Elder Brother."

4. Heinrich Hudson, and the Dutch, brought Bibles from Holland to New York. The Dutch bought the present site of New York City from the Indians for only twenty-four dollars!

5. In 1832 a group of four Nez Percés Indians walked two thousand miles from their home in the Rocky Mountains to St. Louis in quest of "the white man's Book of Heaven" which they felt Gen. William Clark could give them. The Bible was not printed in any language they could understand. Their disappointment in returning without it was summed up by one of them:

"I came to you over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. I came with one eye partly open for more light for my people who dwell in darkness. I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry

back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. The two fathers who came with us, the braves of many winters and wars—we leave them here asleep by your great waters and wigwams. My people sent me to get the Book from Heaven from the white men. You make my feet heavy with burdens of gifts, but the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor, blind people, in the big council, after one more snow, that I did not get the Book, no word will be spoken. One by one they will arise and go out into silence. My people will die in darkness. No Book from the white man to make the road plain. I have no more words."

It was their plea which led to the sending of such missionaries as Marcus Whitman and the Spaldings.

6. The Bible is being given to the Indians today by your own denomination. Send to denominational headquarters for leaflets and pictures.

FOURTH SESSION. *Poster Contest:* "What the Bible Brings to a Nation."

E. g., where there is the Bible there is (1) a church, to preach the Bible; (2) a school, to teach the people to read their Bibles; (3) a hospital, to heal the sick, as Christ healed them, etc. Have this developed in the members' own way, however, with pictures, slogans, etc. Each contestant to display and explain his poster. *Judges:* the church deacons.

FIFTH SESSION. "Languages the Bible Speaks!"

1. Invite college students, the minister, school teachers, foreigners, etc., to come to this session and read John 3 : 16 in some foreign language. Both the American Bible Society (Bible House, Astor Place, New York City) and the New York Bible Society, issue free pamphlets containing specimen verses of over fifty languages in which the Bible is being distributed in New York. Undoubtedly you can find some one to read the French, German, Greek, Hebrew, Spanish, and Italian translations, possibly the Swedish and Dutch, and others.

2. Sing memory hymn.

The Bluebeards of the Family

London is an enormous city, as you doubtless know. So you can understand how it came about that after they had shown him the miles upon miles of streets, crowded with omnibuses and carriages in endless traffic, and after they had also shown him the spacious palaces, the mighty cathedrals, the magnificent houses of Parliament, and the great stores, and after they had taken him down into the subway to show him the vast underground railroads—that then the pagan ambassador from Africa began to realize that if this was London, one city, then what, oh, what must the *rest* of England be like?

So when they ushered him into the presence of Queen Victoria he displayed a keen interest in her country, and finally asked, with bated breath, a question which has become world famous because of her unhesitating answer.

"Your majesty," this pagan ambassador begged, "tell me, what is the secret of England's greatness?"

Whereupon the wise queen did not point out the strength of England's navy, or the valor of English soldiers, or the power of British finance; she merely held up a copy of the English Bible and quietly replied, "*This* is the secret of England's greatness!"

And the pagan ambassador realized for the first time that there must have been an age, long, long ago, when England was as heathen as his own land, but that on

the foundation of a Book its present greatness was evolved.

Perhaps you hardly realized this yourself, since history is a get-it-over-with-quick study, without much personal romance attached! Yet ancestors certainly are ancestors, although there is this to be said: Many of them would have been mighty risky persons to live with! Especially the Bluebeards of the family—provided you went far enough back in history to meet them face to face.

"Horrors!" you would shudder, with eyes like saucers, "is . . . that . . . unspeakable . . . painted . . . barbarian . . . one of my ancestors? *Mine?* Can he belong to me—nice, gentle, educated little me?" And the bravest football hero on the team would begin to quake and quail!

For it's all very well to have statues in museums draped only in skins torn from wild animals, but to have a veritable flesh-and-blood ancestor brandishing fiendish spears and tossing his tawny locks at you would be decidedly uncomfortable. Moreover, his beard would be a gorgeous blue, stained to make him more ferocious; and when thirsty, your blood would run cold to see him quench his thirst from water scooped up in the polished skull of some unfortunate enemy. Is he hungry? Watch him chase a frightened sheep and savagely rip its limbs apart. Ugh!!

There have been times at Christmas and on birthdays when the best of us have wanted to keep on the good side of a grandfather; but surely we would do

our very utmost to have that Bluebeard great-great-great-great-grandfather let us severely alone! There is no favor that we wish of Bluebeard, except that he will kindly stay one thousand years back in history.

Sprung from such ferocious and unpleasant ancestors, surely we must feel a spark of curiosity wondering when the members of our family began taming down! There was, of course, the little matter of a war with Julius Cæsar. Those of us who have gallantly waded through the dreary Latin prose of Cæsar's Gallic wars will be remembering how his legions crossed over into Britain and had a bloody mix-up with the savages there. After Cæsar, other Romans fought those blue-stained pagans; but four hundred long years later a Roman army is heard complaining to its general, "The savages drive us to the sea, and the sea casts us back upon the savages!" showing how our ancestors continued to be fierce and stalwart fighters.

Yet that green island, girdled and buttressed by white cliffs, had exercised a gripping fascination over other men than soldiers; for several times in the early part of the second century after Christ some one brought Christianity to those shores, stiff with icy cold. No one but God himself knows the names of those earliest heroes who ventured to approach your Bluebeard ancestors and mine. But paint in your imagination a little picture of a wooden boat crossing the choppy English Channel, laden with brave men so full of Christ that even chilly waves and wintry blasts could not

crush out their hopes. Watch that boat bouncing on the sapphire sea; watch our blue-stained ancestors begin to rush toward the beach to meet these newcomers.

"Ha! Ha!" cried my own great-great-great-great-grandfather with a horrible growl, rubbing his hairy hands together in high glee, "I'll take the coat from that fellow in the bow!" "And I'll take his hat!" roared your excited Bluebeard greedily. Indeed, unable to wait for the beaching of the little boat, they probably dashed out into the icy waves and began their cruel welcoming of strangers. Yet somehow those strangers must have cast a magic spell upon the Bluebeards—can't you see them on the yellow sands lifting up their voices above the boom of breaking surf to speak their message from the God of heaven? Add other pictures of long wintry evenings when they crouched by driftwood fires and told stories of the Saviour. Coming from some land more civilized, they had a taming influence on those wild, barbaric hosts of theirs—yet no one knows their names, so we cannot say a thank-you to those heroes who started us as Christians in that far, dim, distant past.

Then in other wooden boats came a horde of conquering warriors from Germany—Engles, Jutes, and Saxons, with Hengist and Horsa as their leaders, driving Christianity out with one fell swoop! Yet it still lived on in Wales and Ireland, from whence it spread to Scotland. But the southern part of Britain was as pagan as before.

Then one day in sunny Italy, in that beautiful city of Rome, a good priest named Gregory saw some fair-haired boys being sold as slaves, and curiously inquired where they were taken captive. Being told that they were Angles from the pagan island of Britain, Gregory made his famous pun, "Ah, not Angles, but *angels*," and from that moment the idea lodged in his heart that missionaries ought to be sent to Christianize the fair-haired men in Britain.

Some years later he was made pope, and selected a company of forty monks, with Augustine at their head, to undertake this adventuresome mission. Watch them tramping up over the Alps, into Gaul, across green meadows until they reach the shores of France. Then see them tremble as tales of the uncouth islanders to whom they were going chilled their enthusiasm. Some of their number were so insistent about turning back that Augustine was forced to go to Rome to notify Pope Gregory. But Gregory would not allow such cowardice, and to his set determination to see the Angles Christianized you and I owe an enormous share of all our modern civilization.

Fortunately for the timid ones, Augustine's party of monks had no unpleasant encounters on that memorable day of their landing in the year 597. Oh, to have been there ourselves—to have seen Ethelbert, King of the Saxons, come marching out with his host of wild soldiers to meet Augustine, a giant in size, towering head and shoulders above his forty monks, all of whom were tonsured and bareheaded, wearing

hooded brown garments, walking two by two, chanting Bible songs in Latin, and carrying a huge silver cross.

And since for every king there is a queen, you will be glad to know that Ethelbert's wife, Queen Bertha, had been a Frankish princess and was already a Christian, so Ethelbert let Augustine live peaceably among them, and was soon baptized himself, and all his subjects. So that in the city of Canterbury the first little Christian church was built in England.

There have been ups and downs to Christianity in England since that day, but our Bluebeard ancestors had tamed down to calm and normal individuals. Yet you can see for yourself that even as Queen Victoria said to that pagan ambassador, the secret of England's greatness has certainly been the Bible, for without the exploits of those early book-lovers you and I, sitting here so intelligently today, might still be savagely lurking in windy caves, smeared with barbaric paint, lying in wait for our enemies.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Smuggled in Sacks of Flour

The merchandise packers chuckled and stood around with their hands in their pockets, looking with thorough delight at the sacks of flour they had just sewed up. One packer lifted a sack appraisingly.

"Think she weighs about the same as an ordinary sack of flour, don't you, Hans?" he whispered.

"Sh! Sh! Sh!" sounded a suppressed chorus of whispers from the other packers, but each one of them "hefted" a sack experimentally, and then chuckled.

"The cardinal's got a surprise coming!" one of them laughed in a stage whisper.

"So has that fat old King Henry the Eighth! Thought he could keep these things out of England, did he? Well, he'll see! He'll see! Come on, Wilhelm, heave up your end, old boy; the boat crosses the channel at midnight and we'd better get these on board at once."

All of which happened way back in the year 1525 in Germany, while William Tyndale was pacing the floor of his room. An exile from England for several years, he could not help reviewing those years as he waited in suspense to hear about certain sacks of flour.

Looking back over his life, he seemed to see himself four years earlier as the young tutor in a certain old English manor house in Gloucestershire. He saw an evening when lordly knights and fair ladies and a clergyman or two sat down to dinner in the hall of that same manor house, himself among the company. He recalled how he and one of the clergymen had fallen into a heated religious dispute, and how the priest kept quoting the pope in Rome to prove his points, while he, a mere tutor, kept quoting God's words as written in the Bible. Down in his heart he supposed the priest knew so little Latin that he was actually ignorant of

what the Bible did say, and was entirely contented with his ignorance, since the pope did not encourage clergymen to read or quote the Bible.

But William Tyndale recalled how he cried across the festal board these startling words: "*I defy the pope and all his laws; and if God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy who drives the plow to know more of the Scriptures than thou dost.*"

The lordly knights muttered in their beards, and the fair ladies looked ready to swoon according to the approved and ladylike fashion four hundred years ago, but the clergymen scowled contemptuously. What? would this outrageous upstart of a tutor dare to translate the Bible into *English,* so that any commonest farmer's boy might read it? Ah, well, he simply wouldn't be allowed to do it! Let him try!

But far from giving up his burning desire, William Tyndale bade farewell to the master of the manor house where he had been tutor. His very words have come down to us through these four hundred intervening years: "Sir," he said, "I perceive that I shall not be allowed to tarry here long, neither shall you be able, though you would, to keep me out of the hands of the clergy, and also what displeasure might grow to you by keeping me God knoweth, for the which I should be right sorry!"

So off he went to London, not so monstrous a city in the year 1525 as it is now, but still impressive enough to a poor country tutor full of a big plan with few to agree with him.

One great man did sympathize—Sir Geoffrey Monmouth by name, in whose palace William Tyndale remembered spending six months, but at the end of that time he found himself writing to a friend, " Not only is there no room in my Lord of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but also there is no room to do it in all of England, as experience doth now openly prove."

So he recalled how he became a self-appointed exile, sailing across the choppy English Channel to Germany, to settle in the city of Hamburg, which was near enough the town of Wittenberg for him to meet that famous man, Martin Luther, who also burned with the same kind of religious indignation against the pope, and who had already started a new division of Christians known as Protestants.

William Tyndale next recalled his busy years of seclusion as he translated the New Testament into the English language; how lovingly and fervently he had pondered over every word, seeking to give it the very meaning that the original writer had had in mind. He strove to mingle tenderness and majesty, that every Englishman might see for himself the glowing beauty of holiness. Finally, when his task was done, he remembered thanking God for that wonderful new invention, *the printing-press,* which Johann Gutenberg had completed providentially in time for the printing of his, Tyndale's, Bible. He saw himself journeying to the city of Cologne, where there were a number of men skilled in this new art of printing. He remem-

bered his thrill of joy as he heard the presses at work printing his Bibles. Then, in the midst of joy, came a new discouragement, for somehow news of this secret printing contract had reached certain important Catholics in the city, who instantly persuaded the senate at Cologne to pass an edict ordering the printers to stop printing such heretical books as Bibles instantly. But William Tyndale heard of this edict; hastily he packed the pile of sheets already printed and fled from the city, boarding a vessel which would take him along the river Rhine to the city of Worms, where there were also good printers, who eventually printed six thousand copies of his New Testaments in English.

They were ready at last! Ready at last! How many times those words must have sung themselves through his whole being. But being ready was only half his problem—somehow they must be taken into England with utmost secrecy, and sold with equal secrecy, for full well he knew what was happening in the palace of the king and among the bishops. He could almost see Henry the Eighth with his great fat face and his little piggy eyes, clad in velvets and silks, fretting and fuming, thumping his pudgy fists on his armchair as he shouted, "We will not allow this upstart of a Tyndale to get his foolish Bibles into England!"

Tyndale could imagine how the king's inseparable adviser, Cardinal Wolsey, would answer soothingly: "Your majesty may be assured that not a clergyman in all England will permit his congregation to read this

heretic's translation. Your majesty will remember how the pope does not encourage Bible reading. Moreover, sire, this man can never hope to get his Bibles into England; we are having every port watched and every boat searched. Also our clergymen have passed the news around so that every man, woman, and child in all England knows that the books are considered contraband, and that a person owning a copy will be promptly imprisoned and fined!"

"Good! Good!" chuckled the portly monarch in high glee, and considered the matter settled.

But little did he know what William Tyndale knew about the contents of certain sacks of flour which English merchants were shipping from Germany into England. Bales of cloth and sacks of flour were very welcome in England, and the men who were watching the ports and searching all boats never made a single inquiry about those bales and sacks. "Heave 'em on shore, my lads; England is hungry and cold—we need those bales and sacks."

And, curiously enough, all up and down the length and breadth of England there were people of all classes and ages and ranks who were actually cold and hungry *for righteousness, for a knowledge of God.* They could not read Latin to find out from their Latin Bibles what God's message was, so they were waiting with vast impatience for the arrival of William Tyndale's translation, that they might read, in their own language, what God required of men. Secretly those bales of cloth and sacks of flour were ripped open;

secretly the books inside them were given out in lots of a dozen at a time to agents willing to risk their lives in selling them. So that even while King Henry the Eighth was congratulating himself over the cleverness of the cardinal and his bishops in keeping Bibles out of England, copies were going silent rounds, and men, women, and children began reading with deep interest —then looked at their worldly bishops and their selfish priests with astonishment. How vastly different these greedy men were from the simplicity and tenderness that shone from Jesus Christ.

But of course you can see for yourself that this sort of thing could not be going on without the news reaching the king and cardinal and the bishops. Somehow or other Tyndale's Bibles had actually entered England, and they heard that men would pay as high as forty pounds (two hundred dollars) for a copy; indeed, one clergyman wrote that a poor farmer with no ready money had actually given a whole load of hay for a few chapters of Saint Paul's epistles! Also, an astonishing number of parishioners were sitting up all night to read their new Bibles.

"Alas! Alas!" groaned those high in authority, and tried to stamp out the dreaded book by making horrible threats of fines and imprisonment, which were cruelly carried out. Several merchants, guilty of selling Bibles, were not only heavily fined, but were made a public laughing-stock by being forced to ride on horseback through the streets, with their faces to their horses' tails, their cloaks hung round with copies of

the New Testament. Great bonfires were held in every city, the clergymen forcing their parishioners to bring their forbidden Bibles and burn them. And the Bishop of London, thinking himself the acme of wisdom, sent over to Germany and bought up all of Tyndale's available Bibles. Bringing them to Paul's Cross in London the bishop had these Bibles burned in one of the most mammoth bonfires imaginable.

But Tyndale, that exile in Germany, was rejoicing. "Ah, he is giving the Bible the best kind of advertising," he would say to his friends, "for the whole world will cry out against such a burning; and, moreover, in buying Bibles for such a big sum he has furnished me with enough money to print new and better Testaments to satisfy the hunger and the curiosity of men in England."

Which was absolutely true. At every public burning, more curious did the witnesses become to read the Bible for themselves. The spice of danger and the tang of fear only added to their interest. And the more they read the more clearly could they see that Catholic clergymen were surely condemning it because it contrasted poorly with their lives of worldly greed.

There is little time left to tell how William Tyndale also translated the Old Testament, how copies of it were smuggled into England, how the hearts of men were touched and awakened to a genuine religion, and how Henry the Eighth had such a falling out with the pope that for purely selfish reasons he became a Prot-

estant, and made all England change its point of view about the pope. There was no religious change of heart in all this, but at least William Tyndale's Bibles were not such forbidden objects.

Meanwhile Tyndale himself was still an exile in Europe, in constant danger from Catholics infuriated at the change of church in England. English merchants guarded Tyndale in their houses in Antwerp, where this great and quiet gentleman disregarded the perils, and spent every Monday and Saturday seeking out the poor and destitute of Antwerp, helping those who had fled from England to escape persecution. Four days a week he spent on his translations, until a certain day when an Englishman betrayed him—turned him over to some officers lying in wait as he walked unsuspectingly from his house.

You may be sure the English merchants did all in their power to save him, but for sixteen months he was hidden securely in the state prison six miles from Brussels, a massive castle surrounded by a moat and fortified with strong towers. The queen regent of that city was a Catholic and paid no attention to their petitions, so there came a certain morning in the year 1536 when an immense heap of brushwood faggots was piled around the base of a large wooden cross outside that prison wall. A man about fifty-two years old was led forth from this dungeon, allowed to kneel in prayer for several silent moments; then an iron chain and a hempen noose fastened to the cross were tied around his neck and tightened—tightened—tightened—until

William Tyndale died. Whereupon a torch was touched to the faggots; instantly the pile of brushwood blazed forth with fury, and in a very short space of time the body was completely burned.

Surely it is characteristic of such a man that even at the stake his last words were, "God open the King of England's eyes!"

God—open—the—King—of—England's—eyes! Well, that prayer was answered. Bibles in every church pulpit even in the days of Henry the Eighth, Bibles in the hands of plowboys, Bibles girdling the very globe, for Englishmen said to themselves, "What William Tyndale did for England, in giving us the Bible in our own tongue, we must do for the rest of the world, by giving every nation the Bible in its own language."

You who are young, thrill at the fact that already it has been translated into over seven hundred of the earth's languages; that, like Tyndale, the translators have undergone exile, hunger, privation, torture, and often martyrdom—heroes, every one of them!

As for you and me, let us look at our own dusty, unappreciated Bibles with new eyes; let us open their pages with new reverence, and realize that the majesty of every word, the quaint tenderness of every phrase, the unequaled grandeur of every chapter is a legacy to you and me from that man of long ago, that William Tyndale, who was willing to die if so be that Englishmen might read in the English tongue the wonderful words of life.

RECREATIONAL SUGGESTIONS TO SUPPLEMENT OCTOBER LESSONS ON "THE BIBLE"

1. *Lighting the Jack-o'-Lantern*

Prepare a large orange cardboard pumpkin, circular in shape. On it outline the maps of the two hemispheres, then in heavy black draw Jack-o'-Lantern eyes, nose, and smiling mouth. From colored papers, which your church printer can supply, cut ten or twelve candles at one cutting. Give each player a candle on which to write the name of one of the groups of people who brought the Bible to America. On the other side of the candle a Bible verse is to be written, possibly memory verse for the month. Hang the Jack-o'-Lantern map on the wall. Blindfold each player in turn, and send him forth to pin his candle on the lantern, as in Tailing the Donkey.

2. *The Spell of the Bible*

Prepare two complete sets of alphabet cards, about three inches square. Print the A B C's in large black letters. Separate the players into two teams, the Heathen and the Christians. Each player is to have one or more cards. The teams are to stand facing one another on opposite sides of the room, the leader stands at one end of room and calls the name of a Bible character or book of the Bible. Instantly the members of each team holding the letters to spell the word, rush to the end of the room opposite the leader and range themselves in the proper order, facing the leader, and holding their letters high, to prove which team has spelled the word correctly first. The team winning the most words is champion speller. (These alphabet cards will be very valuable to use later on, for although this game is not mentioned again for lack of space, the names of mission stations and missionaries for each country studied can become interestingly familiar through the use of this very exciting game.)

3. *Translating the Bible*

Since the greatest translators seem to have been British or American, divide the players into two teams with these names. A two-faced blackboard stands between the teams with the same

lists of twisted books of the Bible on each side. There must be no whispering allowed. One at a time the players on each side are to rush to the blackboard and "translate" (really "transpose") the unknown language into English, always following the order in which the books are listed. This adds to the suspense of the game, since a player may be able to transpose a certain title and hopes anxiously that it may fall to his turn, whereas it may not be his luck to draw a title he can rearrange satisfactorily. The team finishing the complete translation first is the winner.

(1) SEESING (Genesis).
(2) SPLASM (Psalms).
(3) THRU (Ruth).
(4) BROSPVER (Proverbs).
(5) KRAM (Mark).
(6) MANORS (Romans).
(7) AHIISA (Isaiah).
(8) OMITTHY (Timothy).
(9) SAMEJ (James).
(10) SUDOXE (Exodus).
(11) ALESUM (Samuel).
(12) TREEP (Peter).

4. *Passing on the Bible*

Take two pieces of cardboard about 9 x 11, fold them in half and write on the outside of each, "Passing on the Bible." Divide players into two groups, Eastern Hemisphere and Western Hemisphere. Seat these Hemispheres in two long lines facing one another. To see which Hemisphere can pass the Bible more quickly, starting with end players on each side, the players in turn are to receive the "Bible" and a pencil; opening the covers they are to write (legibly) a Bible verse, close covers and pass both Bible and pencil to next in line who repeats the process. The Hemisphere finishing first is the winner.

HANDWORK

1. The making of Bible scrap-books, using old lesson pictures and coloring them carefully. These are always acceptable to missionaries.

2. The illustrating, line by line, of the wonderfully pictorial memory hymn for the month, "O Word of God Incarnate." This hymn and pictures to visualize the various phrases may also form a scrap-book.

3. The sending of a box to the Indians, including these scrap-books and other articles which the group should decide on themselves after writing to denominational headquarters to inquire about the name, address, and needs of some Indian missionary. This plan may be launched at the third or fourth session of the month, in which case definite literature and pictures about this station may be ordered.

4. The making of an Indian reservation similar to the one where the box is to be sent—teepees or pueblos, church, school, etc.

II

[NOVEMBER]

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND TAKES NEGROES ABOARD

A log cabin can be made from a tan box, with a tent-like fold of brown cardboard for the roof. For Negro dolls any pictures of white people may be used, their faces and hands carefully colored dark brown.

One out of every ten a Negro!

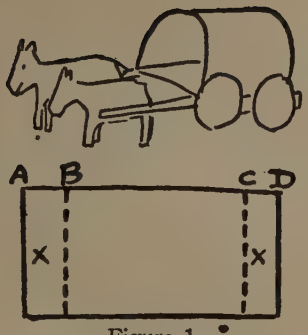

Figure 1.

Covered wagons can be turned out even more quickly than Ford cars (one a minute!), (1) whether very small, for individual souvenirs with Thanksgiving program on the hood, or (2) larger, for the table exhibition, or (3) toy express cart size, with sheet for hood, under which child can sit. For the small size take a sheet of paper as in Figure 1. Fold on dotted lines, curving space from B to C until A B fits under C D; fasten with a brass fastener through X. From heavy brown paper cut six or ten oxen and wheels at one time. Put a dab of paste on upper half of each wheel and attach to side of covered wagon. Quaint Mother Hubbard aprons and sunbonnets for girls.

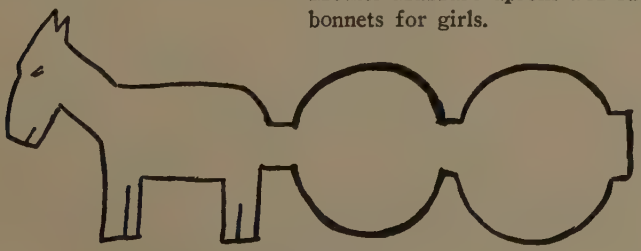

Figure 2.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND TAKES NEGROES ON BOARD

OUTLINE OF FIVE SESSIONS ON THE NEGROES

Country: Negroes in America.

Aim: To show that above all else the Negroes are needing from us the simple daily acts of courtesy, love, appreciation. No member of your group too young to make this greatest of all contributions to bring "brotherhood from sea to shining sea." Jesus was only twelve years old when he said, "I must be about my Father's business."

Memory Hymn for the Month: "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies" (Tune, Materna).

Key Bible Verse for the Month: "If ye know these things, HAPPY are ye if ye do them" (John 13 : 17).

"Go" Vehicle for Merry-Go-Round: Prairie schooner.

First Session. *Story:* "Written in Black and White." (See pp. 35-40.)

An unusual way to tell the story would be to conceal the narrator behind a screen. On the middle panel pin as large a picture of the delightful Aunt Jemima (she of "Pancake" fame! Cut away all advertising) as your grocer can give you. While the story progresses pin around her other pictures: log cabin; the Mayflower; cotton-bolls; Abraham Lincoln; chart with Bible verse about "epistle."

Second Session. *Story:* "The Legend of the Black Madonna." (See pp. 40-50.)

Third Session. *Discussion.*

One out of every ten persons in the United States is a Negro. At the top of a large poster draw ten similar figures; color one black. Underneath list these questions for discussion:

1. How many Negroes do you know?

2. How many Negroes have you seen this week? this month?

3. Did they seem happy?

4. Are there any Negro children in your school? How are they treated by the white children? Is it fair? Is it Christian?

5. Suppose a person wears a black dress in the morning and a white dress in the afternoon, does the mere covering of the body alter the thoughts and longings of that person? People with black skins have the same thoughts, the same longings as people with white skins.

6. In what part of our town do the Negroes live?

7. Do you know the names of any famous Negroes? (Booker Washington; Major Moton; Alexander Dumas, the French author; Paul Laurence Dunbar, the poet; Haynes, the great singer; et al.)

8. What about the nicknames "Nigger" and "Coon"?

9. Denominational work with Negroes. (Send for literature; also send for Negro Picture Sheet—M. E. M.—and have these pictures mounted, on display.)

FOURTH SESSION. *Thanksgiving Exercise:* "Following the Covered Wagon."

1. *Hymn:* "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come."

2. *Responsive Reading:* Deuteronomy 8 : 7-18.

3. *Exercise:* "The Covered Wagon." By three boys. One boy is to be the speaker; while he gives his recitation the other boys are to help him arrange the following scenery concealed in a big hat-box: (1) A full sheet of brown crêpe paper to be laid flat along a church dinner-table to represent the "wilderness"; a narrower meandering strip of bright blue crêpe paper to be laid on top of the wilderness across the table; brown or black cardboard towering mountains to be set up here and there with a valley between; six or eight covered wagons, first placed single file along the wilderness, fording the river; then formed into a circle. An Ever Ready electric flash-light torch, lighted and covered with red paper flames, will make a realistic camp-fire to place inside the circle.

Speaker: "Once upon a time in the history of America there used to be vast wildernesses, and the pioneers traveled through those wildernesses in covered wagons. They forded deep rivers, and climbed steep mountains, and passed through treacherous valleys, until inch by inch, and mile by mile, they had founded our country for you and for me. So that, today, America spreads from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a place of safety and peace and plenty. But I would remind you of the countless nights of bitter cold when those lonely covered wagons in the wilderness drew up in a circle for protection, and a camp-fire was built in the center of that circle. For there were vicious wolves, and savage Indians lurking behind the tree-trunks. Needless to say we honor the sight of the covered wagon, because it stands for bravery and courage in overcoming obstacles."

4. *Song:* "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies" (sung by three girls in costume).

First girl, dressed as American Indian, carries sheaf of grain, and sings first verse, "O beautiful for spacious skies."

Second girl, dressed as a Priscilla, carries Bible in hand, and sings second verse, "O beautiful for Pilgrim feet."

Third girl, dressed as pioneer, in sunbonnet and old Mother Hubbard dress, carries a covered wagon, and sings third verse, "O beautiful for heroes proved." (The audience may be asked to join in refrain at end of each verse.)

5. *Covered wagon exercise,* continued.

While the girls have been singing the boys have quietly placed the "scenery" back in the hat-box. It is now to be replaced on the table by two boys, a third boy to be speaker.

Speaker: "Today, in the history of America, there is another wilderness and a group of men and women are being forced to travel through it, crossing deep rivers, climbing steep mountains, and passing through dangerous valleys, with the wolf often at their door, and savage dislike lurking behind every tree-trunk. Yet they travel through as best they can. Now the group of men and women are all Negroes, and the name of that wilderness is the Wilderness of Loneliness; and the river is the River of Hate; the steep mountains are the Mountain of Poverty, the Mountain of Ignorance, the Mountain of Race Prejudice; and the treacherous valley is the Valley of Misunderstanding.

"Surely you can see that if a band of Negroes must travel every day through a Wilderness of Loneliness, fording Rivers of Hate, climbing the Mountains of Poverty, Ignorance, Prejudice, and walking through the Valley of Misunderstanding they will need a covered wagon to protect them; and the name of that covered wagon is—well, *what,* do you suppose? See, a covered wagon has a hood: so perhaps you Cross-Word Puzzle fans can tell me an eleven-letter-word ending in hood which really does protect a Negro through the Wilderness of Loneliness?" (Wait.) "Why, *Brotherhood,* of course! Brotherhood from sea to shining sea, as you have just been singing. But in case you don't know where the River of Hate and the Mountain of Prejudice are found in America, I can tell you that they're found right down-town in the city of (mention your city) as the following story will prove."

6. *Story:* "The Ups and Downs of 'Thusiasm Tripp." (See pp. 51-55.) It would be a novelty to have this story told by a young man (white) in the uniform of an elevator boy.

7. *Negro Spirituals:* Perhaps the church choir or a class of girls could sing such characteristic spirituals as "All God's Children Got Shoes" and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

8. *Talk:* By older person, on "How We Can Feel, Show, and Prove Our Brotherhood."

9. *Hymn:* Fourth verse of memory hymn, "O beautiful for patriot dream."

10. *Closing Prayer:* Of thankfulness that we, too, can be pioneers in bringing to pass this patriot dream of brotherhood between all men, of all colors, in America.

FIFTH SESSION. *A Thanksgiving Vacation Theme Contest:* "Making My Tenth of Topsy Thankful!"

Since there is one Negro for every ten persons in the United States, contestants are to write a real or imaginary story showing definite ways in which the spirit of brotherhood can be displayed. The Constitution of the United States says that every person in our country has the right to the "pursuit of happiness." What can our Merry-Go-Round do for the Negro child? (Memory verse.)

Written in Black and White

There are parts of American history which nobody knows as they *should* be known until he has heard Mammy Liza Jane tell exactly how things happened! Of course, if you prefer your teacher to stand on a little platform in the regulation manner of history teachers, you may think that a hearth in a little log cabin is a curious sort of classroom, especially when the teacher wears a red bandanna kerchief knotted round her old black head, turban style, and puffs reminiscently on a corn-cob pipe!

But the boys from the Big House On The Hill knew a teacher when they saw one, however her English might lapse into dialect, and every visitor at the Big House eventually found himself beside the embers of a glowing fire, sitting at the feet of Mammy Liza Jane.

"Here's a *new* unconverted wretch for you, mammy," Frank would say, "the poor old fish hasn't got any use for Negroes!"

"Oh, come now!" protested the newcomer bashfully, not wishing to hurt the feelings of an old colored woman.

But he need not have felt those twinges of delicacy, for Mammy Liza Jane knew what she knew, and began poking up the embers preparatory to the time-honored telling of the tale on which boys from the Big House had been reared from babyhood.

"It am this-a-way," said she, relishing her job.

"But fust off, if the young gent'man guest will jess kindly set hisself down by the fire, I'se gwine to proceed to lay him out jess as flat as a pancake. Young white gent'men jess naturally can't know nuffin' 'bout the Negro race, 'cause why they's prejudiced. That's the word: prejudiced. Am you feeling comfortable-like, sah? Got an easy spot to sit on?"

"Feeling great, thank you!" the guest replied, while the boys from the Big House looked at him sympathetically, hoping he would not be easy long!

"Well, honey, if you shuts your eyes jess as tight as possible, I reckon maybe you can conjure up a li'l ship, with sails and poops and drefful old-fashioned rigging. Yes, sah, jess a li'l ship a-bobbing on the deep blue sea. A mighty uncomf'table li'l ship what hadn't ought to have ever trabb'led anywheres, nigh onto three hundred years ago; for I reckon I can still hear the groans coming out of the middle po'tion of that ship. Yes, sah, groans, and moans, and drefful carrying-ons. For that ain't no pleasure ship, no *sah!* Maybe you thinks the Mayflower landing on Plymouth Rock ain't no pleasure ship, neither. Shucks, honey! Why that Mayflower am *hilarious* compared to this other li'l ship."

"You forgot to tell the name of your li'l ship," Frank interrupted.

"Bless my heart, so I did, honey chile. I'se 'bliged for the hint, for that li'l ship am call the 'Treasurer,' sah. But shucks, 'taint much of a name for a li'l ship so full of groans and moans and carrying-ons. Ever

notice there ain't nobody can groan like Negroes groan? Guess they learnt how in that li'l ship! 'Deed they did! Then they kept right on learning on land when they was sold off to the folks White-As-Paper. For, honey chile, there come a day in history when the White-As-Paper folks done got tired to death of doing their own work. Yes, sah, they got tired to death of planting their own tobaccy and of picking their own cotton; but there *was* the tobaccy and there *was* the cotton—jess miles on miles on miles of it, so they done send over the deep blue sea and nab some black Negroes in Africa. Ain't that monstrous smart of them to nab black Negroes in Africa? And fetch them over the deep blue sea for to pick that tobaccy and that cotton? But 'cause Negroes am Black-As-Ink, those White-As-Paper folks done felt powerful superior and toplofty. Yes, they done stick their white noses in the air, like as if the Lord God nebber been pleased to make black folks all the same as he made white folks. 'Black-As-Ink folks am only animals,' says they. So they treated them that-a-way. Ain't that use to be the truf, Frank and Ernest? Jess tell your poor old Mammy Liza Jane."

For this was the part of the story which the boys always had to furnish while the old woman puffed her pipe: "Of course it's the truth, mammy dear; for some of the plantation owners bought slaves just as they bought oxen and cows and horses, they whipped them and overworked them, and even the kind owners did not teach their slaves to be educated, so that if any-

body blames the Negroes *today,* perhaps they might put half the blame on the white people of *yesterday.*"

"That's the truf!" said Mammy Liza Jane, "the very bestest white folks didn't use to think the Negro had no brains, and precious li'l soul! So them was dark days for the Black-As-Ink folks, monstrous dark days. Days that got worser and worser and worser, twill I don't know *where* the poor Black-As-Ink folk would have landed if that fine gent'man, Mistah Abraham Lincoln, ain't come along! Ever hear tell of Mistah Abraham Lincoln, sah?"

"Oh yes, indeed!" said the newcomer.

"You don't say! Well, ever hear tell of how oncet he saw a Black-As-Ink slave being sold off like a sheep or a ox? Ever hear tell how Mistah Lincoln done swear in his heart to God, 'Oh Lord, if so-ever I'se got a chance to knock this thing, I'se gwine knock it *hard?*' Ever hear tell how he said *that?*"

"Of course I have," said the guest.

"Say, you'se the most powerful 'telligent listener! Reckon I never did have a listener with such a heap of 'telligence. Reckon you knows already then how Mistah Lincoln done free the Black-As-Ink folks—yes sir, he writ a writing called the Proc'mation of In'pendence, and the Black-As-Ink folks been free ever since. But say, honey, if Black-As-Ink keeps stepping on top of White-As-Paper, first thing anybody knows something's *written.* 'Deed 'tis. Written in black and white. But maybe you nebber cogitated on the fact that if the paper ain't been so white and the ink ain't

been so black, then they wouldn't be nuffin to read! 'Tain't a speck of good having stacks and stacks of paper if nuffin's written on it! So this am the whole pint of my story; ebery blessed li'l thing the colored folks ever done stands out powerful conspicuous in contrast—all on account of them being black as ink, see?"

"Here's your Bible, Liza Jane," said Frank.

"And your specs, too," said Ernest, propping the big horn glasses on her nose.

"Powerful 'bliged for your 'tentions, Frank and Ernest, for I'se jess gwine to read this young gen-t'man a text of Scripture. I got it marked as plain as day, so listen, sah: *'Ye are our e-pistle, known and read of all men.'* And if you asks me, I don't mind telling you that Mistah 'Postle Paul done write those words about *me* and all the other colored folks. 'Ye are my 'pistle,' says he to me, cause why he recollects I'se black as ink, and ebery blessed li'l thing I does shows up in contrast to those grand folks what am white as paper. But supposing there was jess *ink*—what kind of a 'pistle could I write without I had paper to write it on? Speak up!"

"I guess you couldn't write a word," said the young guest, deeply interested.

"Amen! Hallelujah, honey. I couldn't put down one single sol'tary word. I'se 'bliged to you for catching my pint so easy. Now supposing there was jess *paper*—what kind of 'pistle could *you* write, without you had ink to write with? Speak up!"

"Couldn't write a word," confessed the visitor.

"Amen! Praise the Lord, honey, cause why—in order to write God's American 'pistle—you needs me and I needs you! Black-As-Ink can't show up 'less it's used with White-As-Paper. So you got no cause to be so hoity-toity 'bout the color of your skin, young gent'man! History am jess His-story, ain't it? Jess writing God's American 'pistle the best we knows how. So if you White-As-Paper folks don't cooperate with us Black-As-Ink folks God ain't going to make no mistake about judging them as is most to blame. 'Deed he ain't! Hallelujah! For God has got a powerful tender spot in his heart for the Black-As-Ink folks. 'Pears like he jess couldn't stop making us! 'Deed no! He done fill up *Africa* with black folks; and then, fust thing he knew, if they hadn't spilled across the sea into America! 'All right,' says God, 'write me a letter from America, Liza Jane.' So I'se writing hard as ever I could all day, honey chile. How about *you?*"

"Ah!" said the young white boy; and from that day to this he sees in every Negro he meets a living page of American history, written in black and white: *His-story,* God's epistles, known and read of all men.

The Legend of the Black Madonna

Once upon a time a magnificent church was being built in a certain city and there was need for one great stained window to go in a certain conspicuous wall. The committee-in-charge felt that it would be wise to have artists from all over the world submit designs for

this window, so they issued a general notice about their requirements, and set a date when all sketches would be due. Many very famous painters entered drawings in the contest, but the one design on which all the committee agreed unanimously was made by an artist of unknown name and fame. The committee wrote him enthusiastically that they could not imagine any design which could better fill their requirements for the Church of the Redeemer than his sketch entitled "The Place Where the Young Child Lay." It was exactly what they wanted, so they commissioned him forthwith to go ahead with the work, the details of which they entrusted to him, warning him to have all in readiness for the dedication of the church on Christmas Eve.

The Unknown Artist was naturally very much elated at this fine opportunity to win fame and money, and also he saw in it a chance to work out a certain grudge which he had against all mankind—a grudge so deep and bitter that he thought of it day and night, and kept himself secluded in his attic studio rather than try to mix with the people whom he hated. So he took the sketch of which the committee approved so enthusiastically, and he made certain little changes here and there with almost wicked delight, then he called in his wife and his baby so they could pose for the enlarged painting which he must make.

Now it just happened that his wife had been hanging out the family washing, and she came in wearing a shawl over her head and carrying the baby in the

clothes-basket. After she put down the basket she leaned over it, then looking up said gently: "Sh! the baby is sound asleep! If I pick him up he will waken and cry. . ."

"Don't pick him up," cried the artist, "stay just as you are; that pose is perfect! Simply perfect! Imagine that the clothes-basket is a manger, that you are Mary, the mother of Jesus, and you have leaned over to see if he is sleeping, but now you look up because you hear the approach of some one. Some one outside on camels; the three Wise-men . . . way up here at the top of the canvas, see, I shall paint the star that came and stood over where the young child lay. . . Stay perfectly still, dear. . . Don't move . . . fine. . ."

So the painter's wife kept the pose that he thought was so perfect, and with quick, sure strokes he painted her as she knelt there. And it was a far lovelier picture than he had planned to make it, because in the heart of his wife there was none of the bitter grudge that was in his heart. For when she looked down at her sleeping child, a great peace stole over her, and when she glanced up at her husband painting so rapidly and eagerly, a great contentment stole over her that at last his true talent had been discovered and that the fame he deserved was to come to him. Then, too, as she knelt there in that quiet room she began to realize who it was that she represented: Mary, the mother of Jesus—the mother of the Saviour—ah, what a wonderful thing to feel that in the life of your one little sleeping baby the hopes of the whole

world centered! She fell to wishing that *her* little boy could grow up with hands that would bless all mankind, with lips that could comfort those in trouble as the Saviour's lips had always comforted the sorrowing. . . Even as she brooded on the wonder of childhood and determined to train her boy in every Christlike attitude, there came over her sweet tired face a peace and a beauty that was quite different from any look that had ever been there before. And the artist gasped with surprise, catching the rare charm of her expression and painting her in hushed delight.

Yet all the time, underneath his delight, the same old bitter hatred for mankind was working, and he kept saying to himself with fiendish glee, "The lovelier I make this picture, the better I can pay them back for all these years of hate and insults and injustice!" So with one-half of his soul he loved this wife who was so unexpectedly contributing to his picture, while the other half of his soul was steeped in unworthy mirth at the awful sensation he was going to create in that distant church on Christmas Eve.

Day after day the posing continued until finally his masterpiece was done, ready for the stained glass factory workers; and here his difficulty lay, for if they discovered his secret everything would be spoiled. But he thought of a plan—a clever, secret plan that could not help but work out as he wished, and the week before Christmas the various parts of the window arrived in that distant city where the new Church of the Redeemer was already completed. Trained workers

began assembling the bits of glass and putting them in place, when a strange oversight bewildered them; neither face nor arms of the Madonna and Child could be found high nor low. The workmen were nearly frantic until the artist arrived and calmed their fears by saying that he had brought the missing parts of the window with him separately. It was a whim of his to put in the faces and arms himself after all the rest of the window was ready.

"Just a sentiment of mine," he assured them. And when they discovered that he had mastered the correct process of fastening those extra pieces of glass in place, it was only natural that they agreed to his request. It was not at all the usual way to put up such a window, but surely the success of this one was his special concern, for it would be his dream come true. So that is how it happened that in the late afternoon of December twenty-fourth, the artist went for the first time to the Church of the Redeemer. The whole building was fragrant with holly wreaths and pine; the florists who had been busily decorating pulpit and pillars and pews had long since departed; and the artist was alone in the deserted building. Alone, to carry out his secret scheme.

With set lips and grim determination he climbed the ladders and with solder and lead and little instruments he fastened in place the lovely brooding face of the Madonna, and her tender protecting arms hovering over the sleeping Child, whose face and limbs he also attached in place.

"Now!" hissed the artist vindictively, "now I have paid back the world for its treatment of me! Now all these Christian folks will have a new idea. They will be furious! They may even feel disgraced! Serve them right, but at least they will have a new idea. And I shall be more famous than they dreamed."

So he went out into the twilight of Christmas Eve. There was the cheerful clinkle-clankle of sleigh-bells, and the bustling of many feet doing the last minute things that always are being done on Christmas Eve. There were men merrily carrying home hobby-horses and sleds and toy bureaus. There were women gaily carrying home turkeys and chickens and cranberries. There were jolly little red-mittened children skipping by him with mysterious parcels, and their faces beamed with Christmas mysteries. "I have my secret, too," the artist grinned; and went into a restaurant for a bite to eat.

Then when the time arrived for the dedication of the church, he slipped inconspicuously into a back pew; for he was unknown as yet to the committee. And just as he imagined, the entire congregation were looking up at his window with startled disapproving glances. There was whispering . . . nudging . . . occasionally even an angry gesture.

"I am paying them back!" grunted the artist to his soul. And his soul shriveled with dismay at the hate in his voice.

The beautiful dedication service proceeded as it had been planned, but when the last carol had been sung

and the benediction had been pronounced, it was very noticeable that groups of persons clustered in the aisles, and everybody was looking toward the window.

"The face of that Madonna is certainly *black!*" everybody was saying.

"She looks exactly like a Negro! Even the baby looks like a Negro baby! Where is that artist anyhow? The original sketch was not like this, certainly the glass factory would never have let such an error pass their inspector. Somebody has done us an injury! We cannot permit such a window in this magnificent church. . ."

"Awful!"

"Horrible!"

"Disgraceful! A black Madonna *here?* Of course not!"

"Never!"

The artist, lurking behind a pillar, chuckled with high glee. "Paying you back, all you fine white Christians, you! All you superior disagreeable lordly beings, you! Paying you back for all the years of insult you have heaped on a poor Negro artist. Who knows but what the Christ-Child was dark-skinned, anyhow? Go on being upset about it—nobody ever worried over upsetting *me!*" And his black face grew hard with hatred and spite.

The midnight chimes rang out on the Christmas air, but the congregation had left the church with anything but good-will for men in their hearts. News of the marred window was telephoned all over town, and

although the service early Christmas morning was generally attended by only a few faithful souls, this year the capacity of the building was taxed. For everybody had come to see, for himself and herself, that black Madonna.

Now is the time to tell you of the minister. For he was a very good man, and a very just man, and a very gentle man; and he had lain awake all night long wondering, wondering, wondering how he was ever going to preach the sermon he had announced from the text which was printed in that now famous window: "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." He had intended to build his whole sermon around the window; he had intended to point at the Christ-Child and tell how the hopes of all mankind had once clustered around the place where the young child lay . . . but *now,* should he point at that window? At that black Madonna and Child? He could hardly eat any breakfast, and seven o'clock found him walking into the dimly-lighted pulpit with a miserable sinking in his heart as he saw the church packed with a curious gazing crowd of people, whose eyes were turned, of course, in one direction.

"This settles it!" said the minister to himself, "I *must* preach about the window just as I planned. But oh, Lord, help me to find the words to say!" Yet he really had no least idea *what* he should say, even when at last he arose and announced his text: "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men."

The congregation were reading those very words

in the glass of the window, and some of them were resenting such words under such a picture, when suddenly the winter sun came blazing forth that Christmas morning with all the extra dazzle of a snowy day, and as its beams came breaking through the stained glass window a gasp of sheer surprise spread through the church; for in that blaze of sunlight the Madonna's face was shining, pure as an angel's, and the little Christ-Child was a sheen of dazzling glory.

"In Him was life," repeated the minister, pointing upward, "and the life was the light of men." And inspired by the miracle of the transfigured black Madonna and Child, he preached a sermon that marked a mile-stone in the life of every person present.

"Who are you and I to say we do not want a black Madonna in our church? In that great day of beginnings when the Lord God made man, did he specify, 'Let us make *white* man in our image?' No—'Let us make *man!*' And to some he gave black skins; to some, yellow skins; to some, brown skins, and to some, white skins. He must have seen but little difference in these external colors, for it pleased him to have an Africa with a hundred million black men, a China with four hundred million yellow men, an India with three hundred million brown men, a Europe and America with several hundred million white men. So in deep humility this Christmas Day I ask you—last evening when the Saviour looked down into this Church of the Redeemer, who looked really black to his all-seeing gaze? That black Madonna? Or you and I with

black consternation in our hearts because we felt, of course, a Madonna needed flesh the shade of our flesh? Oh, the conceit of us! The curious blackness of our hearts that cannot see the God shine through those of another color. But now that we have had this miracle demonstrated, we need only lift our eyes to the wonderful face of that black mother—was there ever tenderness like hers? Like Mary of old she seems to keep all these things and ponder them in her heart. Have you forgotten the old familiar Bible story, how, when the Lord God sent his little Son to earth, he did not choose a white-skinned mother for him, but one whose cheeks were olive-tan—a Jew! Let us, then, this Christmas morning, be wise men bringing gifts to the Saviour of all mankind; and, in the place where the young child lay, let us put the most difficult present to give up—our race prejudice. For in him is life, and the life is the light of *men: black* men . . . white men. . ."

There was a very curious sequel to this sermon. For although you may be expecting to hear first about what the congregation did, the artist himself did something so unexpected that it left every one breathless. With faltering steps he walked to the pulpit and placed in the minister's hands a package, explaining brokenly: "It is my Christmas present to this church which I have wronged so insanely and selfishly! See, here is the original white glass for the face of the Madonna and Child. I substituted the black glass myself. I wanted to prove to you what hypocrites you Christians

were, that there was nothing to your religion but a snobbish superiority. But you have shown me that I am wrong, you have shown me that I am color-blind, that in the sight of God Almighty there is neither black nor white—if his light shines through. Tomorrow I will change the black Madonna . . . today, I too will give a gift—I give my 'hate' to the Saviour. . . I am ashamed . . . but I learned my lesson when the glory of God shone through. . ."

Then the congregation said: "We, too, have learned a lesson! Let us leave the black Madonna in its place forever, so that our children and our children's children may see, each Sunday, how the light that came to earth with the Christ-Child is indeed the Light of the World, shining through the faces of God's family whatever color the face may be!"

There was a hush that spoke volumes. I think each mother was wondering what possible Christmas gift could be so far-reaching in its influence as the legend of the black Madonna in the Church of the Redeemer. Then everybody sang that sweetest of all Christmas carols, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," for had they not truly proved the third verse that very morning?

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given:
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still.
The dear Christ enters in.

The Ups and Downs of 'Thusiasm Tripp

'Thusiasm lived in a cage. People who live in cages are generally dangerous, and the longer 'Thusiasm was confined the more savage he grew! You could see the muscles in the side of his jaw throbbing with his suppressed emotions—that is, you could have seen them throbbing if you had ever troubled to *look;* 'Thusiasm's chief complaint was that no one ever troubled to look at him! People thronged into his cage, 'Thusiasm clicked the door, and pulled a lever; then a little chorus of voices began saying: "Third floor!" "Seventh floor!" "Where are the offices of the Perpetual Life Insurance Company?" All day long that was the sum total of 'Thusiasm's conversation: "Fourth floor!" "Twelfth floor!" "Doctor Lathrop's office, please!"

It was just as if 'Thusiasm himself, with his black face and his tired muscles, did not exist. There had been the week, for instance, when his mother had died way down South in Dixie, and 'Thusiasm had not had enough money to go to the funeral. But he tied a band of crape around his arm, and all that day he ran his elevator first up, then down, and nobody ever noticed either the crape, or the droop of his mouth, or the sorrow in his great black eyes; it was just "Fifth floor!" "Tenth floor!" "Where will I find the Excelsior Lamp Company?" After that day of pain and grief, 'Thusiasm began to glare at the part of the world which entered his cage; and that part of his world glared back, as the world always will. For how were

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they to know, without being told, about Mrs. Tripp's sudden passing away or about 'Thusiasm's heart-broken loneliness?

"Nobody cares about me *now!* I don't matter to a single sol'tary pusson in this whole round globe *now,*" sighed 'Thusiasm with gloomy satisfaction. But there he was wrong, for he *did* matter, as he was soon to find out when a certain man entered the cage one Monday morning and greeted him with the remark, "You're the very person I want to see!"

"Me, boss?" repeated 'Thusiasm, so surprised that he forgot to click the door and pull the lever.

"Sure! I'm the Census Man, sonny, and Uncle Sam will rake me over the coals if I don't get you down in black and white. You're writing the history of this country, same as anybody else, I guess! Uncle Sam thinks a heap of you!"

"'Taint likely!" growled 'Thusiasm, "'taint likely anybody thinks a heap of *me!* I'm just—nothing. That's all I am—nothing."

"Sure you are!" agreed this astonishing person, "that's all anybody is to the Census Man, just—*nothing.* A mere zero! But, sonny, when I add the zero that stands for *you* to the hundred others already listed, lo and behold, the hundred becomes a thousand! That's arithmetic for you, isn't it?"

"I don't just catch on," said 'Thusiasm suspiciously; "a zero ain't worth nothing, boss. How could it be any good?"

The Census Man smiled: "Join it up with the

proper thing and a zero is worth a lot. To prove it, watch me print this figure 1. Let's call that one—God; for you'll admit he's the Almighty One, won't you?"

'Thusiasm nodded.

"Very well," said the man, pointing out the figure 1 on the piece of paper. "Now watch me place the zero-that-is-you side by side with the Almighty One. Look, sonny, what figure have you now, with a cipher following a one?"

"Ten!" announced 'Thusiasm, with a trace of a grin on his face.

"Exactly!" smiled the Census Man, "and I think you're a queer boy to be content to *be nothing but a zero* when you can easily be worth ten times as much, and do ten times as much good in the world. Link up with that One who is Everybody's Friend, and you'll be a different boy. Trouble with some folks is that they don't know how lonely they are."

"But that's just exactly what I *do* know," sighed 'Thusiasm, "don't I ride up and down in this old elevator, and 'till *you* came along nobody ever said nothing to me but 'Sixth floor!' 'Eighth floor!' 'Painless Dental Company, please!'"

The Census Man laughed outright: "And what did you say to *them?*"

'Thusiam stammered: "W-why, I n-never s-said n-nothing! W-what could I say?"

The Census Man put his hand on 'Thusiasm's shoulder. "Listen, boy," he said, "that's the whole

secret of living: if you give a lot to other folks, they give a lot back to you. Half the world down-town here is just as lonesome as you; half the folks are blue as indigo; half of them are worried; half of them are tired. They crowd into this cage of yours like sardines, and all you do is glare at them and let them out at their proper floors. No wonder you don't exist to them! You're just a cipher! A zero! Link up with the One I was telling you about, the One who was so cheerful that children flocked to him, the One who was so understanding that saints and sinners came to him for comfort . . . just link up, 'Thusiasm Tripp, aged eighteen, and see what a grand day you can have. Ever stop to think you're the only colored person half these people ever see? Ever stop to think how they'll surely think all Negroes are grouchy and sullen just because *you* are? Set yourself the special job of showing folks that behind a black skin lives a fellow who is intelligent, optimistic, courteous, friendly, ambitious, efficient. You'll be worth ten times as much, as soon as you link up!"

So that is how 'Thusiasm began to live out his wonderful name, which the Census Man later told him means "God-In-You"—*Enthusiasm.* Today there are any number of stenographers in that building who can tell you that a ride up in 'Thusiasm's elevator is a real tonic to their low spirits. There are important business men who leave the elevator cage with a smile on their faces. There are timid old ladies who have lost their way in that hurried-flurried metropolis who

give a sigh of relief in 'Thusiasm's elevator. For 'Thusiasm is like a power-house: he radiates *something!* And when you ask him where he gets it he grins as he says: "I store it up on Sundays around at the Mount Zion Church. I figured out, sir, that since every tenth person in the United States is a Negro, it's up to me to show *my* nine other white folks that there's mighty little difference between us, after all—provided we just let God shine through!"

RECREATIONAL SUGGESTIONS TO SUPPLEMENT NOVEMBER LESSONS ON THE NEGRO

1. *Helping Aunt Jemima Stuff the Turkey*

Hang a large advertisement of "Aunt Jemima" on the wall. Blindfold each player with a red bandanna handkerchief, then arm them with a pin and a paper turkey (Dennison seals, or cut-outs), the latter to be pinned on Aunt Jemima's hands, as in Tailing the Donkey.

2. *Saying Thank-you to Old Black Joe*

Give a pencil and a sheet of paper to each player, so that a list can be made of all the articles made of cotton, which is one of the Negroes' contributions to our daily comfort—it is estimated that enough cotton grows in Texas alone to make a suit for every man, woman, and child in the world! The longest list wins, of course.

3. *The Obstacle Race*

Divide the players into two teams, Brer Rabbits and Molly Cottontails, who, at a signal, are to compete one at a time to see which side can be first in having each player finish the race. For this race arrange two similar courses with labeled obstacles, e. g., "Wilderness of Loneliness," half the length of the room, over which player must walk backward; "River of Hate"—player

must lie down and go through swimming motions; three "Mountains of Poverty, Ignorance, Prejudice," three chairs lying on their sides, over which player must climb; "Valley of Humiliation," a low table, under which player must crawl.

4. *How Topsy Just Growed*

A relay race. Keep the same division of players into Brer Rabbits and Molly Cottontails. Provide each player with a book (hymn-books, if at the church), and place at one end of the room two tumblers, each representing "Topsy" to the separate teams. The teams then run a relay race, each player placing a book on the tumbler and returning in haste to the team in order to release next player. The team which can stack the most books, without causing the tumbler to tumble, is the winner.

5. *Way Down Upon the Swanee River*

This is a variation of Follow the Leader, the real leader being the person at the piano whose change of music gives the signal for a change of action, e. g.:

"Way Down Upon the Swanee River"—all players hum air, stoop, make motion of rowing.

"My Old Kentucky Home, Good-night"—all players stand on tiptoe, shading eyes with left hand, waving farewell with right.

"Old Black Joe"—all players bend head until chin rests on chest, clasp hands behind back, and march forward very, very slowly.

"Carry Me Back to Old Virginny"—all players sit down on floor and sway.

HANDWORK

If your group suggests a definite line of activity in "the pursuit of happiness" for the Negro, follow such suggestions, whether it be a thank-offering at Thanksgiving, a Thanksgiving basket, a Thanksgiving box for Christmas use. Avoid all possible Lady Bountiful attitudes of mind! Brotherhood means *brothers*—equals. A simple service of the highest value is the collection of old magazines to send to one of your denominational Negro

schools or social centers, North or South. The women are always eager for the women's magazines; and the children for "Everyland," "St. Nicholas," "Youth's Companion," etc.; the men for "The Literary Digest," "The American," etc. A poster on the church bulletin-board, made by the group, with the covers of the desired magazines around the margins will bring response from the grown-ups. Boy Scouts could be asked to call for packages.

A church in Bath, N. Y., gave a "plantation supper," with Negro songs and spirituals following, and a shadow play depicting the life of Booker Washington called *"Indelible"* (from "Short Missionary Plays," George H. Doran Co., New York). Such an occasion could be easily duplicated anywhere, with your group initiating the idea.

III

[DECEMBER]

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND CIRCLES ACROSS TO JAPAN

Little Miss Snow carries on her back a basket full of products from the Sunday field. Cut her from a double thickness of cardboard, pasting head and shoulders together, spreading feet apart so that she may stand alone. Color the kimono in some gay color. The boy will dress more soberly.

Figure 1.

Figure 2.

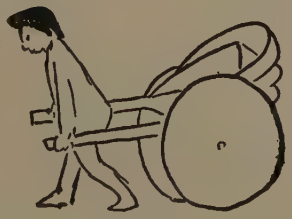


Figure 3.

Start by cutting away the sides of a tan box, along dotted lines in Figure 1, clamping two circles of cardboard to each side for wheels. Fold a rectangle of tan paper into several folds to form the hood, and clamp in place as in Figure 2. The Horse-By-Day should be cut from two thicknesses of cardboard, head and shoulders pasted together, feet spread apart.

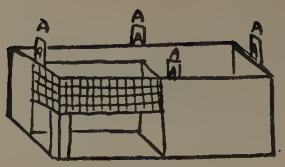


Figure 4.

clamping the x x x x flaps under the roof. Jag the edges, and streak with yellow paint to represent straw thatching. Fasten roof to house on extra strips A A A A. Little lanterns, stepping-stones, and an old "stone" lantern will all add local color.

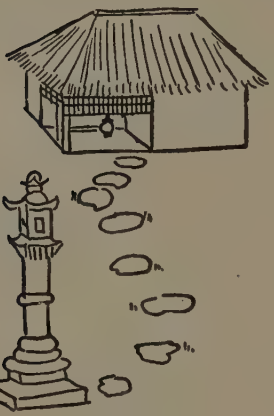
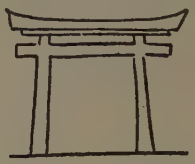


Figure 5.



There are fully 118,000 Shinto shrines in Japan. A torii such as this marks the approach. Cut from tan or red cardboard; a small pill-box pasted behind each upright will enable it to stand.

Make this Japanese house from a tan shoe-box placed bottom side down. Insert the bent lid of the box to form a veranda wall, and draw lattice-work over this porch. Cut roof from dark brown paper, as in Figure 6,

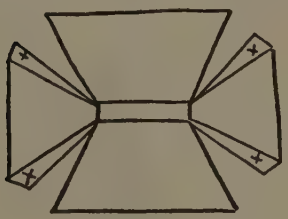
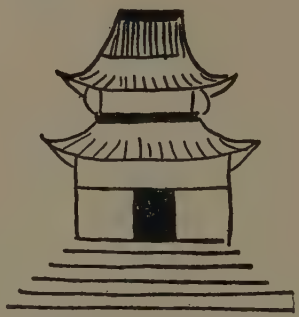


Figure 6.



There are about 75,000 Buddhist temples in Japan. Paste two sets of green roofs against a tan florist's box, curving the eaves outward. Flute tan cardboard to form the steps.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND CIRCLES ACROSS TO JAPAN

OUTLINE OF FIVE SESSIONS ON JAPAN

Country: Japan.

Aim: To show that while a worshiper of idols gives to his gods to gain their grudging favor, a Christian should delight to give to our God because we know that God owns everything and we are only returning his own to him as a grateful acknowledgment of our countless blessings.

Key Bible Verse for the Month: "The Lord loveth a CHEERFUL giver" (2 Cor. 9 : 7).

Memory Hymn for the Month: "As with gladness men of old" (first three verses; tune, Dix).

"Go" Vehicle for Merry-Go-Round: Jinrikisha.

FIRST SESSION. *Story:* "The Unsatisfactory Legs of Mr. Horse-By-Day." (See pp. 68-76.)

Build a Japanese village on the table, the various members of the group having assigned to them beforehand the making of the houses, temples, torii, dolls, jinrikisha. For ten cents a small bronze Buddha incense-burner can be bought at any five-and-ten-cent store. Place it in the temple. Japanese dolls and houses can often be bought at the same place, or at any Japanese curio shop.

Memory hymn sung.

SECOND SESSION. *Story:* "Practising on Pak." (See pp. 76-82.)

This story can easily be enacted in pantomime by the father, Pak, Little Miss Snow, and the colporter; family seated on the floor, father seen reading, evidently trying to memorize. Gives his kimono to the shivering Pak; sends daughter off with basket of fruits and vegetables tied on her back; etc. Close with memory hymn.

THIRD SESSION. *Christmas Exercise:* "Filling the World's Christmas Stocking."

NOTE. What is there in the entire church which more effectively makes the *merry* of Merry Christmas *go round* than the "Budget"? Since the Lord loves a cheerful giver, there will be a remarkable fitness at this Christmas session to show how the Budget is really the church's gift to Jesus Christ to help continue the work he began when he came on earth on Christmas Day. The benevolence treasurer of the church might be asked to come, with a simple chart, listing the objects and amounts to which the church has pledged its support during the year. But a far more valuable suggestion is to delegate a certain group of boys to interview the treasurer in regard to the Budget, getting him to explain its make-up, so that they can have the experience of making their own chart of objects and amounts, each boy responsible for some feature of the work—either the practical work beforehand or the actual explanations at the Christmas session. The following program will show how this may be worked into a complete exercise; or, this one feature may be given alone.

1. *Hymn:* "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

2. *Responsive Reading:* Matthew 2 : 1-12.

3. *Pantomime Hymn:* "We Three Kings of Orient Are" (tune, "Kings of Orient").

The platform is to be very simply decorated, a large gold star over a manger, which is a clothes-basket with straw around it, a bundle of white goods inside, with several Ever-Ready flashlight torches burning. Three boys come on the platform dressed as kings, gold cardboard crowns, and straight pieces of cheesecloth (one purple, one red, one royal blue) for tunics, with a slit in the center for the head to go through. Rich-looking stoles of white crêpe paper, painted here and there with ermine tails, and gold tinsel girdles will complete the costume. First king carries gold (brass jardinière); second king, Oriental incense-pot, burning; third king, interesting-looking silver casket. As the audience sings the verses of hymn they each take their clue from the verse and kneel, in turn, at the manger, leaving gift.

4. *Christmas Prayer:* Thanking God for mankind's first Christmas gift; asking that we too may be as wise as the three kings from the Orient.

5. *Hymn:* "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear."

6. *Exercise:* "The Angel of the Christmas Stocking."

Enter five girls dressed as angels, in white cheese-cloth or sheet draperies, with white tarlatan wings, and Christmas tinsel for fillets and girdles. They carry between them large red Christmas stocking, four feet long by one foot wide.

First Angel: "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be *to all peoples.*"

Second Angel: "For God so loved the *world* that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Third Angel: "Freely ye have *received,* freely give."

Fourth Angel: "It is more blessed to *give* than to receive."

Fifth Angel: "The Lord loveth a *cheerful* giver."

First Angel: "I suppose the members of the ——— Church will be hanging their Christmas stockings as usual this year?"

Second Angel: "Why, of course! And all the year round some of them who are modern wise men have been filling this big Christmas stocking for the world."

Third Angel: "Yes, to announce to all men everywhere the story of the Christ-Child."

Fourth Angel: "That means, then, that the church is helping to bring peace on earth, good-will to men."

Fifth Angel: "Yes, and they know that the only way to do this is to obey the Lord's command, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.'"

All the Angels: "Look! Here come the modern wise men from the ——— Church!"

7. *Exercise:* "The Three Modern Wise Men."

Piano plays softly "We Three Kings of Orient Are" as they come up on platform, carrying their chart, each of them with a shoe-box wrapped in white and tied with red ribbons. They explain to the audience how they had heard of a Budget, so

they went to the treasurer, Mr. ———, to find out what it was, and discovered to their joy that a Budget is simply a Merry-Go-Round, indeed it is! It starts at home and then circles the globe. They prove this by showing their chart.

First Modern Wise Man holds up his box so that all may see the printing on it in large black letters: "$——— FOR HOME MISSIONS." Explains in his own words that this is the amount pledged by members of the church to the following persons. Then unties his box, lifts the lid, and holds up paper dolls, one at a time, each about ten inches long, labeled with the name of one of the nationalities among whom your denomination does home mission work. These dolls may be cut from wrapping-paper, at least ten at one cutting, if the paper is placed in layers beforehand. Racial colorings may be differentiated, if desired, white, yellow, black, brown, red. Probably you will need to include such names as Indians, Negroes, Mexicans, Cubans, Poles, Italians, Russians, Jews, Hungarians, Czechoslovakians, Portuguese, Swedes, Japanese, Chinese, Alaskans, etc. One at a time this First Wise Man drops these dolls into the large red stocking after reading the name, getting the audience to say with him each time, "Merry Christmas!" After all his dolls are in the stocking, he then removes from his box various articles to show what home missions bring to each race: (1) Bibles, (2) churches (either model or picture), (3) schools (school-books strapped together with pencil and ruler), (4) hospitals (pill-bottle). These are returned to box, tied rapidly, and deposited in the stocking.

Second Wise Man has a shoe-box which announces: "$——— FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS." Opens box, holds up labeled dolls (Japan, Korea, China, etc.), reads name, and deposits dolls in stocking, audience saying, "Merry Christmas!" His box will contain same articles as former box—Bible, church, school, hospital, etc. He displays these in his own way, returns them to box; places box in stocking.

Third Wise Man tells about "$——— FOR MISCELLANEOUS OBJECTS." Follows procedure of other boys in regard to dolls and box.

8. *Memory Hymn:* "As with Gladness Men of Old."

9. *White Gift Processional:* Angels should continue to hold the

large red stocking as scholars file past, dropping into it their own white gifts.

The boys will have had the Budget preparations as their share of the exercises, the girls will probably enjoy cutting out red cardboard stockings, on the backs of which small white coin envelopes are to be pasted, flap side left out. Across the flap print:

A White Gift to the King

My joy because of the Saviour's birth
I gladly share with the whole wide earth,
For thus the Merry-Go-Round can make
A merrier Christmas—for Jesus' sake.

Fourth Session. *A Christmas Vacation Theme Contest:* "What It Means to Be a Christian Steward."

To be based on such Bible passages as Psalm 50 : 10, 11; Deuteronomy 8 : 17, 18; also earlier verses in this chapter; 1 Corinthians 4 : 2; 1 Peter 4 : 10; and look in any Bible concordance for verses on "give."

Fifth Session. *Research Class Work on Japan:* Send to M. E. M. for Japan picture sheet.

Give to each class or to groups of the members a name with some special Japanese significance on which they are to report, e. g.:

1. The Jinrikishas: name means man-pull-car; invented by an early missionary in Japan, Jonathan Goble; now universally known as a Japanese vehicle; pictures Story of Mr. Horse-By-Day.

2. The Fujiyamas: this sacred cone-shaped mountain of Japan is snow-crowned; volcanic; climbed yearly by thousands of pilgrims in white robes with bells around waist, who go through various genuflections on the summit to gain merit with Buddha. Pictures of mountain, pilgrims, etc.

3. The Kimonos: national Japanese garment.

4. The Toriis: see drawings; two-barred archway leading to Shinto shrines.

5. The Feast of Dolls: the girls' festival of Japan, held third of March, when boxes of ancient and modern dolls are unpacked in every home and arranged in rows on little platforms, emperor and empress doll at the top. Feasting.

6. The Feast of Flags: the boys' festival of Japan, held fifth of May, when, outside every house where there are sons, stands a pole with as many paper fishes floating from the top as there are boys inside the house. Toy soldiers, real weapons, and flags are arranged on small platforms indoors. Feasting.

7. Lighting the Japanese Lantern. A big cardboard lantern with a map of Japan outlined on it; pin small paper candles on top of every city where your denomination has a mission.

The Unsatisfactory Legs of Mr. Horse-By-Day

It sounds exactly like a fairy tale to say that "Once upon a time in Japan there was a certain Japanese man who had to be a Horse all day"—for you might easily suppose that a spell had been cast upon him, that he had no choice but to turn into a horse as regularly as the sun rose up in the morning. All of which was rather true. He had no choice; and yet no spell had been cast upon him; and there was no fairy tale about it, except of course, as you were unexpectedly the fairy yourself toward the end of the story.

Now it must be said about this Horse that he was very unhappy. He was unhappy because his legs ached. They ached terribly. Yet he had to act as if they were just anybody's legs; quite good and strong and able to trot mile after mile after mile.

"Dear me!" sighed the Horse, "I do hope I'm not getting too old"; and this made him more forlorn than ever. For who is going to care for an

old Horse? Or for the little human ponies of an old Horse?

It was on the bluest morning of all that an American lady came along with a certain little girl and remarked in good Japanese, "*O hayo!*" which is the Japanese for "Honorably early! Good morning! We would like a ride."

Now of course there was only room for one passenger in his small carriage, but the little girl was so very little that she could squeeze in quite comfortably with the older passenger. Said the Lady to the Horse: "This child is from America, and I want her to see the shrines and temples here in town. Will you take us to all the most interesting places?"

Would he? Oh, you never saw such a smile on the face of any Horse before, for he had had a fine idea! You will remember his legs? Well, surely shrines and temples would be the very things for troublesome legs. Said the Horse to himself with a chuckle, "Tonight," said he, "my legs will be quite satisfactory."

So off he started, and the Lady said to Betty, "There will be Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines, but you always can tell them apart, for the Shinto shrines have arched gateways before the entrance, with two bars across the arch."

"I'll keep an eye out specially," said Betty.

Now all this time our Horse was planning his route, and it seemed to him that of all the gods Binzuru could do the most good for his legs, for Binzuru was the God of Healing. When he reached the place, his pas-

sengers went strolling off by themselves, but our Horse hurried immediately to Binzuru's image and began to do the most amazing things. First of all he knelt on the floor and bumped his head politely several times before the indifferent-looking idol, after which he began rubbing Binzuru's legs, then his own legs, over and over and over, as quickly as possible, since his time was short. It was provoking that a Boy-With-Mumps should come along just then, to rub Binzuru's jaws and then his own jaws, for our Horse was dreadfully afraid that Binzuru might go squandering too much sympathy on mere mumps; because, in time, mumps go away of themselves, whereas legs stay on forever . . . he clucked crossly at the boy: "There! There! You've rubbed enough; run away now."

But the boy kept on rubbing, and our Horse kept on rubbing, until he noticed that his passengers had returned to the waiting jinrikisha. "Dear me!" said the Horse. "This is too sudden. Now what shall I do?"

He did it very quickly. "It" was a present. It was the very best present he had to give—it was his coat! He put it around the shoulders of Binzuru, and his heart beat a great deal quicker. "Now," said he, "*now* Binzuru will pay some attention to my legs!" And he gave a last hasty rub to Binzuru's legs, then to his own.

Meanwhile his passengers were watching. "He is in trouble," sighed the Lady, for she knew that people do not give away their coats unless something is very

wrong. But our Horse said nothing of all this as he trotted to the next shrine where there was a curious sight to see—a pile of pebbles in the lap of a very ugly little old stone idol by the wayside.

"Jizo," announced the Horse, as he left the shafts of his carriage and added a new pebble to the pile, "Jizo, the children's god."

"You see, it's this way," the Lady explained to Betty, "the Japanese believe that the dear dead children in the other world are always in great trouble because of an old hag named Sho-zuka-no-Baba, who robs the boys and girls of all their clothes and makes them pile up endless stones along the banks of the River of Death. But no sooner do they pile these up, than the hag sends demons to tumble them down, so that the children's task is never done; and that is why people on earth pile pebbles on the lap of Jizo, hoping he will help the special little child they used to love so tenderly."

Betty's eyes were like saucers: "I am so sorry! And isn't it sad?"

Almost immediately they had reached a Buddhist temple where little kimono-clad youngsters, like so many giddy butterflies, came fluttering in to sit primly around a priest who seemed to be telling a story of some kind to which the children listened, and then they rose and sang in Japanese, but the tune was "Jesus loves me."

"I know that tune!" beamed Betty.

"But you don't know the words:

"'*Buddha* loves me, this I know,
For the scriptures tell me so.'

"But you will have your doubts about Buddha's love when I tell you one story those scriptures have just told."

"Tell me," Betty begged. And this is the story: A man going through a field met an angry elephant, which ran after him. In his haste to escape he saw a large dry well with vines growing over it. He took hold of the vine and swung himself down into the well, still holding the vine. He looked up and there stood the trumpeting elephant. Then he noticed that a small white mouse was nibbling the vine at the top of the well; alarmed, he looked lower and found that a black mouse was nibbling another part of the vine. Then he looked at the bottom of the well and saw a great snake coiled ready to spring at him to swallow him when the vine should break!

"Oh dear me! dear me!" shuddered Betty, for it was not a pleasant story, and the explanation of it was still more unpleasant; for the mad elephant represents fate, which chases every one through life; the vine represents the thread of life, the white mouse is day and the black mouse night, nibbling always at the thread of life, and the large snake at the bottom of the well represents death, which awaits every one.

Betty looked at those adorable butterfly children as they listened so earnestly to the priest: "That story isn't good enough for them! It isn't good enough!" she cried. And all day long it haunted her as they

went from temple to temple. The Horse could be seen handing money to a priest, and presently the priest would strike a big bronze gong with a heavy stick—"*BOOM!*" it would crash out upon the silent air, then vibrate thrillingly, dying gently down to the drone of drowsy bees. Then silence. After which another giant boom—more bees.

And always, everywhere, the Horse politely kneeling, politely bumping his head on the ground, politely leaving a present. Once he prayed with a paper prayer, which was something to watch: for he popped the prayer into his mouth and chewed it into a small wet wad which he threw at the idol with careful aim, hoping with all his poor Horse heart that it would stick. . .

But it fell to the ground.

The Horse gave an enormous sigh. The day had not been a success, after all. For paper prayers which stick are answered; paper prayers which fall to the ground are ignored. He sighed. For hadn't he given his coat? And his beans? The beans which he wanted for lunch? Hadn't he paid for incense-sticks to burn at idol shrines? And paid also to have the great gongs boomed, so that the gods would surely wake to notice him? Yet his legs! His legs! As unsatisfactory as ever.

"Just one last stop," his passenger directed. "The Higashi Hongwanji Temple."

He was too tired to go inside, himself. He sat on the shaft of his carriage, and groaned.

Inside the temple a priest was showing the Lady a coil of rope. A very special coil of rope with a story in each coil. For some years ago that temple in Kyoto had had to be rebuilt, and the news went out that the very strongest ropes would be needed to hoist the heavy columns and the rooftree timbers into place. A very pious Buddhist said: "The strongest rope is made of human hair!" And instantly the women spread the news until in thousands and thousands of homes there were Japanese women stroking their long black hair and thinking of Buddha's temple. Stroking—and thinking; stroking—and thinking. For a god was so hard to impress! What could a poor woman ever hope to give to make Buddha notice her with pleasure? Suppose—oh, just suppose, a woman gave her *hair,* what would Buddha think? How could he help being pleased? How could he help noticing that a woman who had once been stylish and beautiful in the correct Japanese fashion, was now ugly and queer-looking? Oh surely, this was a chance of chances to make a big impression.

So the hair kept coming to the temple—piles and piles and piles of it, so long and soft and glossy. So thick and black and lovely. Their most precious gift! From a single province of Japan thirty thousand women sent their precious hair to Buddha, until when the rope was woven, it was thicker than a man's wrist, and measured two hundred and twenty-one feet in length.

Betty looked at the great coils, and as she thought of

those Japanese girls, those Japanese women, she suddenly thought of herself: ashamed of herself; *ashamed!* For what had she ever given which really hurt her to give? What had she ever parted with which she wanted so much to keep? "And I have the Saviour!" she thought. "The Saviour who gave his own life for me. The Saviour who doesn't have to be begged and teased with presents, or waked up with bells to hear me when I pray. How much I have taken him for granted! What a selfish girl I am! Even our old jinrikisha puller is more generous, for this very day he has given his coat and his lunch and all his money to his gods. But I haven't given anything. . ."

"It's never too late to mend," said the Lady gently; you see, she was thinking these very same thoughts herself. "I'll begin by helping our Horse," she decided. So you will not be surprised to hear that that very evening the Horse was invited to our church in that Japanese city, the church you and I helped to build with the money we put in the missionary offering several years ago. It was good for the Horse to be there. Especially good for his legs. For there was a doctor. A very kind doctor who put his hands on those poor tired legs.

"It is varicose veins," he said gently. "You must not be on your feet all day any longer. We will find you an easier job." So that day ended in a splendid fashion, and in the course of time the old jinrikisha puller became the sexton of a little new church in Japan, and a member of that church, too, for he is

through with temples forever. If anybody asks him for his favorite Bible verse he smiles a wide slow smile and quotes, "The Lord *loveth* a cheerful giver." For he had been giving all his life, you see, to foolish wooden gods who had nothing in them to love with; and he thought it the best news in the world to find a God who loves you whatever you do, but loves especially if you give cheerfully.

Betty thinks so too. She says she can never give cheerfully enough as a "Thank you" for the Bible which has such wonderful stories, with never a mad elephant, or a white mouse, or a black mouse, or a deadly serpent. "That story isn't good enough for anybody!" she will cry. "That's why I really *ache* to help the Merry-Go-Round go around faster whenever I hear it!"

Practising on Pak

We may as well call him Bateren, since that is what Yuki Ko (Little Miss Snow) will always be calling her father. Yuki Ko's quaint slant eyes had been seeing many amazing things since the day when the doctor from the village down the hill "threw away the spoon," as the Japanese so picturesquely say when life is fast ebbing into death and all has been done that can be done. The honorable little mother had waited for the venerable Man of Medicine to take his obsequious departure with many bowings and many regrets that he had not been successful. When he was gone, Yuki Ko had seen her mother's feeble hands grope under the

tattered quilt upon the matting floor, then heard the frail voice saying to Bateren: "Honorable master, I do not know what this treasure may be, but there was a day when a Holy-Book-Go-About-Sell-Man gave it to me, and said it told of the way to peace. But how have I been able to find that way, having no knowledge of reading? Alas, I depart to my ancestors still wondering about this way; but you can read. May you find the road and lead our little Yuki Ko with you. A-ah!" There was a last feeble gasp for breath—and the little mother had passed on.

Yuki Ko was very small. And when she saw her father weep, she wept. She saw him clean the matting floors with Japanese neatness, so she helped him clean with all the pretty imitative qualities of a child of five. And then came the day when Pak was taken into their home—poor old Pak, that foolish fellow from Korea whose vessel had been wrecked in a storm on the rocks beneath the village. Nobody wanted the castaway who was forever jabbering in such an outlandish language. But Bateren was lonely, he needed some one to help him work his rocky farm, some one to share his lonely meals and make the silences less full of echoes of the dear departed Okkasan.

Yuki Ko had small use for Pak: if Bateren thought he was to be considered a substitute for that lovely smiling mother, then Pak was a very poor substitute indeed. A cringing, uneasy sort of fellow, speaking part Korean and part Japanese, always sighing because of his troubles, always afraid of evil spirits,

never quite sure of his own safety in this strange foreign land, in this wild, rough farm.

They lived on a picturesque hillside with knotted pine-trees here and there among the rocky fields of stubble, while far below rippled the sapphire sea—a most unprepossessing farm, very unwilling to yield any one a decent living. But to Yuki Ko it was, of course, the whole wide world; to Pak it was a temporary haven; while to Bateren the farm was like some sullen dragon which he attacked each year trying to draw its golden teeth, but gathering only *rocks!*

Every evening Bateren would sit in the waning sunset glow and read the little book left him by his wife. Yuki Ko could see astonishment flit over his wrinkled yellow face, then perplexity, sometimes despair, and sometimes joy—sheer joy! She knew it was a curious book to cause such changing expressions, but these expressions were as nothing compared to the startling things that Bateren began to do.

She could see that Pak did not understand them either. Poor Pak, he hardly knew what to make of life when Bateren began trying things out on him. Plainly it made him exceedingly uncomfortable; yet actually, he had never been so utterly comfortable in his whole checkered career. There was, for instance, the matter of the wadded coat.

"Pak," said Bateren, one chilly evening, "you are shivering. You are not nearly warm enough in those thin cotton garments. Here, take this wadded coat of mine—you will find great comfort in it."

"But, worshipful sir," gasped Pak in high confusion, "it is of too luxurious a nature for poor unworthy me, a mere Korean shipwrecked man. And moreover, what will warm *your* honorable chilliness if I wear this?"

Bateren looked at his little black book: "I am a man with a new God, and he tells me to give away a coat if I have two. So say no more about this matter."

So Yuki Ko saw Pak wear the long, softly-wadded garment, while Bateren had none. Yet it was plain that Pak, while warm, was full of secret terror, like one who might wake up from pleasant dreams and feel a stick upon his shoulder in reprimand for such presumption.

Then there was the matter of worship. Yuki Ko had never liked climbing the hill to the gaudy shrine where there was a brass gong to be struck and a red-and-gold idol to be worshiped—an idol with staring painted eyes and a most unpleasant scowl. The only part she liked was when the wind blew through the pine-trees and tinkled the bells hanging on the eaves of the pagoda. "That will make his honorable self happy," she would whisper; yet the painted scowl on the idol's face never oozed into a smile of delight; so Yuki Ko wondered a thing or two, even then.

But Bateren's book had a new kind of worship which he taught to Yuki Ko and Pak: together they would kneel upon the matting floor to repeat after Bateren certain words from his book. Poor Bateren, he tried so hard to memorize those words—yet, after

all, it was Yuki Ko who learned them first by heart. But she felt it was a curious prayer, with no idol anywhere in sight, no rice to lay at his feet, and above all, no gong to strike to be sure he was awake and listening.

Then came the matter of the Sabbath field. One day Bateren took Pak around the farm exactly as if he had not seen it before: "Pak," said Bateren, when the tour was over, "which of these miserably poor fields is the best?"

Pak scratched his head: "Worshipful master," he said finally, "they are all of an unhappy sameness, except that there are a few less rocks in that field over there and a little more fruit on those trees."

Bateren nodded: "My very thought. Now Pak, listen carefully: that field is no more to be mine; the vegetables that grow in it are not to be cooked for your stomach or mine, neither is the fruit to feed any of us. You understand?"

"Oh," grinned Pak, "you can sell it!"

"No, not that," said Bateren, "but I have given it to the new God I worship. Every vegetable is his, every bit of grain, all the fruit. And as soon as all is ripe I will go on a pilgrimage and carry everything to him, for my book says he likes to receive it on a day called the Sabbath Day; but how should I know what day that is?"

"Master," sighed Pak, "surely this is an uncomfortable religion of yours, to have to give so much away?"

Yuki Ko remembered yet how Bateren laughed: "But I do not *have* to give, *I want to!* Tell me—are you happy in my house?"

Pak chuckled as he would not have dared to chuckle a year before: "I am uncomfortably happy," he cried. "I ask myself ten times a day whether I am not the master here, and you the servant! Is there a pot of rice—whose stomach is the better filled? *Mine!* Is there hard work to do—who lifts the heaviest end? Not I, but you. Is there a cozier corner on the matting, who sits there? Not you, but stupid me! Oh master, I am eaten up with great desire to know what makes you such a different person."

So Bateren explained about this matchless God who wants no sacrifices, no wild expensive prayers, no clanging gongs, no noisy demonstrations. In gentleness of spirit he merely asks that the friendless man be treated well, that the stranger be considered as this God himself. "And I," said Bateren, "have such feeble wits inside my poor old head, I knew I never could fix so many sayings in my heart unless I practised them one at a time on some one near at hand. 'Twas thus I memorized the little that I know—practising on you, poor Pak. Yet you are happy; I, too! So now that all has ripened in my Sabbath field I must start off upon my pilgrimage."

They stacked both fruit and vegetables in bamboo baskets slung over Bateren's bent shoulders. Yuki Ko stood by in great excitement: "When you find this God, be sure to tell him how you've practised on old

Pak!" And Pak himself wept happily: "Tell him I will come myself some day and worship him."

So Bateren went off into the great wide world to find his God. But on the way he met another traveler who also had a pack upon his back, and as they walked Bateren told his tale, and when he finished the other man cried: "My friend, the pack upon my back is full of Bibles such as the one you have been practising so faithfully, and I tell you of a surety that the God you seek is not an image in some fine gilt shrine, but a spirit living in the hearts of men—I perceive he dwells already in three hearts within your home. Let us turn back and seek your home."

So that is how it happened that Christian work was started in that rural province of Japan, financed at first by vegetables and fruit raised in the Sabbath field.

But even as the colporter was telling of his God to the three who worshiped blindly, there were other men in other places questioning—wondering—waiting—hungering—longing in despair for some great Some One Somewhere to surround their weakness with his strength, to fill their hungry hearts and warm the coldness of their idol-worship with fires of love and joy. Spurred on by the words of the Book so casually bought from the pedler of Bibles, they too may soon begin practising—practising—fulfilling God's great decree: *"My word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish the thing whereto I sent it."*

"The seed is the Word of God."

RECREATION SUGGESTIONS TO SUPPLEMENT LESSONS ON JAPAN

1. *A Ship to Japan*

The answers are all words ending in "ship." If the group is small the answers may be written on small Japanese square-sailed junks, cut from brown wrapping-paper.

(1) What ship brings a wife to a missionary? (Courtship.)

(2) What ship tells that the world belongs to God? (Ownership.)

(3) What ship made every one love Little Miss Snow? (Friendship.)

(4) What ship did Mr. Horse-By-Day use on Sunday mornings? (Worship.)

(5) What ship had his jinrikisha-pulling become? (Hardship.)

(6) What ship made Little Miss Snow the daughter of her father? (Relationship.)

(7) What ship did her father practise when he shared his Sunday field with God? (Stewardship.)

(8) What ship showed that he shared God's business of helping the world? (Partnership.)

2. *Christmas Presents Made in Japan*

In another room set up an observation-table on which are to be placed well-known articles for which we are indebted to the Japanese, such as: Silks, penny match-boxes, fans, paper lanterns, paper napkins, crêpe kimonos, blue-figured cotton tablecloths, paper parasols, wicker work-baskets, tea-sets, etc. The players are to file slowly around the table once, looking with all their eyes; then, returning to the other room, are to make a list of what they have seen. The most complete list wins.

3. *A Trip to Japan*

Lay on the floor some pieces of green blotting-paper cut in the shape of the three largest islands of Japan, the largest island being the full length of the blotting-paper; since it is slender, the other islands may be cut from the margins. On white labels

print the names of the best-known cities of Japan and those where your denomination works. Paste these on the islands. The game may be played in two ways:

(1) As a one-legged hop-scotch. When the leader calls the name of a city the player must hop on the paper label, the other leg crooked at right angles. Failure to hop correctly or to maintain balance forfeits a turn.

(2) As tiddledywinks. Give each player five disks, which are to be hopped on five successive cities named by the leader.

4. *Trimming the Japanese Christmas Tree*

This is really the game of ringtoss, only a green cardboard tree is pinned on the wall, with one or more outjutting branches. Each player is given a "Christmas wreath" (either a circle of green cardboard, or a rubber jar-ring such as is used for preserves), and, standing in "America," tries to trim the Japanese tree by looping his wreath on an outjutting branch. If there are several branches, have one count 1, another 5, another 10.

HANDWORK

Let your group settle on any activity that the course of lessons may have suggested; any activity which is initiated by the group (the leader often furnishing the incentive in a story hour, of course!) and carried out by them is of double value. Your denominational headquarters can inform your group what the needs of a Japanese missionary are.

IV

[JANUARY]

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND TOUCHES KOREA

Due to Paddy-Whack's paddy-whacking the Korean husband wears white clothes, and a shiny horse-hair hat, tied under his chin; the hat is transparent to show his "top-knot," the sign of coming-of-age. A wealthy Mrs. Look-Here wears a cloak thrown over her head, the sleeves dangling uselessly in the wind. Make all the dolls from two thicknesses of cardboard, pasting heads and shoulders together, spreading feet apart. The children can wear bright colors.

This is a much finer chip than Kim or Paddy-Whack lived in; their roofs were undoubtedly straw-thatched. Use a gray shoe-box to represent mud walls, with a tentlike roof, made from a fold of brown cardboard streaked with yellow chalk for thatching, or terra cotta red cardboard for tiled effect. Slit corners of the box part way down and bend front and back sides inward, so that the roof may be attached with fasteners to these bent portions, after triangular pieces from the other two sides have been either bent or cut away to form a side peak. Houses stand in lanes bordered by gloomy walls, i. e., strips of gray cardboard.

Korean villages have devil posts to keep away the evil spirits which might bring smallpox, cholera, or lesser disasters. These posts may be made double, painted on slender strips of tan cardboard, with a thin box pasted between.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND TOUCHES KOREA

OUTLINE OF FIVE SESSIONS ON KOREA

Country: Korea.

Aim: To show that everybody feels a sense of sin which only the love of the Saviour can satisfy.

Memory Hymn for the Month: "I Lay My Sins on Jesus" (tune, "Selborne," or "Hilda").

Key Bible Verse for the Month: "Whom not having seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye REJOICE with JOY unspeakable and full of glory" (1 Peter 1 : 8).

FIRST SESSION. *New Year's Story:* "Kim's Sins Fly Over the Chip-Tops." (See pp. 91-101.)

The giving of Merry-Go-Round calendars after the story will prove a constant reminder to the members of your group, at home, of the new projects in which they are interested. From white cardboard cut a Merry-Go-Round after the pattern on the jacket of this book: red-striped awning and *one* large animal—possibly an elephant. Paint in gray and paste a small calendar where the saddle would naturally be. Underneath this print:

I highly resolve on this New Year's Day
To help the Merry-Go-Round on its way.

SECOND SESSION. *Reproduction with Dolls, etc., of the Story About Kim's Sins.* Assign activities to various groups:

1. Girls, to make dolls representing Kim, Kosiki, Mu'tang, scholar.

2. Boys, to make model straw sandals, to be ready to place these outside door with a sieve and to explain about Angwangi; also have a small dish with hair and nails—explain why burned at sunset-time.

3. Boys, to make Street of the Nine Green Ducklings, with small houses.

4. Girls, to make straw cheyongs, with coin inside each and list of sins.

5. Boys, to make kite with Kim's sins listed on the sides.

THIRD SESSION. *Story:* "The Secret in Paddy-Whack's Pocket." (See pp. 101-110.)

Set up Korean town used in previous lesson, and enact this story. Tie straw rope (raffia) around house, with paper prayers fluttering here and there. A strip of violet crêpe paper to represent hillsides and meadows.

FOURTH SESSION. *Group Research Posters.*

Assign topics for these posters which are to be displayed and explained at this session:

1. *Mrs. Look Here and Her Family*

Pictures of the people of Korea; see missionary magazines, or enlarged drawings of the sketches in this chapter, with explanations about clothes, topknots, etc.

2. *Won't You Come Into My Chip?*

Pictures of Korean houses. House called a "chip." "Jerusalem, My Happy Home" in Korean is *Ye-ru-sal-lem na pok toin chip*—even a heavenly mansion has to be a *chip* to a Korean, who has no word for home, for chickens live in a chicken *chip* and even a button goes into a button *chip!*

3. *Church Poster*

Draw a large church in outline across poster and write facts inside this outline. Men sit on one side of church, women on the other, high curtain between. Missions started in 1884 in Korea, now one in every seventy a Christian. Estimated that a convert has been made every hour of the day and night since Christianity was introduced. Growth due to fact that no one can join church until he has tried to lead others to become Christian. (Paddy-Whack, e. g.)

4. *Pill-bottle Poster*

Cut this out in shape of giant pill-bottle, painting cork tan with red cross in center. Korea hostile to Christianity before 1884, then a medical missionary (Dr. H. N. Allen) cured a badly wounded prince when thirteen Korean physicians were about to pour boiling wax into his wounds! Hospital popular after that. Show pictures of denominational medical work.

5. *Chosen: The Land of Morning Calm*

Map of Korea, with star pasted on cities where your denomination works. Ribbons leading from these stars to margin of poster where pictures are pasted of missionaries, schools, etc., located in these towns.

Fifth Session. *Original Hymn Contest.*

Theme: Korea for Christ. Or,

Original Essay Contest.

Theme: Korean Superstitions. (See two stories.)

Kim's Sins Fly Over the Chip-Tops

Something would certainly have to be done. For here was another New Year coming, and poor Kim so loaded down with last year's sins that nobody in all Korea wanted to have anything to do with him. Not even Kosiki who—being only a girl—really shouldn't have been quite so pious and particular! But then Kim was astonishingly and discouragingly sinful, more so than anybody else in town; which is what comes of being uncomfortably poor and also of having forgotten to put a sieve beside his shoes on New Year's Eve, as every one else remembered to do.

A sad forgetting that was; for, of course, when old man Angwangi came fluttering down from the upper

air for his annual visit on New Year's Eve, there at the door stood Kim's shoes with never a sieve in sight to distract his attention. So naturally this cruel Korean Santa Claus tried on the shoes in high glee and left the most unpleasant gift inside—*smallpox*. Indeed he did! Kosiki knows it, and Kim knows it, and all the neighbors know it. For didn't Kim's father die of that smallpox soon afterwards? And Kim's mother, too? And isn't Kosiki's small yellow face pitted with pock-marks, like the little valleys on an orange skin? Oh, they tell you in Korea that it never pays to forget to put a sieve beside your shoes on that one night, for Angwangi is not a jovial soul like our St. Nick, but a villainous old fiend who spends three hundred and sixty-four wicked days collecting pestilences in the upper air, so that on New Year's Eve he can swoop down and deposit them in empty shoes. But they will also whisper in your ear that an ordinary sieve works wonders in protection. Indeed it does! For it seems that Angwangi has a perfect mania for counting the meshes of a sieve—he counts and he counts and he counts, all night long, never once remembering about the nasty gifts he meant to give. With sieves at every other door in town, no wonder Angwangi did his very worst for Kim!

So it had been a dreadful year. For not only had there been this cruel smallpox, but there were also Kim's *sins*. Simply dozens of them! Now of course you have sins of your own; we all have, and I dare say we don't let them trouble us nearly as much as we

should. We tuck the memory of them into the darkest corner of our brains and hope that God will help us to outgrow them very soon. But Kim's weren't the kind of sins you could tuck anywhere. Hadn't he gone all over town collecting them? Which is what comes of being poor when you live in Korea.

Kim was poorer than any one you know; so poor that he never by any chance had more than one meal a day—rice on the best days, the queerest roots and berries boiled up for dinner on the other days. Kosiki often used to cry from sheer hunger. And Kim would tighten up his belt right where he felt emptiest. But this was no way to live, as you can see for yourself; so Kim decided that he would really have to turn beggar, just as hundreds of older men all over Korea did on every New Year's Eve. Therefore, you are to picture him trudging down spooky lanes and knocking at people's doors to say politely: "Peace to this house! H-have you a *cheyong,* perhaps?"

And they *did* have a *cheyong,* oh, yes, indeed! Gladly they handed it out to poor Kim, who went home at midnight shuddering and dragging seven of them in his arms and over his shoulders. In case you are wondering why he should shudder at such a very profitable haul, I shall have to explain that a *cheyong* is a straw image which the Koreans make at New Year's time. Deep inside the straw body they hide a statement of their old sins and shortcomings, also a few pieces of money; and they firmly believe that when a beggar takes away the *cheyong* he becomes possessed of all

these sins—their scapegoat, who sells his own peace of soul for money!

So now you see where Kim got such an astonishing supply of sins. There were the sins of old Widow Weephard and the sins of Butcher Bigbone, the sins of Weaver Whitegoods and the sins of Merchant Makemoney, the sins of Barber Baldpate and the sins of Schoolmaster Simpleton, not to mention the truly horrifying sins of old Robber Redfist. Oh, it was simply stupendous for any one boy of twelve to be so overloaded! Decidedly something would have to be done.

But two months passed. Then four. Then eight. Things went from bad to worse. Kim looked as withered and weazened as two sticks. Over and over Kosiki said she hardly felt comfortable living alone in the same house with him. Although, to be frank, it would have been impossible to be comfortable in that damp mud house, sins or no sins! The Korean word for house is *chip;* and if you know what a warm cozy feeling it is to sing, "Home, Sweet Home," then just try singing, "Chip, Sweet Chip," and see what a bleak, shivery sensation it gives you. Although *saying* chip is not nearly as bleak as *inhabiting* chip! So what with sickness and sorrow and sins, slim Kim spent a most unhappy winter, spring, and summer.

In the fall he took all seven slips of paper which he had found inside the seven *cheyongs* to a certain scholar in town, thinking it might be well if he knew the worst about himself.

"Kindly condescend to read aloud the list of my shortcomings," Kim begged, politely, for he himself couldn't tell an A from a B.

The Scholar propped his big horn spectacles on the end of his nose and started in with the sins of old Widow Weephard; sharp tongue, impatience, neglect of the family idols, stinginess, greediness, a fondness for quarreling and for boxing the ears of small children.

"Pretty bad!" suggested the Scholar, wagging his head.

"Pretty bad!" agreed Kim, wagging his head.

Next came the list of Butcher Bigbone's failings.

"Very bad!" sighed the Scholar, clucking *his* tongue.

"Oh, very bad!" agreed Kim, meekly clucking *his* tongue.

So that by the time they had waded through the five other lists, including the really horrifying sins of old Robber Redfist, Kim felt as blue as indigo. The Scholar also felt blue.

"I think it would be desirable for you to withdraw your presence from my humble chip," he said, and actually bustled poor Kim toward the door, "for who knows what evil influence you may sprinkle into the air."

Kim left the Scholar's chip, put on his shoes, and returned to his own chip where Kosiki was stewing the most abominable soup from vegetable peelings and roots. Kim swallowed a little of it, then told Kosiki

she was the frightfulest cook—at this rate, how could she ever hope to get a husband?

"Tut!" she grunted bitterly, while three tears dripped forlornly down her sooty cheeks (the fire had been smudgy and low in its mind!). "I'm sure you'll never get a *wife,* a boy with all your sins and your wicked tongue. Bah! Something will have to be done about you."

"Yes," agreed Kim, "something will certainly have to be done."

Then, with only the gloomy soup to cheer him he visited the *mu-tang,* the witch who lived at the edge of town. There she sat among her drums and cymbals, as wicked a creature as you ever saw. But she said it really wasn't so hard to lose sins—had he tried sinking them in a well on a moonlight night, with a grain of rice for each sin? Why no, that had never occurred to him.

"Oh, it's a neat enough scheme," she hissed, "especially for a mere boy like you. How many sins have you anyhow, you beardless youth?"

Kim obligingly began ticking them off on his fingers, but no sooner had he used up all ten of them and had begun going the rounds again than the *mu-tang* spluttered: "Poof! Poof! Prodigious! Preposterous! Ridiculous! Begone from my presence, you sinful scalawag—begone, I say, poof! You'll cast an evil influence even over me. Begone!" And she thumped her drums and clanged her cymbals to rid the lower air of any left-over sins poor Kim might trail behind him.

It was discouraging! But one week before New Year's Kosiki made *the* suggestion. Rather timidly, of course, since girls are only considered to be *things* in Korea! Even her name showed this contempt—*Kosiki,* "What-You-May-Call-Her!" But Kim was soon to learn what you and I know already, that girls are really exactly as bright as . . . or would it be more polite not to say it, since we all agree?

Anyhow, Kosiki said, "Kim, you might put your sins on a kite on New Year's Eve."

Kim stared at her enchanted. Then he actually got up and skipped the first skip that had been skipped in that chip for the entire year.

"I will!" he cried. "I will! Why, a kite's the very thing!"

He was much too poor to buy one, so he got a twig here and a bit of kindling wood there, and concocted the queerest kite you ever saw. For the paper sides were made of the seven lists of other people's sins that now belonged to Kim. Then, in order that there might be no possible misunderstanding among the demons of the upper air, he bribed another scholar to print on the eighth side of the kite, "These are the sins of me, Kim, thirteen years old, who lives in the end chip on the Street-of-the-Nine-Green-Ducklings, the chip with a hole in the gate."

It seemed as if night would never come. By sunset time, all up and down this Street-of-the-Nine-Green-Ducklings, little fires were built, one in front of each house. Kosiki had a fire in front of her chip, too, and

just like every one else, she and Kim began burning the old combings of their hair and the old clippings of their nails, which they always carefully saved from day to day to be burned at sundown on New Year's Eve—for people say, in Korea, that if such clippings and combings aren't burned, what is to hinder their falling into the hands of an enemy who could cast the stiffest kind of a spell on you by using these old left-overs of yourself? Neither Kim nor Kosiki was going to invite new kinds of destruction; so they had their little bonfire. And you may also be sure that the sieviest of sieves guarded their shoes on the door-mat all night long, so that Angwangi could count meshes till morning.

At midnight Kim tiptoed out into the courtyard, and if you had been there you would have heard a crackle or two as his kite went soaring up into the air. Up and up and up it went until the string was wrenched clean out of Kim's hands.

"They're gone!" he muttered. "All gone!" And his heart gave a huge thump as he saw those wretched sins go sailing over the chip-tops. Himself he felt as light as air.

"I haven't a sin left!" he boasted. But no sooner had he tasted the bitter soup next morning than he boxed Kosiki's ears, and said it was the worst soup yet. You can hardly blame her for wailing: "Oh Kim! Kim! you haven't lost all of the Widow Weephard's sins, for boxing ears was one of her specials! And you've still got it."

"I haven't!" he shouted.

"You have, too."

"I haven't!" and I greatly regret to say that he did another most unpleasant thing to his sister, who wept and wailed more loudly yet, and said between sobs, "A-and y-you h-haven't l-lost all of R-Robber Red-fist's s-sins, either, y-you d-dreadful b-boy!"

"I have!" shouted Kim.

"You haven't!" shouted Kosiki, and the grandest rumpus would have followed except for the fact that a visitor walked in. A most unwelcome person, for under his arm he carried—Kim's kite.

"Go away! Go away!" gasped poor Kim. "I've lost these sins *once*. Take them away!"

"See here," said the visitor cheerfully, "I bring you good news. For *this* is no way to lose sins! About midnight I heard them come clattering down against my window-pane, and since there was an address on the kite, I hurried right over this morning to tell you there's a God who forgives sins."

"Do tell!" gasped Kosiki.

"Do tell!" echoed Kim. "Actually a *god* who does that? Whatever can be his name? And where is his shrine? I'd do anything . . . go anywhere. . ."

"Men call him the 'Friend of Sinners,' and you needn't go on any pilgrimage, my boy, for he's right here inside this chip with you——"

Kosiki looked. And Kim looked. But there was no idol to be seen anywhere. So the strange gentleman sat down and began inquiring in the most always-have-

known-each-other-fashion about Kim's sins. Weren't there a good many of them?

There were, Kim acknowledged, and talked for half an hour. Then Kim handled the stranger's Bible with grateful fingers. Marvelous! And Kosiki handled it —lovingly. Oh, too good to be true! To think of there being a Book Specially for Sinners, and a God who sent men all the long way from Mi-guk (America) to Korea to win sinners. Even sinners as far gone as Kim!

"Would you condescend to read once more those dearly precious words that speak straight to my heart?" asked Kim.

So the missionary "condescended." And I think you will be glad to know that every single promise in that Bible verse has come true in Kim's life, because he accepted the sinner's God—

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities"; (not another sin did Kim ever float over the chip-tops!).

"Who healeth all thy diseases"; (ah yes, in our mission hospital, you know).

"Who redeemeth thy life from destruction"; (no more dread of Angwangi, no more sieves or fires at sundown on New Year's Eve!).

"Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies"; (for didn't Kim go to our mission boarding-school?).

"Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things"; (and didn't they nourish his starved little body?).

"So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

And this boy is just one of ten thousand poor sinners all over Korea who want what Kim wanted—a safe and a happy New Year!

The Secret in Paddy-Whack's Pocket

There was a magic carpet fit for a queen to walk on—and there was only Look-Here tripping over it, never noticing at all about the magic of a carpet made of miles and miles of violets: violet hills and violet vales, violet meadows and violet fields. You felt like shouting to her, "Look here, Look-Here, don't you see this magic carpet right under your very toes?"

But she would have wrinkled her nice little nose and have answered: "But I've got a *pocket!* And I can't think what they're going to say about it!

Whereupon you knew at once that somehow or other a pocket was immensely more important than any carpet, so that if you too had had this particular one you could have walked through all the violets on earth and have seen only that one perplexing, worrying, precious, new pocket.

"Evidently," you are saying to yourself, "evidently they don't have pockets in Korea."

And that's the answer, of course. They *don't* have pockets; and they *do* have violets. Every spring, violets; but only once in a lifetime can come that first great burning need for a pocket. So why? Why? Why? If you are really curious you had better trot along over that violet carpet by Look-Here's side, for just over that purply blue hill ahead rises smoke from

a little village where Look-Here will soon be entering her " chip, sugarly chip " : which is Korean for " home, sweet home." Although I do not think there was anything sweet about it, for the smell was simply terrific the minute you stepped from the lane inside the gate in the outer wall. But Look-Here did not notice the smell, since everybody's house smelled the same; for what was the smell but the pig and the chickens and the smoke of the grass smudge burning in the mud fireplace? And who wants a chip with no pig, no chicken, no smudge? And with only one door and no window, why not have a smell? So that's that; but you must not be feeling superior about it, please.

Look-Here gave a little cough as if to announce, " I'm home! " The pig grunted and the chickens cheeped, but it was toward the bundle of clothes by the fireplace that Look-Here glanced respectfully. Such an important Bundle. When you got used to the dimness you began to notice a face and two old gnarled hands. The Bundle, you see, was a mother-in-law, and mattered enormously.

" Well? " snapped the Bundle. And a million cross questions seemed wrapped up in the one little word: Where have you been all this time? What did you do? Why didn't you come back sooner? How did you suppose I could get on alone? Why do you stand there so tongue-tied? Speak up! Speak up! What happened to keep you?

Perhaps you are beginning to guess how awfully hard it was going to be ever to explain a pocket to a

Bundle? Especially an important old Bundle grumbling in the gloom of a smudgy fireplace.

Look-Here swallowed twice: "I've been to the tailor," she managed to say; but it sounded even worse than she expected. A tailor, *she?*

"Speak louder! I can't hear you, it sounded exactly as if you said a—*tailor!*" mumbled the Bundle.

"I did," acknowledged Look-Here.

"A tailor—*you?*" the Bundle gasped. "Are you crazy? Or so rich? Or what? Come, Nam! Come, Paik! Here's this silly woman prating of a tailor!"

Her sons came running in and stood, staring; her little nieces scampered in and frankly dropped their jaws wide open at their surprising aunt. For, after stammering badly at first, poor Look-Here managed to tell them very bravely of her pocket. Every one had to feel that pocket—peer inside—poke their fingers in—and then pull out the astonishing thing inside. A squarish thing; a hard, peculiar thing. . .

"What is it, anyhow?" the Bundle asked.

"A book," said Nam, her eldest son.

"A book? But why has this woman-thing a book? What *is* a book?"

What indeed? And who could answer, since in all that town there was not a single book. Not one. Except, of course, this dreadful one in Look-Here's pocket.

"The book is a Book called the Bible," Look-Here explained. "It tells about God. See, this sign means God. That is all I can read."

"And even that is too much!" thundered the Bundle. "How dare you bring such a book into our chip? Where did you get it?"

So then the whole story was told: how, one market-day, Look-Here had gone to the market-place in the near-by town and seen a man with a crowd around him. He was telling about God. He would talk and talk, and then ask, "Can you remember?"

"No," said Look-Here, "no, I can't!" And it was just as if she thought she was the only one there. Just she and the man. And God. Those three! But they were all that mattered to her then, for she was very hungry for the news she heard.

The man could see this hunger, for it was in her eyes. The next market-day he was there again, and so was she, listening with all her ears, nodding her head now that she understood better. On the sixth of these market-days he said to her: "I will give you this little Book. It tells about God. Even if you cannot read it now you can easily learn to read, for you are so young."

"But I don't know what to do with your Book," she giggled, holding it awkwardly. For I assure you it is a comical feeling to hold a book in your hands for the very first time in your life. Then the man told her: "The Christians in Korea have a pocket in their clothes. They keep the Bible there, because they want it near them all the time. They want to have it always ready to read. It is called a Bible pocket."

Look-Here was delighted. For who ever heard of a

pocket before? And she wanted a pocket—she wanted a pocket——

Yet she was only a Look-Here! Which means a little married woman in Korea; a little person not nearly so precious as the family pig; just a "thing," with no particular name, to whom a husband would shout: *Yabu! Yabu!* which, in Korean, means Look-Here! Look-Here! Our special Look-Here seemed to be no good to anybody, except of course as a washer-woman. Yes, as a Paddy-Whack she really was useful. For every day when her shining white husband went walking down the street in his long, white, spotless coat she knew only too well who kept him so white. For who was it who lugged bundles of clothes to the river-bank every day? Who was it in winter who broke the ice and plunged her frozen little hands into the icy water, swishing the clothes up and down, squeezing them, wringing them? Who was it who spread those clothes on smooth stones and ironed them with wooden paddles like baseball bats—*paddy-whack! paddy-whack! paddy-whack! rat-tap-tap! rat-tap-tap!* until they were smooth and shining? Who but Little Mrs. Look-Here Paddy-Whack herself, aged sixteen, if you please! All the time saying to herself words which might come from your memory hymn for this month, "Wash *me,* and *I* shall be whiter than snow!"

But washing clothes is one thing, and having a Bible pocket is another, as Paddy-Whack soon learned. For the Bundle had never been so wrought up——

"Throw that Book in the fire," she ordered, trem-

bling like a leaf. "I've heard about this new devil doctrine. We aren't safe a minute with such a dangerous Book in the house."

"Oh, not my precious Bible!" begged Paddy-Whack. But the Bundle knew what she wanted, and her sons were also alarmed enough to agree with her that the Book must surely be burned. So into the fire it went. Paddy-Whack saw the little tongues of red flame go licking all over the pages—curling them up at the corners, browning them, blackening them, ruining them. She stood with her hands clasped tightly together, and said one word to herself very softly. One very wonderful word. "Father-God," she whispered. And was comforted. But all night long she could hear some one calling, and there seemed to be a curious swishing sound.

In the morning she discovered that the swishing came from the wind whisking through a devil rope which the frightened Bundle had hung around the house—a devil rope of braided straw, with paper prayers fluttering at intervals all along its length. Then Paddy-Whack knew that the calling she had heard was the prayer to ward off the spirits, with the rather foolish patter: "Seven spoons of cold clean rice, purified and boiled. Forty-five paces toward the north, a hollow gourd, a straw shoe, and a lighted wick in a saucer of oil, and a call upon the tree spirit's name."

"Nevertheless," vowed Paddy-Whack, "they shall see me doing the doctrine!" For *doing the doctrine* is

the way a Korean says he will be a Christian, and I know you will think the Korean plan a wise one when I tell you that new members may not join a church in Korea until they have proved they have "done the doctrine" by bringing some one else to the Saviour. And Paddy-Whack, dear Paddy-Whack, had decided that *her* some one else must be that cross old Bundle of a mother-in-law. But she tried and she tried and she tried, for over a year, without any success. The old lady pretended to be deafer than ever, and crosser than ever, and slower than ever.

So Paddy-Whack said to herself: "At this rate I can never feel worthy to join the church, never! But I'll do the next best thing." Twice a day after that she began putting away a spoonful of rice from her meals and saving it to sell at the end of a month, and every day of her life she made one pair of straw shoes, which she also sold at the end of the month. The cross old Bundle by the fireplace grew to be all eyes, watching, watching, watching—what on earth was this silly Look-Here person up to *now?* This gentler, kinder Look-Here who had become quite the nicest of her daughters-in-law, what *was* she up to?

It was a whole year later on another day when the ground was carpeted with violets again that Paddy-Whack once more went marching off to the market-town just over the hill; on her face was a smile that matched the sunshine. In her hand was a chunky parcel, very heavy. It chinked and clinked and clanked mysteriously. . .

"Father-God," she prayed as she walked through those purply blue violets, "O Father-God, please keep close by me so nobody will rob me, now that I am so very rich."

Father-God did keep close beside her; and I think a host of little guardian angels hovered near, loving Paddy-Whack with all their angel hearts as they saw her knocking at the missionary's door.

"Are you in peace?" she asked him, for that is the Korean's "How-do-you-do?"

"I am in peace," he answered. "What can I do for you? Come in."

Paddy-Whack went into his house. She sat down. She folded her hands. She looked very happy. "Pastor," she said, smiling, "you will never guess it, but I am a rich woman, so I have brought you my money. And this is what I want you to do with my money, I want you to send over the wet waters to Mi-guk (America) and ask another man from Mi-guk, like yourself, to come over here to Chosen (Korea) to sit down in my village and convert my mother-in-law. I just can't do it alone. She's an unusually tough old lady. She's so deaf, and so cross, and so stiff in her joints. I keep telling Father-God that I'm doing my best with her, but now I think it needs a man. You never have an extra minute to come yourself, so you just get a man from Mi-guk. I will pay his way and buy his food, and if this money doesn't last him a whole year it won't matter, for I can earn some more. There are eight 'food-mouths' in our family; well, I

can save a little rice from their meals, too, secretly. So here's the money."

She laid it in his hands, tied up in a white grass cloth.

He unknotted it and the coins came clinking gaily on the table. Paddy-Whack smiled a gay smile as the missionary counted the money. But the missionary was far from feeling gay, himself. For on the table lay just eighty-eight cents in our money—eighty-eight cents. And America three thousand miles away! You can see that of course it couldn't be done. It simply couldn't be done. Yet there sat Paddy-Whack praying about it. Quite sure that Father-God was going to get a man for her, now. Why, of course! With all that money, why not?

The missionary bowed his head. He closed his eyes: "Dear God," he prayed, "I think I am the only man you have just now to answer this good woman's prayer. Help me to open that cross old lady's eyes, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

And when Paddy-Whack found that he was coming, himself, she cried: "Now isn't that just like Father-God? I thought I'd have to wait several days while you got your man sent over from Mi-guk, yet now I won't have to wait at all. I'll be joining your church in no time, I think."

"You could have joined it months ago," he said gently. "I never dreamed you were delaying because of the old lady. You certainly have been *doing the doctrine!*"

He spent the eighty-eight cents in buying Korean Gospels to take to Paddy-Whack's village, and that very day he too walked over the violets on that magic carpet fit for a queen. But it seemed to him that the queen was walking beside him: a queen with smiling lips and a Bible pocket, who kept saying: "Now that old lady of mine! Dear me, she'll be so flattered to see you—a man from the busy city—such an important man come specially to call on *her!* Oh, she can't resist you, and you can make her love Father-God, I know you can. I just know it! I know it!"

RECREATION SUGGESTIONS TO SUPPLEMENT LESSONS ON KOREA

1. *Won't You Come Into My Chip?*

Draw a Korean house on a large sheet of cardboard. Cut little Korean dolls from several layers of paper (at least ten at once). Give each player a doll and a pin, blindfold him, and, as in Tailing the Donkey, send him forth to pin a doll in open doorway, if possible.

2. *Carrying a Chip on Your Shoulder*

This is a relay race. Choose sides, and give each side a Korean "chip" (cardboard-box house), which is to be placed on the shoulder of each player in turn while he goes to the far end of room and returns without losing the chip from his shoulder or touching it. Side finishing first wins.

3. *A Chip Off the Old Block*

Choose sides, and build two similar towers of blocks, one for each side. Label each block with the name of a Korean mission or school or missionary. A player from each side comes in turn to lower the pile of blocks very gingerly, and then pile it up again, each time reading aloud the label. The side finishing this demolishing and rebuilding the first is winner.

4. *Potato-chips*

Choose sides. Have a table and two bowls for each side, one bowl full of potato-chips, one bowl empty; also a pair of chop-sticks, which may be skewers, twigs, or pencils. The bowls of both sides should be equally full of chips. The race consists in the lifting of chips from the full bowl into the empty bowl by each player in turn; the side finishing first is the winner. Care should be taken not to break the chips by a too-hasty lifting, since this only increases the work for all the subsequent players on this side.

5. *Chipped Beef*

From anagram or alphabet letters select the proper vowels and consonants to spell the names of Korean mission stations. Put the letters forming each station into an envelope. By having two sets of these, the game can be played by rival teams.

HANDWORK

See previous lessons for suggestions. These cannot vary greatly except as the members of your group select their own activity pursuits.

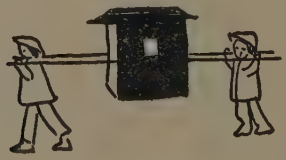
V

[FEBRUARY]

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND VISITS CHINA

You can see for yourself what bravery it must have taken for a whole Chinese family like this to stand in a row (as your dolls can stand, with a chalked cross on the table) refusing to step on the cross. The man doll may also be the Worshipful Scholar, and the little "Troubles" may be multiplied six times and tied, one at a time, on the back of Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity. Cut each doll from two thicknesses of cardboard, pasting heads and shoulders together, spreading legs apart so they may stand. Old blue is the predominating color used in China; plum color for the wife (*never* spoken of by that title, but referred to by her husband as "My Walk-Behind" or "The Person Who Occupies My Inner Apartment"); gay reds, greens, pinks, etc., for the children.

The Chinese house may be a tan or gray shoe-box (larger size, like hat-box, if your dolls are big), with doors cut to swing open on the uncut sides as hinges. Paint a door god on the inside of each panel—any hideous features with gorgeous splashes of color beneath for a robe will serve. The very eaves which tip upward are a sort of Chinese insurance against the entry of evil spirits indoors, as any spirit hitting such an upturned curve would be bounced off into the air, and its direct route toward front door or courtyard interrupted. The roof may be green or red or yellow. Make in two parts, then paste the ridges together and color them black. If a Chinese temple is needed, use Japanese temple design, adding a third roof, and curving corners of all the roofs upward more sharply. A Chinese sedan-chair for the Merry-Go-Round can be made from a box with two windows cut in the sides and an entrance opening in front; meat skewers or knitting-needles or twigs for the handles.



THE MERRY-GO-ROUND VISITS CHINA

OUTLINE OF FIVE SESSIONS ON CHINA

Country: China.

Aim: To show what China owes to the quiet influence of the Bible and to brave lives of Christian heroism.

Memory Hymn for the Month: "The Son of God Goes Forth to War."

Key Bible Verse for the Month: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine" (Prov. 17 : 22).

"Go" Vehicle for Merry-Go-Round: Sedan-chair.

FIRST SESSION. *Story:* "It Started with a Birthday Present." (See pp. 120-126.)

This story will gain greatly in effect if acted in pantomime, entirely impromptu, the story-teller weaving any directions necessary into her tale. It divides naturally into three scenes:

1. *The Birthday Bible*

Three actors—Empress Dowager and two court ladies who unpack her boxes within boxes: (1) Ordinary box, (2) starch-box, roughly painted over lettering with mock Chinese characters, (3) red box, (4) box covered with tin-foil or silver-paper, (5) small Bible covered with tin-foil. Great ceremony!

2. *Wanted: Books for the Emperor*

Two actors—emperor and servant who keeps bringing books, books, books.

3. *When the Boxers Came*

Nine actors; Boxer captain, red sash, sword, summons family to stand before him, makes chalk mark of cross on floor, orders family to stamp on it; one by one they shake their heads, refusing.

4. *Memory Hymn*

Read aloud verses explained in reference to this story when ten thousand *did* follow in His train.

SECOND SESSION. *Research Posters:* The Heart of China.

This date will probably fall around Valentine's Day, in which case the posters may be cut in the shape of seven large red hearts. To get an exact pattern, fold a newspaper, draw half a heart, cut out; when the paper is unfolded the pattern will be balanced. The topics may develop an acrostic:

C*hildren of China.* Send for M. E. M. Picture Sheet "Chinese Boys and Girls."

H*istory of China.* Longest unbroken record of any country in the world, goes back to 3000 B. C. Chinese discovered silk 2000 B. C., gunpowder (not to kill, but to celebrate festivals and frighten off evil spirits), compass, printing, etc. Picture Sheet "Chinese Snap-shots" will have pictures for this and the next two posters.

I*dols of China.* Paper door gods, to protect front door from evil spirits; paper kitchen gods, to protect food; god-shelf in each home; idols in temples. Paper gods burned on New Year's, with spirit money to put them in good humor.

N*urses and doctors in China.* Pictures of hospitals, doctors, patients; statistics; or a striking slogan.

E*ducation of China.* Seventy million children of school age, two million in school. No more room! Pictures; slogan featuring needs.

S*uperstitions of China.* House roofs turn up to shunt off into the air any evil spirits making for the courtyard and the front door; devil screen before this door to ward off spirits; firecrackers for same reasons; charms (as in "Celestial Chop-Sticks"). Pictures of roofs, firecrackers, doors, etc.

E*vangelization of China.* Map of China, location of denominational mission stations, pictures of missionaries.

THIRD SESSION. *Story:* "Celestial Chop-Sticks; or, Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity." (See pp. 126-137.)

The building of a Chinese village of houses, one where the scholar lived, to be decorated with small mirrors and yellow charm-papers against the influences of the Upsetting Lady's house will lend local color to this story.

FOURTH SESSION. *A Progressive Chart:* "A Chinese City of Open Doors."

From tan wrapping-paper cut out ten Chinese houses; although not necessary the roofs may be painted, each house a different color. Cut two sides of the doorways so that the doors may swing open on the third uncut side, as on a hinge; behind each door paste an appropriate picture of those who live inside. Across the top of the poster print *"A Chinese City of Open Doors."* Then draw two streets, or straight lines, across the middle portions of the cardboard, equidistant, labeling the top street *"The Street of Ten Thousand Upsetting Students,"* the lower street *"The Street of Ten Thousand Unfortunates."* One at a time on the upper street the five following houses are to be pasted by members of the groups with explanations of the work your denomination does along these lines: (1) Kindergarten, (2) village school, (3) boarding-school, (4) college, (5) training-school—you may prefer giving the actual names of schools to the houses. The five houses on the lower street: (1) Church, (2) hospital, (3) Christian center, (4) orphanage, (5) asylum. Read Revelation 3 : 8 as a challenge, with memory hymn to supplement the appeal—what can our group do?—which will probably have grown out of the research work necessary to prepare the posters and this chart.

FIFTH SESSION. *Theme Contest:* "A Hero of China."

The life-story of a Chinese missionary—Robert Morrison, or Peter Parker, James Gilmour, Hudson Taylor, Dr. Mary Stone, Dr. Ida Kahn, Dr. Hu King Eng, etc. The book "Torch-bearers in China" (from M. E. M.) is an ideal book of hero studies, but does not include any of the above characters except Hu King Eng. *Judges,* the men's Bible class of the church school.

It Started with a Birthday Present

A great many wonderful things have started with birthdays, but as far as I know only one other birthday present has ever changed quite so many things for the better as the Chinese present I have in mind now—for, of course, the birthday of the little Christ-Child has been mankind's greatest gift and has brought the most changes to the world; in fact, if it had not been for that first birthday there would have been nobody to care whether the Empress received a certain very particular present on *her* birthday. And China would still be unchangeable, just as it had been for four thousand long, long years.

The Empress was going to be sixty years old. And a sixtieth birthday in China is a very special occasion. For anybody who lives to be sixty in China becomes Important, spelled with a capital I. And of course, if a mere *anybody* becomes Important, consider how enormously More Important an Empress would be! Especially an Empress like the Empress Dowager. For she was no quiet, gentle little lady, sitting idly in a palace, waving a peacock feather fan—she was a most alarming sort of person, rather like the Queen of Hearts in "Alice in Wonderland," who had such an uncomfortable fashion of crying "Off with his head!" so that people's heads felt most unpleasantly unsafe. They tell me that the Empress Dowager, in order to reign, had had to have nine poor princes "removed" in various ways; but of course, on her

sixtieth birthday she would be in a better humor, so you are to picture her sitting on her throne while her gifts were being opened—remarkable gifts which had come pouring in from all over China, so that the particular present about which you are to hear, probably did not seem nearly so particular to her as it later proved to be for China.

For the Christian women of China—Chinese, English, and American—had decided to give the Empress Dowager a birthday present, and in the midst of opening the other gifts their box was reached. There stood the grand court ladies in their gold-embroidered silk jackets, craning their necks to see what would come out of an ordinary pine box. A beautifully carved teakwood box came out! And I think the ladies undoubtedly gave a cluck of suspense: Next? What next? Well, next a red plush box was lifted out, and that was a delightful sign, for red is the color of happiness in China; so you can see that all by itself the red of the box was silently wishing the Empress many happy returns of the day. Inside the red box lay a shining silver box, and when the silver lid was lifted there lay a wonderful silver Book—it weighed four and a half pounds; it had satin paper leaves, bordered with a gold design; it had heavy silver covers exquisitely chased in a design of birds (meaning "messengers") and bamboo (meaning "peace"). By which you have guessed that the special book whose very cover announced it as a Messenger of Peace must have been a—*what?* Why, of course; a Bible.

But nobody knows to this day whether the Empress ever read a single word of her present. There lived in the palace a young Emperor, however, and this we do know: that the very next day he sent some one to buy him an ordinary Bible. And *he* read it! Indeed he did, until he became so interested that he sent a servant to a missionary in Pekin named Doctor Headland, saying, "The Emperor has heard that there are a great many books translated from your honorable Western language into our miserable Chinese language, and he would like to have some."

Doctor Headland sent some books to the Emperor. The next day the servant returned: "The Emperor wants more books." Doctor Headland sent more books. The next day the servant came back again: "More books, if you please." So Doctor Headland sent more books. And would you believe it? every single day for six whole weeks that servant came for books, until poor Doctor Headland actually had nothing left to send.

There in his palace sat the Emperor reading, reading, reading, reading. Enchanted by the facts of geography and science; for he was discovering that the earth did *not* rest on the back of a huge dragon, after all! He was discovering that when it thundered, that noise was not this dragon rumbling in anger because some one had dug too deep in the earth. Every day he kept on discovering—no evil spirits were mentioned in these books, no auspicious days had to be determined by soothsayers. Well! Well! No sooner

had he read these Christian books than he began to study the inventions made in Christian lands—telegraphs and railroads, phonographs and cameras, typewriters and a dozen-dozen other things which seemed worth while for China, too; things you and I have been taking for granted, because we have not realized that in every land where they appear, somehow or other the Bible has always gone first.

Presently the Emperor began issuing edicts which turned China upside down—oh, very peacefully, but very surely! Among other things there was an edict, "China shall have schools to teach all this Western learning." The delightful thing about it was that China did have a few schools like that, already—our mission schools, of course. It was only natural, therefore, for the missionaries to help the Emperor in starting new schools everywhere.

And all because of that birthday present! Not only schools, but telegraphs, railroads, mines. Mines, for instance. For, up to that time, not a mine had been dug in all China on account of that dragon said to be living under the crust of the earth. Yet now that the Emperor had learned the Christian's idea of an earth made by the Lord God, a safe earth, made for man, he ordered that mines should be dug. Oh, unchangeable China was changing, upset by the Emperor! Upset by the scholars in the new schools. Upset by the people who were also reading Bibles; and not only reading, but behaving the Bible as well, for the Chinese have this fascinating way of telling how they try to

obey what the Bible commands them to do. But just how bravely and splendidly they "behaved the Bible" you can never know until you hear about the Boxer Uprising.

The Boxers were Chinese men who did not want foreigners in China, and especially they did not want Christians. Even Chinese Christians. So they tied red sashes around their waists, armed themselves with swords, and called themselves "Brothers of the Big Knives." They marched from house to house, from town to town, trying to strike terror in the hearts of Christians, knocking on front doors and summoning the families outside, drawing in the dust the sign of the cross with the point of a sword. "Stamp on that cross," the Boxer captain would shout, "and we will save your lives."

There would stand the Chinese families—grannies, grandpas, mothers, fathers, children, babies—staring in a spellbound fashion at that cross. It would have been such a simple thing to do, to take those few steps in the dust, to trample on that cross and be safe.

But no, grandpa shook his old white head—not he! not he! And granny said: Not she! not she! Mothers and fathers, big sons and big daughters, small sons and small daughters, all shaking their heads, and mere babies shaking theirs too—no! no! not on the *cross!* The dear cross. For the cross had belonged to the Saviour, and the Saviour had died for them; oh no! they simply could not step on his cross, for weren't they people who "behaved the Bible"? And didn't

the Bible especially say: "*Happy* are ye when men shall persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake; rejoice and be exceeding glad. . ."?

Happy? Rejoice? Be exceeding glad? Oh, surely the Merry-Go-Round which had just reached China would be stopped now, forever. All up and down America the Christians were sighing: "Alas! those dreadful Boxers. They are killing all the Christians; they are wiping out Christianity. Nothing will be left. No one will ever dare become a Christian now. Alas! Alas!"

It is true that ten thousand Chinese Christians "behaved the Bible" so courageously that not one of them would step on the cross; yet one by one, as these brave ten thousand died, there would be Chinese neighbors watching and saying: "Now what a religion that must be! For the faces of those Christians *shine*—they are not afraid to die! They are *glad* to die for their cross! A wonderful light is inside them, we must certainly look into this more carefully, for where is there an idol in all China for whose sake *we* would die, or face a cruel sword and certain pain? We very much want for ourselves this over-the-ocean doctrine, this not-to-be-knocked-down doctrine!"

So you will see that the Merry-Go-Round had not stopped at all. It is true that ten thousand faithful Christians were gone forever, but *twice* ten thousand curious persons wanted to know how they dared to go so bravely, for it was just as the Bible says, "Heaven

and earth shall pass away, but my word shall never pass away," which is simply another way of saying that God's Merry-Go-Round goes around year in and year out until " the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea."

And the Boxers who supposed they had killed all the Christians and burned all the Bibles, never dreamed of these new Christians or of old Bibles, secretly baked in loaves of bread, or hidden in caves, waiting—waiting to feed those who were so curious about this doctrine—" happy are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." So the Merry-Go-Round goes around still!

Celestial Chop-Sticks

Or Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity

Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity was even poorer and stupider than you may be supposing from her name. For she had absolutely nothing in the world of her own—except, of course, the usual number of hands and feet, two nice slant eyes, and three pigtails: I really can't tell you just why there were three of these, for three must have been ever so much more trouble to braid than one would have been, and spare time was one of the things she really never had. For Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity did not belong to herself. She belonged to the Worshipful Scholar. He was the most elegantly worshipful scholar in town. He was so very solemn and so very full of wisdom that, quite naturally, you could not expect him to notice Poor Miss Gentle

Stupidity, whom he had bought years ago for a few cash, at a time when a little slave girl might prove handy in his household to run errands.

So she did run errands. All day long. But no matter how many errands there were, she had to be a Cradle-That-Walked-On-Two-Feet. For the Worshipful Scholar always seemed to have a baby daughter, and babies in China are always getting tied on somebody's back for the day; so there was Miss Gentle Stupidity's back—never knowing that it was the beginnings of a Chinese Merry-Go-Round, because it certainly did "go-round," but it was left to you and to me to add the "merry" ourselves. Until we did this there was never a hop in the legs of Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity, or a smile on her lips; and you will admit that "merry" is largely made up of hops and smiles; yet what had hops and smiles to do with little slave girls who did not belong to themselves, because they were bought for a quarter once upon a time and had been allowed to grow up with empty little brains?

Empty, all but one horrid little rattling thought: *rice*. Would there be enough rice left in the rice-bowl for her? But there never was. For why in the world should any one remember to leave rice in the bowl for a little slave girl who only cost a quarter? It would have seemed as foolish as if you yourself decided to feed the perambulator or the cradle; such a waste of food! But Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity really had to eat, once a day at least; for cradling and perambulating were so very hard on empty stomachs, and since

no one else troubled about her, she used to steal whenever and wherever she could—here, there, everywhere, anywhere. And whenever she stole, she was caught. Regularly! So that there was a little stick kept specially to switch Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity, until it is only too true to say that, aside from rice, switchings were the only other thoughts rattling in her little empty brain.

This kept up for years and years. The Worshipful Scholar never seemed to run out of babies who needed to be perambulated, indeed there were so many of them that Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity never tried to know them apart; even the Scholar did not trouble about this, himself. He simply called them First Trouble, Second Trouble, Third Trouble; and so forth down to the latest little Sixth Trouble. Sometimes the poor man used to look at his finger-nails and start to sigh over all these hungry "girl-mouths" needing to be fed. But the moment he saw his nails he was comforted. For was he not a worshipful scholar? And were not his nails allowed to grow elegantly long, with slender silver shields to guard them, so that every one might see that here was a gentleman so extraordinarily scholarly that he never lifted a hand to work? How could he, with such nails? Oh, it was very elegant, and all the neighbors were impressed with his learning. For his head was full of Chinese classics, simply yards and yards of Chinese classics which he could recite for hours at a time from memory. Nobody else in town knew half as much as he. And if he never thought of

Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity, neither did she ever think of him. She thought only of rice. And switchings.

Then the Upsetting Lady came to town. The Worshipful Scholar informed his family that she was a foreign devil, and that he despised her. She was full of absurdities. Looks, clothes, ideas—everything. She was especially full of upsetting ideas about what she would do in that town. A school, for instance. For girls! Bah! Tut! Tut! Ridiculous; The Worshipful Scholar sniffed loftily at such upsetting notions. But in spite of the sniff, he was frightened. For who knew what dreadful new evil spirits a foreign devil might let loose upon the lower air? His venerable old mother talked of nothing else. She said something must be done. She ordered little mirrors placed here and there outside the house, since every one in China knows that not an evil spirit would dare to look at itself. So the mirrors faced the house of the Upsetting Lady, but the Scholar privately thought them a little foolish. Something more scholarly appealed to him as safer, perhaps some little warnings. He took his brush and his ink-pot and wrote a few such warnings on yellow charm-paper: *"Slowly, slowly depart. Beware of the tiger!"* Which was extremely clever of him, for every one knows in China that evil spirits are startled stiff at the mere mention of a tiger, so that it would not be a case of slowly, slowly departing, but of dashing madly away as fast as possible. With a wise little smile the Scholar pasted his warnings on the wall, the chimney, the gateposts, the eaves.

Then he went indoors rubbing his hands as if to say: "Bring on your Upsetting Ladies! What can they do to me now, I'd like to know?" What indeed! Especially when he warned his little Troubles to keep far away from the dangerous lady. The Troubles squinted their dear bias eyes and wobbled their charming round heads, for papa rendered them speechless from fright. The Scholar also warned Miss Gentle Stupidity, "Keep away from that foreign devil."

Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity nodded. She was always nodding. But it meant nothing. So the Scholar returned to his books, and the six Troubles returned to their weary perambulator. For the four youngest used to be strapped on her back, one at a time, although Third Trouble, being five years old, was much too big to be perambulated. Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity grew tireder and hungrier than ever. Yet it was all on account of Third Trouble that the merry came into her heart like a medicine.

For on a certain morning the Upsetting Lady stood in her gateway and saw one very tired, little, hungry-looking girl staggering along the street with a stout, plump, boisterous little girl strapped on her back.

"Excuse me," suggested the Upsetting Lady, "but this looks all wrong. You two girls are too nearly of a size for one of you to be carrying the other. Aren't you tired?" she asked Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity.

"Maybe," answered the surprised slavey. "Maybe I'm tired. I don't know. I don't know much! But I'm hungry."

" Now that's just the way you look—hungry. Come in and eat some rice with me, can't you? "

Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity looked at her: " And then will you switch me for eating? "

The Upsetting Lady looked upset. She even looked shocked. " Switch you? I? Oh my dear, my dear! Are you so used to being switched? "

" Maybe," nodded Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity. " Maybe. When I eat."

That was enough for the Upsetting Lady. She placed the biggest bowl of rice before this hungry child, and the hungry child gobbled it up with her chop-sticks like chain lightning. The Upsetting Lady was kind in other ways. Her hands did not slap, or shove, or poke, or tweak one's ears. Miss Gentle Stupidity had a good time. First her stomach had a good time. And then her head. It was really the first time that her head had *ever* had a good time! The good time consisted in a picture-book. Curiously enough it was the kind of a picture-book you have made yourselves, by pasting cut-outs in a scrap-book. But it was the first book that hungry child had ever handled, and something began to fill her little empty head. The Upsetting Lady said, " Come again and look at it."

So Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity came again, and again, and again. Always with a little Trouble on her back, which puzzled the Upsetting Lady very much at first, for sometimes the Trouble seemed so much chunkier and bulkier than at other times. She had

never heard of shrinkable and stretchable babies. "Are you *sure* this is the same baby you brought yesterday?"

"Maybe," said Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity. "Maybe. I don't know. They get fastened on my back for the day. And that's all I know about them."

So then the Upsetting Lady laid a plan. It was a merry plan: "My dear," she said, "if you come here every day, and if I give you a bowl of rice, will you learn to read, and bring the little Troubles to learn also?"

"Maybe," nodded Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity. "Maybe. But I'm stupid."

"No dear, not stupid at all, just starved," said the Upsetting Lady, upset in her mind, for she came from America and knew the most upsetting facts about Malnutrition and Proper Weight and Vitamines and Milk. People in China laughed a little up their sleeves at all this upsetting nonsense; yet you must admit it is sensible nonsense, for it is written on your school report cards once a month, perhaps with a red card warning your parents: "Danger ahead! Your child is underweight and undernourished." The Upsetting Lady decided to experiment on Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity. "Enough to eat and a lot of love, that is what she needs," said the lady to her husband. "I've come to China to prove that 'love never faileth,' and that 'a little child shall lead them,' so we shall see what Gentle Stupidity can do."

"A stiff case, my dear," he smiled.

"A nice upsetting case, if she turns out right," she sighed. For Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity was very slow to learn, and just as slow to love. She would sit and sit and sit, listening; but what she heard seemed to go in one ear and straight out of the other. It was always the fat little Trouble who learned the lesson first, and used to coach the older girl: "There, haven't you got it now?"

"Maybe. Maybe I'm getting it."

The little Troubles chuckled and chortled with glee, and beamed with their dear round faces. The Upsetting Lady adored their faces. Little Sixth Trouble was too new to have any teeth, as yet, but her little tea-rose yellow body had the surprise of its life one day when the Upsetting Lady gave it a bath. Fourth Trouble and Third Trouble and Second Trouble stood anxiously watching; for water-all-over seemed a very risky thing in which to soak a baby. But Sixth Trouble took to it like a duck, flapping and flopping and hopping so merrily that all the sisters went off into gales of giggles.

"How about a first bath for all the other Troubles?" asked the Upsetting Lady. You can see for yourself how one thing led to another in that lovely upsetting house, with one room just for babies (kindergarten), another room for play, and the most upsetting room of all for lessons. For girls could really learn, as grannies all over town were noting with surprise. Indeed, the truth about that house soon spread and spread, until one awful morning when the Wor-

shipful Scholar discovered that he was not the only scholar under his rooftree! There were at least half a dozen others. He could not believe his eyes or his ears.

He went in wrath to call on the Upsetting Lady. He meant to fume and fret and scold and threaten. But he saw a strange sight when he tore majestically in through her gates. For there lay Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity.

"Get up!" he shouted, and gave her a little kick. The kind one gives to slave girls who have only cost a quarter.

But Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity kept lying in the courtyard, looking up at him. "Celestial Chop-Sticks," she said softly, with a little smile. Yes, actually, quite a merry little smile.

The Worshipful Scholar was not used to being smiled at by slaves that cost a quarter, and he poked at her with his shoe: "Get up, I tell you!" he roared. Just then the Upsetting Lady came running into the courtyard. She picked up the little girl, who was almost as light as a feather. She carried her into a room. She laid her down.

"Darling," she said, "what's the matter?"

"Celestial Chop-Sticks," murmured Miss Gentle Stupidity, looking very happy indeed, so that you could see at a glance that whatever was the matter it was all right . . . it was all right. . .

"Look here!" roared the Worshipful Scholar, provoked at all this odd behavior.

"'Sh!" warned the Upsetting Lady, and opening a door she called a teacher.

They both knelt beside Gentle Stupidity. "Are you really all right?" they asked.

"Maybe," smiled the girl. "Maybe. Now that I know about Celestial Chop-Sticks."

The Upsetting Lady was really very much upset: "What *does* she mean?"

It was little First Trouble who knew. She smiled all over her dear yellow face. "Why, it's in our Bible. That happy place in the Bible that we had today. Where it tells about a dinner up at God's House and chop-sticks."

The teacher opened her Chinese Bible. She had been teaching the school the Twenty-third Psalm. Little First Trouble pointed: "There! That's the place. That's it."

The teacher read it aloud: "Thou preparest a table before me *in the presence of my enemies*. . . My bowl runneth over. . . Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

"You see, honorable parent," explained the First Trouble politely, "Gentle Stupidity has always been so hungry. But God has a house. It's a big house. There's room for everybody. There's even room for poor Gentle Stupidity. She couldn't believe her ears. But it's true. It's in the Bible! There's going to be a table in her room, and a rice-bowl. It's going to be so full it runs over, that rice-bowl does! And God is

going to give her celestial chop-sticks so that she can eat and eat and eat whenever she feels like it. Gentle Stupidity couldn't believe it. She asked us to read it to her again. She laughed about it. She said it's too jolly. Imagine a little slave girl with God's celestial chop-sticks, eating in the presence of her enemies. You're an enemy, I guess," explained First Trouble squinting quaintly upward at her astonished father.

"Dear me! Dear me!" smiled the Upsetting Lady. "Then it's *happiness* which has laid her low. Sheer happiness. Oh, she'll be all right after this. Love will make her happy and merry and fat! To think that it was the thought of chop-sticks in heaven which cheered her so greatly that she keeled over from the shock of it! Wake up, little Gentle Stupidity; wake up, dear."

The tired little girl opened her eyes: "It's too good to be true," she sighed. But there was a new look in her eyes. She was not the same person at all: she was relieved, she was satisfied—*a merry heart doeth good like a medicine.* Even the Scholar could see it. He had come to scold, but he went home to watch. He watched his little Troubles; he watched his little slave girl. Oh, there was a Merry-Go-Round going round in his house, round, round, round. One day he took down the yellow charm-papers and the tiny spirit mirrors. He said to the Upsetting Lady: "You have polished the faces of my little Troubles. You have made six mere 'girl-mouths' into as-good-as-sons. Is there a secret you could condescend to impart?"

"Yes," said the Upsetting Lady, handing him her Bible. "You will find the secret in this Book. It is called Love. It never faileth."

RECREATION SUGGESTIONS TO SUPPLEMENT THE LESSONS ON CHINA

1. *A Chinese Age Contest*

(1) What age do all older persons in China receive? (Homage.)

(2) In what age does the honorable Chinese grandfather's house stand? (Village.)

(3) At what age did the honorable grandfather marry the respected grandmother? (Marriage.)

(4) What age shows the bravery of the honorable grandfather? (Courage.)

(5) What age does he worship every day? (Image.)

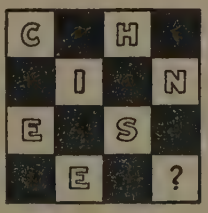
(6) What age does Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity endure? (Bondage.)

(7) What age did the Scholar expect from evil spirits? (Damage.)

(8) In what age did the Upsetting Lady live? (Parsonage.)

(9) What age did she use to write home to America? (Postage.)

2. *No "Cross Words" Here*



A player is chosen to be the Grandparent and to sit on a chair, holding this cross-word sign. One at a time the players are to kneel before the grandparent, bow over until head touches the floor, and then say: "Honorable grandparent, I honor you by being ——" (using some word beginning with C: courteous, careful, correct, cautious, clean, etc.). No player can give a word which has been given before, and if any player fails to think of a new

word quickly he becomes an "ancestor" and must sit in an "ancestral tablet" beside the grandparents, that is, in a chair which backs the players instead of facing them as the grandparent's chair does. The players must now kneel before each such ancestor in turn, bowing politely and saying: "Oh, respected ancestor, I honor you by being ——" (other "C" words: capable, carefree, curious, etc.). When every player has had a try at "C," then "H" is taken; then I, N, E, S, E. The last player left to pay homage is the winner.

3. *The Heart of China*

Give each player a red heart, with the five letters of the word HEART printed at the top, for from these five letters all the following words can be made:

(1) Referring to the Scholar, one calls him ——? (He.)

(2) What Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity had to drink? (Tea.)

(3) What she was always longing to do but rarely able to do? (Eat.)

(4) A little animal which ran over the floors of their house? (Rat.)

(5) Something on the cheeks of the little Troubles when they cried? (Tear.)

(6) The skill used to fashion the silver covers of the Empress Dowager's Bible? (Art.)

(7) Of what place did the Emperor learn many new things from the Christian books of science? (Earth.)

(8) What did the Upsetting Lady have on each side of her head? (Ear.)

(9) What did Poor Miss Gentle Stupidity do when she heard her talking? (Hear.)

4. *Mending Broken China*

Paste a Chinese picture on a heart of heavy cardboard. Then cut into many pieces, like a jig-saw puzzle, for the players to piece together again. Have several such puzzles if the group of players is very large.

5. *Hand-painted China*

Divide the players into two teams—Mandarins and Missionaries. Provide two tables with a large circle of cardboard on each table, a paint-box, brush, glass of water. The circles represent "plates" which the teams are to decorate with Chinese paintings in a relay race. Such things as Chinese houses, pagodas, sedan-chairs, and Chinese children can easily be attempted. Speed and excellence of production should count in judging the results.

HANDWORK

Suggestions may have come from the group after the second and fourth sessions. One group of high-school girls worked up *"A China Shop"* at the end of a period of Chinese studies, exhibiting their posters in an attractive booth, their model houses and dolls in another; conducting a Chinese fish-pond for their guests, who drew forth interesting leaflet-stories about China rolled up with sticks of candy inside; they gave a Chinese play—"The Girl Who Fell Through the Earth,"[1] and used the proceeds (a silver offering) for the scholarship of a Chinese student.

[1] George H. Doran Company, 244 Madison Avenue, New York.

VI

[MARCH]

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND LOITERS IN INDIA

Hindu widows do not wear jewelry, so for Papamma omit the earrings, necklace, bracelet. The little widow carries a wreath of marigolds (orange paper flower chain) which can be hung around the neck of a Horlick's Malted Milk Cow (paint out the advertising). A bronze idol (incense burner) can be bought for ten cents at any Five and Ten Cent Store, so that the widows may approach its shrine, alternately lying prostrate and rising. Place little dishes of fire around Papamma "by day," "by night" have her stand in a pool of water made by piling pebbles, green crêpe paper, and imitation palm-trees (twigs with slashed crêpe paper tied at the top) around a tumbler of water. Faces and arms brown; widows wear white, others in gay colors. Small brown boys in bright turbans and loin-cloths should follow devotedly in the footsteps of Fingiah, whose suit is spotless white. For dressing girls in saris use six yards of cheese-cloth. A yard of cheese-cloth will make a turban.

The model of a Hindu hut may be made from a gray shoe-box, with roof as designed for Japanese house, thatched effect gained by streaking with brown and yellow and jagging edges with scissors. If you wish to build the separate palems or caste streets, the quickest way will be to fold long strips of tan wrapping-paper into eight or ten pleats, six inches wide; drawing hut in center of top fold, as indicated here, with a palm-tree trunk along each fold. Cut out all ten pleatings at one time, unfold, and behold! one street of houses is ready to stand alone, the half of each palm-tree now doubled. Repeat this as often as desired. Color roofs with rapid brown streakings, tree-trunks brown, leaves green. If there seem to be too many trees, cut off the palm fronds wherever you wish. Name one set of houses: "Street of The Potters"; another, "Street of The Goldsmiths"; another, Street of The Brahmans"; etc., etc. No friendly interchange between the castes.

For a bullock-cart use the pattern for a covered wagon. One wheel on each side of a cart will be quainter, and the wheels may be bigger.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND LOITERS IN INDIA

OUTLINE OF FIVE SESSIONS ON INDIA

Country: India.

Aim: To show that the people of India are hungry for God and that the love of Jesus Christ satisfies their life-long search for peace.

Memory Hymn for the Month: "The Morning Light Is Breaking" (tune, "Webb").

Key Bible Verse: "They that sow in tears shall reap in *JOY*" (Ps. 126 : 5).

"Go" Vehicle: Bullock cart (may be the same design as covered wagon; see November drawings).

FIRST SESSION. *Story:* "Alas! A Human Inchworm." (See pp. 148-159.)

This may be told by two "widows," draped in white saris (sheets will answer) and standing side by side during the recital, occasionally kneeling to show how they worshiped, or wreathing garlands of paper flowers around the neck of idol or sacred cow (chairs will answer). The older widow tells the first part of the story, then, at the time of her death, leaves the room, when the smaller widow continues the story.

SECOND SESSION. *Group research posters* on "India's Burdens."

Tie up five large bundles and label them "Religion," "Caste," "Ignorance," "Poverty," "Languages." There will be a poster to prop in front of each bundle as the class explains the facts, by posters, such as:

(1) RELIGION

315,000,000 persons in India

63,000,000 Mohammedans
3,500,000 Christians
242,000,000 Hindus, Buddhists, Parsees, etc.

(2) 315,000,000 persons in India

5,500,000 "holy men" (public beggars)

(1) CASTE

315,000,000 persons in India

18,000,000 upper caste people
Over 2,000 "middle castes" which may not intermarry
53,000,000 untouchable outcastes

(2) 315,000,000 persons in India

25,000,000 widows (millions of whom are tiny girls) now outcastes

IGNORANCE

100 heathen men
11 can read

100 heathen women
1 can read

100 Christian men
29 can read

100 Christian women
12 can read

POVERTY

$10 average income a year

365 days in a year

LANGUAGE

315,000,000 persons in India

12 main languages

(5 million persons speaking each)

200 lesser languages

Use Missionary Education Movement Picture Sheets, those on "The Boys and Girls of India," or "Every-day India," to illustrate the charts.

THIRD SESSION. *Story:* "When Caste Flew Out of the Doorway." (See pp. 160-173.)

Build a village on the table—high caste streets, village wall, outcaste palem, dolls, palm-trees, etc., thus lending local color to the telling of the story, adding a "white-washed" hut among the outcaste huts occasionally as Fingiah's influence is felt. Or, several boys in turbans may impersonate the characters of Brahman, Fingiah, Hurried Man, with a doll for the baby, if a dramatization is given. The story a true picture of memory hymn, "The Morning Light *Is* Breaking!"

FOURTH SESSION. *Theme Contest:* "A Hero of India."

A life-story of some such hero as Pundita Ramabai, William Carey, Henry Martyn, Bartholomew Ziegenbalg, Alexander Duff, John Scudder, Charlotte Tucker, Isabella Thoburn, etc.

FIFTH SESSION. *A Map Chart.*

Map of India, location of denominational mission stations, pictures of missionaries, schools, hospitals, a few gripping statistics.

ALAS! A HUMAN INCHWORM

At first, of course, any trip is rather fun. There is the going-away-importance of it, when people stare after you out of their hut doors and say things under their breath to the people beside them. Such things as: "It may be years before they get back, those two!" or, "Think what sights they will see! And they may actually acquire holiness, who knows?"

All of which had been exciting while it lasted. But the road hurried on and on while the village lagged farther and farther behind until even the little spirals of blue smoke became invisible. And the sun began beating down relentlessly, as if he wanted to burn to a crisp these two travelers—one little, one big; so that of all unpleasant things a trip suddenly became the most unpleasant. Especially with strange sounds rustling in the tall dry grasses by the roadside, sounds which really might be——

"Papamma!" gasped the six-year-old widow in a thin scared voice. "Mightn't that be tigers or big snakes?"

"It might!" admitted Papamma. "You can hold my hand if you like, Little One."

So the six-year-old widow held the hand of the sixty-year-old widow tightly, as she whimpered: "Oh

Papamma, I don't like pilgrimages, after all. Let's go back!"

"*Back!*" repeated Papamma, astonished. "But, my child, this is only the first day of our journey. Do you want to go back to be scoffed at and jeered at and pointed at from now until you get to be an old, old woman like me? Is it so pleasant to be a widow and to have no one willing to touch you? To be bustled out of sight when visitors come—the family disgrace? To do all the hardest tasks of the household, and be forever carrying heavy jars of water from the well? To be everybody's slave and nobody's friend? To be hungry always, with only one wretched meal of scraps each day? Ah me, I know too well! And yet I was my mother's pride once—like you, Chinnamma. Yet see me now! The kind of taunts and jeers that you have had for three little days I've had for years on end, ever since my husband died. No, no, child, why go back to endure all this while you live, and then die only to be born again into a toad, maybe? There are worse things for widows than tigers in the tall grass."

Chinnamma put her six-year-old wits to work: "But, Papamma, it's so horrid being a widow when I didn't do a single thing to that old man! Why, I never even *saw* him! I never even heard his name! I never even knew that my father had promised I was to marry him! So there I was at home having such a good time—just making mud pies; you know how you pat them into little cakes, some fat, some flat? Well, I was patting them into cakes and pricking little pat-

terns on top with a stick; and there wasn't a sound anywhere except my patting the mud and my bracelets, tinkling. Then suddenly those tom-toms! Only they didn't seem to matter much, for isn't there often and often that sound of *'tum, tum, tumity-tum-tum'?* So I just went on making mud pies, and then—oh, Papamma, it was so *near!* And the mourners wept and wailed so terribly, their drums kept thumping and thumping——"

"There, Little One, don't cry! Don't cry!"

"But it *wasn't* my fault, Papamma, not when I was only making mud pies and didn't even know that the old man was to be my husband. Yet how they did come rushing at me! They broke all the glass bracelets off my wrists, pulled off my necklaces and earrings and anklets—my little red sari too, giving me this coarse old white sari; then they shaved off my nice black hair. But, Papamma, I had never done one single littlest thing to that old man!"

The sixty-year-old woman sighed: "Perhaps not in this birth, child, but in an earlier birth you must have sinned. It's Karma, fate. We can never, never, never, get away from it, it chases us through life. You see, sometime, somewhere, you've surely done something sinful to cause your husband's death. The priests all say so. The sacred books all say so. And it's just because in that other birth you did things so displeasing to the gods that you must now spend the rest of your life doing deeds to gain merit in their sight, for you don't want to be a toad, do you?"

"N-no," stammered poor Chinnamma, "I s-suppose not." And she trudged along the hot dusty road, clinging to the hand of her fellow-pilgrim and feeling too wicked for words. It was strange to be so little in years yet so suddenly big in sins—unloved, unwanted, untouchable. She really wouldn't have minded curling up and dying then and there, all but that business of turning into a toad.

"If I'm very, very good, and visit all these shrines, and gain lots of merit with the gods, Papamma, *then* what will happen to me when I die?"

"Well, how do I know for sure? Except that widows have so *very* little chance, at least not old ones like me. Not even if I spend every minute of every day on my knees before the gods could I hope to impress them *now*. They would laugh at me, and wink their eyes! So all I dare hope for is to gain a little peace; but you are still so very young, you have all the years ahead in which to seek forgiveness and gain holiness, so who knows but that the gods might even relent and let you be reborn the next time as a *MAN?* Yes, they really might!"

"Oh!" gasped the little girl. "And is it so wonderful to be born a man? What happens to him when *he* dies?"

"Dear child, it is only a man who may reach Nirvana! And Nirvana is—nothingness. It means, too, never being born again as either a man or a woman or an animal. He who gains Nirvana can be nothing forever and ever and ever."

"But I don't think it sounds very nice," sighed Chinnamma, forlornly. "It sounds all dark and queer, somehow."

The older woman nodded her head, and shuddered once, then twice. "I know!" she said wearily. "Only you could never get reborn into anything unpleasant again. I haven't even *that* hope, child!"

So with thoughts like these they walked for miles until they came in sight of a temple. Papamma untied a corner of her sari and counted out some money, excitedly: "We have so little to give, but I brought a few pice to the priest, and a little rice to offer to the idol; then you can hang your wreath of marigolds around the neck of the sacred cow."

Chinnamma held up the garland: "But the flowers are dreadfully wilted."

"Well, maybe the gods won't notice; what with money and rice they may be so pleased that——"

But if she dreamed the idols would be impressed, it was more than the priest seemed to be. "*What?*" he snapped, counting them scornfully. "Only three foolish pice?"

"Alas, it is all we can spare," the sixty-year-old widow explained wistfully. "You see, the child and I have so very far to go, so many other shrines——"

"Huh!" grunted the priest, "mere *going* won't do you much good if you start skimping the idols out of their share, woman! Widows can't hope for much merit at the very best."

"I know! Oh, I know!" Papamma sighed.

"Well, I will spare you another little coin." She laid it on the great stone step and he picked it up gingerly —you must understand that on account of her being a widow it would never have done for him to touch her: he so holy and she so unworthy. Jingling the coppers in his palm (as if they were too paltry to notice), he slouched over to a great brass gong and struck it several times, half-heartedly. You might almost say he struck it four pices' worth. Then stopped. Papamma was afraid it had not been nearly long enough or loud enough to wake up the god who might so easily be asleep, or possibly even off on a spirit journey; but being too timid and too new at pilgrimages she dared not ask him to strike the gong once more.

She led Chinnamma in to the great stone image where they both knelt down, putting their rice in the offering-bowl—praying their prayer for peace. And that was about all there was to do. Except that they hung the marigold garland around the neck of the sacred cow. The cow was plainly disgusted with it, and wrinkled up her soft wet nose at the wilted flowers.

Chinnamma cried a little. "Is it being a successful pilgrimage?" she asked, when they were on the road again, wending their way to another temple farther on.

Papamma sighed: "How can any mortal ever say whether it's successful or not? All you can do is to show the gods how willingly you suffer discomforts for their sakes."

Chinnamma hugged up close to her: "They're so cold and so big and so stare-y, those gods! They aren't nearly as nice as you are! You're warm and your fingers fit into my fingers. I guess it was well for me that there was a widow like you just setting off on a pilgrimage so I could come along. I guess my mother is wondering about me this minute and is feeling sorrier than ever that I was so wicked as to become a widow. Yet all I ever thought about three little days ago was mud pies. Papamma," she wheedled in her charming, winsome way, "don't you think it would be fun to stop a minute so I could make one now—just a tiny little fat mud pie? Somehow my legs are tired of walking and I do so awfully feel like playing. . ."

Papamma sighed with all the gentleness and all the fear and all the hope that she possessed. "Child," she said sternly, "have I not said it once? Then I say it twice—the gods are *very* jealous: they do not like to see mortals being too happy; and you, my Little One, have been so sinful, you have displeased them so deeply, how can you hope for any peace unless every minute of every day is devoted to their service? Suppose they saw you patting pies—'Bah!' they would scowl, 'that widow-child is squandering time!' And they would never forget it about you. Never! They would hold it up against you when you came to die."

"Oh dear!" said Chinnamma; and solemnly added a few grains of rice to her offering at the next shrine to show such jealous creatures that she would spare

part of her supper if they would only forget about the mud-pie lapse. "Pilgrims can't be quite like ordinary little girls," she whispered to herself. "When you don't want to be born into a toad, it takes every minute of every day. And the days do seem lots longer, somehow!"

After that there were more shrines to be visited than Chinnamma could ever remember later on. There was, for instance, the Temple of the Holy Monkeys. Personally Chinnamma thought them very spoiled, chattering creatures, and when she fed them as the priest directed, one hungry monkey actually nipped her finger, so that she has the scar to this very day.

"Is it a good sign?" Papamma asked the priest, when she saw the little girl begin to pucker up her lips to cry with the pain. Chinnamma stopped to listen. Signs were all-important! But the holy man was not at all in a holy mood, and when he found that they could not pay him for an answer, he shrugged his shoulders and walked away. So although she had the scar, how was she to know whether it would or wouldn't take the fancy of the monkey god?

Then, months later, they came to a famous shrine of Lord Ganesa, the elephant god, with his great stone trunk jutting out into the temple and his fearful eyes all glaring white. Papamma went to the high extravagance of buying melted butter (ghee, they called it) to pour over him, for Ganesa is the god of wisdom and she said it *ought* to pay to make a good impression on

him, even although the pice she spent for ghee were the very last she had tied in the corner of her sari. Oh, if you only knew what would or wouldn't take his fickle fancy!

Now that the money was all gone, they tried harder pilgrimages. Sometimes they crawled all day on their knees from shrine to shrine, until their clothes were torn to tatters, their knees all sore and bruised, their backs broken nearly in two. But Papamma said that the wearier the crawling, the more it showed the god your willingness to serve him—since you really *never* knew what would or wouldn't please him.

On and on they toiled, sometimes climbing stony mountains to worship new gods, or wandering through jungles to throw garlands of oleanders on some sacred river. And as if this were not enough, day after day Papamma sat out in the broiling sun with pots of fire burning around her, praying to the idol whose good will she especially wished to earn. Night after night she stood in the village pool up to her waist, counting her beads and repeating all the names of all the gods she could remember, until the people in that village used to wag their heads and say: "Was there ever such a devotee? Surely she is gaining merit! It will likely please the gods to have us give her food and a new sari."

So day followed day, shrine followed shrine, sacred cow followed sacred cow, priest followed priest, and Papamma grew thin from fasting, wasting slowly away from hunger and sorrow. "I was so sure that

somewhere there would be a god to give me peace," she sighed wearily. "And here I am, too tired to go another step, dear child. Besides I haven't a present left to give any god—alas! alas!" She lay down on the temple steps, she went to sleep and she never woke up—too tired and too feeble to face another day.

It was then that the lonely Chinnamma became a Human Inchworm in real earnest, for she said to herself: "I have no money and I cannot hope to make a good impression on the gods in any other way, but if they see me crawling on my knees along the thorny, sunny roadways to their shrines surely they will take pity on my bruised knees, my swollen feet, my cut hands." You see, even then she had in mind some god like our God who is touched with every feeling of our infirmities. But what can you expect from a carved stick of wood? Deaf, dumb, blind, unfeeling, they sat each on their separate pedestals, unnoticing . . . while along the roadways went an Inchworm. You know its actions? How it measures its full length, then rears itself up in the middle, gathers its feet toward its head and repeats the whole monotonous process, over and over.

A Human Inchworm does the very same: measures the full length along a dusty roadway, drags up the knees to meet the palms, again measures the full length, again drags the knees to meet the palms, over and over, with the sun beating down. . .

School? Play? Church? All unknown words to Chinnamma. She inched her weary pilgrimage from

day to day, unhappy, uncertain, with never a ray of peace, until one day she sat back on her knees and vowed a dreadful vow: "I will not move from this spot until some god sends me peace."

Well, a vow is a vow, and she kept it. But it made traveling rather uncomfortable for the passers-by, for she happened to be right in the middle of the road, so that bullock carts had to rumble around her and elephants had to lumber clumsily to right or left, yet there she sat. And India let her sit, for India has a great respect for vows and Human Inchworms. It seemed to India very wise: for in what other way could anxious mortals possibly impress the gods so dramatically?

Chinnamma saw sympathy in the eyes of passing women; perhaps they had a sudden picture of themselves, some day, turned Inchworm also! Yet the sympathy was mostly curiosity or else a desire to please the gods by giving food to a pilgrim who had vowed a vow. But on the third day a certain passer-by stopped, crying, "My dear, oh my dear, what is it?"

And the God who is touched with every feeling of our infirmities spoke straight to Chinnamma from the lips of a humble little brown woman in a pure white sari. Not even a woman whose name I know.

"But I'm a widow," sighed the Inchworm.

"My God is a God specially for widows," the little brown saint assured her.

"But I have no gift to offer this god for widows."

"That's all right, for he's also a God-for-Very-Poor-People."

The Inchworm sighed: "But see my bruised legs and my swollen feet. I'm too tired to crawl to another shrine."

"But you needn't!" said the cheerful saint with a glad smile, "for he is the God-Who-Is-Always-Near-At-Hand."

Chinnamma looked worried: "To tell the truth," she sighed, "I don't care nearly so much about a god to help me *now,* but oh! I don't want to *die* so discouraged and hopeless as Papamma."

"You needn't!" smiled the adorable saint, "for my God is the God who goes with you through the valley of the shadow of death."

Then Chinnamma smiled. I think it was her first smile for years and years and years: "I knew it!" she smiled, "I knew it! I always knew there must be a God like that. I've wanted him so badly. Tell me some more! Tell me everything you know! Oh, if you could only have come sooner, then Papamma could have known sooner. Why *didn't* you come sooner, anyhow?"

So it was only natural that when the Human Inchworm turned she should turn into a Bible-woman like the dear brown saint, for she knew that on every roadway and at every shrine in all India there would be some pilgrim seeking peace . . . wondering many things . . . trying many things . . . eager, hungry, for the only God Who Satisfies.

When Caste Flew Out of the Doorway

You would not have supposed that caste could ever fly out of that particular doorway, but all on account of the boy who fell into the well and a second boy who fell in after him, things were curiously changed. But slowly. Oh, so slowly! For the Haughty Brahman Father was the haughtiest man on earth, you really had to spell him in capitals; his haughty eyes hardly ever fell on a man of another caste without a feeling of utter disdain filling his soul, and his equally haughty sons stalked through the streets sublimely conscious that they, and they alone, were well beloved of heaven.

Did not the sacred writings say this very thing: "When the great god Brahma created all that was created, from his head sprang forth the caste of Brahmans. It is they alone who are great and worthy therefore to be worshiped by the lesser castes of men, who sprang only from the feet and hands of Brahma," and so forth and so on. I may not have quoted exactly, but the facts are all exact.

The Brahman wore a sacred cord around his body, the *poita;* no outcaste man dared walk on Brahman streets; no Brahman ever went into the outcaste village. Between the two there was a great gulf fixed. And Fingiah was an outcaste!

He had the unspeakably horrid task of carting away the carcasses of dead animals who had died of disease. No caste man would dream of touching them—his religion forbade him, for did not one Hindu generation

pass it on to another generation that those unloved of the gods became reborn as animals when they died? Would a man risk molesting a possible ancestor? Of course not. Yet here was poor Fingiah molesting the bones of animals—carting them away, stripping off the hide, and eventually even eating the awful flesh. Indeed, I really do not know how he and other outcastes could have lived without such carcasses to provide their meals; but of course, on diet such as this there was a day when illness came upon the family of Fingiah—and where yesterday fifteen picked those awful bones, today only one was living, Fingiah. So sudden and swift are India's epidemics.

It was then that one of those perpetually Hurried Men whom we have sent to India stepped into this tale to doctor Fingiah, saving his life and making such an impression on the boy that when he was well he did what the doctor suggested and redecorated his house.

His house!

Four sticks, for the four corners. A few hand-woven mats, for the walls. A few palm-branches, for the roof. It was so crude and ramshackle a place, that the word "redecorate" would have amused the Hurried Man, for the hut was too miserable to be made attractive, yet Fingiah mixed buckets of whitewash. He daubed his whitewash all over the inside, until what had been so vile became cleansed and sweetened. The neighbors were tremendously amused—a boy, putting on such airs! A mere boy! Yes, a mere boy, to be sure, but Fingiah purified more than his hut; he

cleansed his heart before God, and in doing so lost his livelihood, for can a Christian feed on carrion? on animals that have died of disease? The Hurried Man said "No!" Fingiah sighed. The ways of a new religion were extremely deep and difficult for an ignorant boy to follow, so the Hurried Man sent him to school.

Fingiah was stupid. He was all thumbs! He was all knees! The teachers almost gave him up, when, one day, his own Hurried Man heard Fingiah sing—it was ravishing.

"That boy has a matchless voice!" he said, and hurried away.

The teachers whose business it was to stay behind were left nodding their heads in assent: Fingiah plus a matchless voice must not be left stupid. Something must be done with such a talent. They began to polish Fingiah. He took a lot of polishing. But one day, quite by chance, a Lady Teacher overheard Fingiah telling a story to a brand new pupil, and Fingiah was *singing* it—singing a Bible story! It was the loveliest thing. Just any tune; Fingiah was making it all up as he went along, but the story he had not made up. It was yesterday's lesson.

The Lady Teacher was delighted. She looked sternly at the Gentlemen Teachers: "The trouble with you is," she said gravely, "you don't let your pupils sing their answers. It can be done! It should be done! Especially with stupid pupils."

This was absurd!

Who ever heard of letting a scholar who talked badly, sing his answers? But they all put their heads together, those wise gentlemen, and the first thing Fingiah knew he was chanting Bible stories—the one he had learned last was the one he sang, was it Luke's story of Bethlehem? Then you had shepherds, manger, Wise-men, and all. It was thrilling. The other boys sat entranced.

"Other people will sit entranced, too," said the Lady Teacher.

"They will," agreed the other teachers.

"Why don't you tack Fingiah to an Evangelist?" she suggested.

"We will," they agreed.

And Fingiah was "tacked"; whenever an Evangelist went out to preach, along went Fingiah singing Bible stories. Finally he did it well enough to go alone, and going alone was much more interesting, but more dangerous.

"This Christian stuff!" sneered some people, and flung stones.

If you have ever been hit by even one little pebble, you will know the sting of it. . .

But Fingiah kept on singing, until every year there came to be new whitewashed huts beside his hut, and out of dull, sodden, listless eyes came shining a new character in Christ Jesus.

But of all this the Haughty Brahman knew nothing and cared less. Secure in his Brahman street he lived his narrow Brahman life. Within his dark zenana

lived his little Brahman wife, as forlorn and as pretty a girl as you could find in all India—festooned with pearls as Christmas trees are looped with pop-corn strings, and scented with all the odors of Araby. But freedom to walk on the street and mingle with human beings is a jewel and a fragrance far more enticing, for this poor girl wife was too high caste to poke even her nice little nose outdoors from one year's end to another. So she, too, knew nothing of Fingiah. Yet *splash!* he was about to enter the life of that family; for even an " untouchable " has his adventures.

Now as a matter of fact, the Haughty Brahman really should have known about Fingiah and Fingiah's whitewashed neighbors, for the British Government in India had appointed him as head official of that town. It was really a responsible position, and, among other things, meant that if epidemics ever raged, he should stop their raging to the best of his official ability.

Yet an epidemic *had* raged. Fingiah's entire family and dozens of his neighbors had been wiped out in a week, but the Haughty Brahman never knew it. How should he, when it would have risked his holy position in the eyes of the gods to have taken a step inside an outcaste village?

The Hurried Man used to sputter about this. . . But all our poor Hurried Men have too much to do. Doctor, Dentist, Oculist, Board of Health, Nurse, Lawyer, Explainer of Religion, Friend, Advisory Committee-of-One—can any one man be all this all

day, and not be hurried? It was enough to make a Hurried Man sputter when haughty officials closed their haughty eyes with superior squintings, that there were certain things one really couldn't be expected to bother about. . .

Not all the sputtering of Hurried Man would have made such as Fingiah a person to notice. But dear me, babies are democratic little souls. Born so; not a snob among them all. Even Brahman babies. Even the plump Pride of a Haughty Brahman's household, who, one day, found life exceedingly dull indoors. But with two fat legs and two plump arms, no baby need stay indoors, and there was a prodigious creeping on the part of that little baby. Woe to the ayah supposed to be guarding him! Woe to the gateman asleep at the gate! For the exploring baby had discovered the Brahman well, a most mysterious fascinating hole to two-year-old eyes peering over the edge.

"I will investigate this from the very bottom," said the Pride of the zenana, babblingly. But you know yourself that it is not quite what one fancies to topple off into space—that nasty step downward with nothing to step on! There is nothing to be done but yell. Oh, a terrible yell! . . The guardian of the gate rubbed his eyes. The old brown ayah came pattering straight to the well curb. Way down below was the babbling, bubbling baby. A well is cruelly deep. Miles deep, to an old ayah.

"Alas! Alas! How shall we get him out?" she wailed.

How indeed! For the gateman was stupid from sleep, the ayah was feeble from age, and the household all lost their heads from sheer fright at what the master would say. So there they stood, wringing their foolish hands and screaming at the tops of their foolish voices.

The Brahman's house stood at the end of the Brahman street; and Fingiah passed by. Four years before he would never have dreamed of doing what Christians do in time of trouble. But four years of living with American Christians meant that if one boy was down in a well, bubbling and babbling, another boy went in after him . . it was all so simple, to Christians. It was simple to Fingiah.

As he dashed in he shouted: "Get a rope to pull us out!"

A rope! Of course. A rope. How sensible. Nobody had though of one before, and there was a grand rush in a dozen directions to locate a rope. Meanwhile, down in his well Fingiah floated almost serenely, holding a Brahman baby in his arms: "Sh! Sh! Don't cry!"

Then down came the rope—too short; still too short; dangling just out of reach. "Lower!" shouted Fingiah. They let it dangle lower. And presently the adventure was over. The baby was in the ayah's arms. But all was not well.

For Fingiah had done the wrong thing!

How shall I ever make you see the full wretchedness of his deed? Daring to step on sacred Brahman soil—

he, an outcaste! Daring to let his shadow fall on sacred Brahman drinking-water—he, an outcaste! Daring to plunge bodily into Brahman drinking-water, and touch—mercy on us, yes, *hug*—a precious Brahman baby, he, a vile "untouchable"!

The well, of course, was considered polluted forever and ever; no Brahman could ever drink of it again. But how to purify a baby from such a tight contaminating touch? How indeed. It was a terrific problem.

The father declared by all the gods of India that he would vastly rather have his son dead at the bottom of the well than sullied by this loathsome outcaste fellow; in his capacity as head official he ordered Fingiah to be flogged—there seemed no other punishment fit for a boy who had dared do all Fingiah had dared do. But Fingiah had gone off through the jungle to distant villages on a singing tour, and the official sat twiddling his thumbs impatiently waiting for the return of the "villain." But green scum and white pills saved the "villain"!

For the green scum had been floating on the Brahman's well water, and the baby, in yelling, had swallowed about a pint of it. Brahman scum is as dangerous as any other scum. And the baby fell ill. Not all the prayers to wooden idols, not all the handsome gifts laid on their wooden knees, not all the marigold wreaths twined around their wooden necks could cure a baby sick with vile green scum; so, as a last resort, the Brahman called the Hurried Man. And even at

that late date he saved the baby's life. White pills are marvelous! One, and the baby was better. Two, still better. Three, out of danger! Then, like an inoculation to prick their foolish adult haughtiness the doctor would say solemnly, like a chant: "How fortunate Fingiah was at hand! For here is your baby as good as new, all due to Fingiah! Had the Brahman official ever noticed Fingiah's particular patch of the outcaste village?"

"Certainly not," sniffed the haughty official haughtily.

So the Hurried Man "unhurried" himself. He sat down, quite calmly. He draped one leg leisurely over the other, as if neither leg knew what it was to be rushing, tearing along. . . He said all the things about Fingiah which he had always wanted to say. How wonderfully he sang the Gospels—what a power the boy was becoming in the district—how beloved of heaven—how fearless of jungle dangers and unfriendly crowds. Inoculation! The official nodded his turban rhythmically. One had to be polite. One had to listen to these leisurely sahibs who had such curious stories . . . unbelievable. . .

"I will look into this," he said solemnly, as officials should. The leisurely gentleman undraped his legs and hurried away. I don't know just how much good his talk had done; but Fingiah's flogging was indefinitely postponed; and they tell me that the official cast an official eye at those unbelievable whitewashed huts.

"So clean!" he commented.

Then twelve months passed. Twelve months are such a long time—a year. Things happen in a year; but slowly, if they happen in India. Then two years passed. Then three; four; five; six; seven; eight. And while Fingiah went here and there singing the Lord's life, the Brahman baby lengthened out into a Brahman boy, studying in your mission school, if you please (because, just then, your mission school was the best in town). And the baby who had been so democratic had lengthened out into a snob; a Brahman snob. It was therefore the duty of the Lady Teachers and the Gentlemen Teachers to inoculate him against an even worse attack of snobbery.

"We must bring his nose down from the air," smiled a certain Lady Teacher.

It was hard work. So much goes in one ear and out the other. But Christianity can't all go out the other ear. Whatever remained in his head astonished the boy so much that he told his mother. She was even more bored with her zenana than she had been eight years before. This was news, indeed. "Get one of those people to come here and talk to me," she said, excitedly.

A Lady Teacher came. White-all-over! With shoes! And a lid on her head called a hat! A most absurd person to be looked upon for the first time by a cooped-up lady draped in yards of shimmering silks and looped with jewels. But the absurdity of American clothes was as nothing compared to the absurdity of American Christianity.

"How could I believe such good news as yours?" giggled the astonished belooped lady. "Tell me some more."

Later on, she begged, "Come again!"

It is a long while to wait eight years for such an invitation. The missionary came again—and the Hurried Man also, to cure sickness.

A whole year passed. The Hurried Man went home to America for his furlough—which is supposed to mean a year of rest, but the poor dear hurried more than ever all over the map, telling every one about India. Another missionary left. Another was sick. So that on the morning when the Brahman official fingered the cord of his sacred *poita* thoughtfully and sent for a Christian teacher, there was only Fingiah to come.

You will like him for walking calmly through Brahman streets, under Brahman trees, through Brahman doorways into Brahman rooms. He sat down. He talked. It was unbelievable, unless you remembered the inoculations of the Hurried Man through eight years. Fingiah could answer all the official's questions, he could sing, he could pray. Fingiah was wonderful that day. God talked through him. And the Brahman official bowed his haughty head: "O God, forgive me."

So caste flew out of the doorway.

Then things began to happen on that street. The entire Brahman neighborhood was up in arms! Such a wagging of heads.

"We won't talk to a man who lets an outcaste into his house!"

"We have seen this coming on for eight years," said others mournfully.

"We will show this fellow what we think of him," they said, and in utter rage they threw stones at the new Christian as he walked down the street. They put poison in his new well. They scattered broken glass in his courtyard, where the bare feet of his family would get badly cut. The rumor spread further, and he was not able to buy food to eat, for the pressure of Brahmans had been brought to bear in the merchant caste.

Stones—poison—broken glass—no food—these are big penalties to pay for having at last a happy heart as far as God is concerned.

"This fellow's happiness irritates me," said one neighbor to another.

"He doesn't seem enough impressed with his sin in breaking caste," said others.

"We will impress him!"

"Yes, we will impress him!"

"There is still the worst penalty!"

For after poison and starvation there can always be fire. They set fire to his house . . . the little flames went licking up the walls toward the dry thatched roof. It was a horrible sight. . . If ever the Hurried Man was needed it was then, to help this new Christian out of his sorry plight. But you will remember that the Hurried Man was hurrying around America, raising

missionary money from church-members who wondered if it were all worth while.

Yes, it was worth while! For there was Fingiah. Neither poison nor starvation nor fire seemed to startle Fingiah at all, just as hopping into a well after a baby had not startled him. Fingiah said to the new Christian: "There is a Christian village within this outcaste village, where caste never darkens the doorways. I will help you build a little whitewashed Christian hut."

"And I will help," said the excited boy who had once been down in a well until Fingiah had come to the rescue. Four poles, a leaf roof, matting walls, a dirt floor—then whitewash everywhere. It was not much of a house for a Brahman, and the other Christians were rather bashful about having more in their own homes than this great ex-Brahman master now had in his. Timidly they offered him a pot, a pan, some corn to grind—timidly, because a week before he would have scorned to touch anything from people of such a low caste. But now, now——

Fingiah sang about it on Sunday morning; his own lovely tune intoned the Bible words:

For ye see your calling, brethren, how not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called;

But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty;

And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are!

That, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.

Surely you can see for yourself that it is only for this that a Brahman dares let caste fly out of his doorway.

RECREATION SUGGESTIONS TO SUPPLEMENT THE LESSONS ON INDIA

1. *Carrying India's Burdens*

Provide two sets of five bundles each, labeling the bundles in each set: (1) Religion, (2) Caste, (3) Ignorance, (4) Poverty, (5) Language. The players are to be divided into two castes, High Caste, and Low Caste; at a signal each player on both sides must balance the bundles on his head, one at a time, and carry them to other end of the room and back, without spilling them or touching them.

2. *The Pill in Time Saves Nine*

Place side by side along a wall the mounted pictures of nine Hindus, with the following written beneath the appropriate pictures (or, omit the pictures, using only the numbered couplets):

(1) The little brown wife may easily be won
By means of a pill—'twill count you *one.*
(2) If the sad Hindu widow appeals to you
A pill for her will count you *two.*
(3) He broke his arm by climbing a tree,
A pill for him will count you *three.*
(4) Polluted water he did pour
Down his throat—a pill counts *four.*
(5) Brahman baby, barely alive—
A pill for him will count you *five.*
(6) The castes and the outcastes never mix,
So a pill for the outcastes will count you *six.*
(7) The hospital seems to granny like heaven,
A pill for her ills will count you *seven.*
(8) Poor blind boy, too late, too late—
A pill for him will count you *eight.*
(9) Dispensary patients waiting in line—
A pill for them will count you *nine!*

Provide each player with three paper pill-bottles (as many as ten may be cut out at one time from layers of paper). As in Tailing the Donkey, blindfold each player, turn him around three times, then send him forth to pin his three pill-bottles, one at a time, on the row of nine pictures. The scores should be kept, to see who is highest.

3. *Hunting in a Hindu Jungle*

These are all animals or serpents which might be found in a jungle: (1) SOONGOME (mongoose); (2) PADROLE (leopard); (3) TALLIGORA (alligator); (4) PRESENT (serpent); (5) LULGBORF (bull-frog); (6) KACOPEC (peacock); (7) TRAPOR (parrot); (8) NOOCRIPS (scorpion); (9) OBAR (boar); (10) PEDICTEEN (centipede); (11) OCRAB (cobra); (12) PEELTHAN (elephant); (13) REPTHAN (panther); (14) YEMNOK (monkey); (15) TOPHYN (python).

4. *Turbaning the Hindu*

Pin a picture of a Hindu man on the wall. The players draw pictures of turbans, cut these out, then one at a time, blindfolded, start on a pilgrimage to pin the turbans on the man's head.

HANDWORK

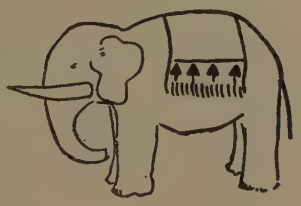
One group of junior-high students discovered that students of high-school grade in India study in English, so they corresponded with a group of Indian students in a denominational school, sending snap-shots of their church, their homes, etc., and receiving many new angles of race appreciation through the contacts. This led naturally to the planning of a summer Christmas tree on the church lawn, to collect gifts for India, at which time they gave a little play called "Just Suppose" (from "Short Missionary Plays," published by George H. Doran Company, New York City), giving in four brief scenes the dream of an American mother whose children suddenly became Hindus and were treated accordingly.

VII

[APRIL]

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND LINGERS IN BURMA

White jackets and striped hobble skirts, drawn tight around hips with the ends bunched flatly in front. The girl wears a colored scarf, the ends hanging unevenly; the boy wears his scarf as a turban, one end hanging loose. A Buddhist priest wears saffron yellow robe, shaven head, carries fan to keep his eyes from beholding a woman (who is beneath notice).



Use gray cardboard for the elephant, two thicknesses, with a thin box pasted between the two sides of the body, so that a doll may be placed in the elephant for a ride. The two sides of the head should be pasted together, also the rear; use black wool for the tail. Bright-colored paper, fringed at lower edge, for the saddle covering. Use margins of the gray cardboard for the ears, and paste these on where ears would naturally be attached, letting all the rest of the ear flap realistically. Use white cardboard for the tusks. Elephants made from full-sized sheets of gray cardboard are very effective for decorative purposes; e. g., one for each class or group, pictures of Burma to be mounted on them.

Use a tan hat-box for this House-On-Stilts, cutting away portions of each side, leaving the corners to form the four uprights. For thatching, try cutting jagged palm-leaves from several thicknesses of brown crêpe paper, then paste these in place, beginning with lower edge of roof. A twig ladder is effective, tied with brown strings at the rungs.

To secure a balanced pattern of this Burmese pagoda, fold a newspaper and draw one half the design, the fold being the center of the pattern. Cut this out, spread open on two sheets of gold paper or cardboard and draw the outline, cutting a double thickness. Paste a square box between the center of each base, curve the remainder of the bases until the minarets can be pasted together, also pasting the peaks together. Cut an archway in one side, large enough for a shrine for a statue of Buddha (incense-burner, Five and Ten Cent Store). Mark the series of rims in black.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND LINGERS IN BURMA

OUTLINE OF FIVE SESSIONS ON BURMA

Country: Burma.

Aim: To show that at this season of the year, when nature is awakening, we owe our joy in the things of nature to the fact that we know God created them especially for us and that his love surrounds us every moment of our lives: an absolute contrary to the heathen belief that evil continually surrounds mortals and that the gods are aloof, indifferent, vindictive.

Memory Hymn for the Month: "Fairest Lord Jesus" (tune, "Crusader's Hymn").

Key Bible Verse for the Month: "For this day is holy unto the Lord: neither be ye sorry, for the *JOY* of the Lord is your strength" (Neh. 8 : 10).

"Go" Vehicle for the Merry-Go-Round: Elephant.

FIRST SESSION. *Easter Exercises:* "The Message of the Bulbs."

1. *Hymn:* "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today."

2. *Bible Reading:* The Easter story.

3. *Story:* "Benjamin's Bulb Business." (See pp. 181-200.) Local color may be injected into the telling of this story as it progresses by having the following articles placed by a second person on a long table in front of the speaker, one at a time:

(1) A bullock-cart; the same pattern given for the covered wagon may serve again. If desired to have the effect more spectacular, use larger objects; e. g., a child's express-cart with white hood, and other objects on similar scale.

(2) Elephant; use heavy gray cardboard two thicknesses, with bodies pasted together, legs spread apart.

(3) Burman "house-on-stilts."

(4) White toy bed, Burmese doll patient.

(5) Doll dressed as nurse to stand beside bed. Pill-bottles.

(6) Lily bulbs placed at intervals and named to represent the "brown" converts.

(7) Easter lilies placed at same intervals as bulbs.

4. *Easter Offering:* If it is desired to work up a special Easter collection, fascinating "elephant" banks may be given out several weeks in advance. Each bank will need two gray cardboard elephants with a small oblong pill-box or match-box pasted between the two sides of the body; a slit in top length of the box for coins.

5. *Hymn:* "Fairest Lord Jesus."

6. *Easter Prayer:* Of thankfulness for the beauty of a fearless religion, for the message of the bulbs that the resurrection is for each of us.

SECOND SESSION. *Story:* "The Nat Trap." (See pp. 200-216.)

Set up on table a village of houses-on-stilts, with palm-trees, dolls, etc. "Spank" the houses at sunset time! Show a large, round, red box with holes in the sides, à la rat-trap; coming at the end of the story it will undoubtedly suggest enthusiastic activities for the rest of the month.

THIRD SESSION. *Group Research Posters,* arranged to develop the acrostic:

B*eauty spots in Burma,* a poster with pictures illustrating the attractive sights of Burma, nature, buildings, people, etc. (See missionary magazines.)

U*gly spots in Burma,* a poster to bring out the misunderstanding of the beauties of nature, superstitions, e. g., fear of nats, beating houses at sunset time, tripping caused by nats, belief in reincarnation, as Ning Krang's uncle supposed to be elephant, etc.

R*eligion in Burma,* a poster to show pictures of Buddha and of magnificent temples.

Missions in Burma, a poster with map, locating your mission stations, with pictures of missionaries, schools, etc. Explain about different tribes speaking different languages—Burmese, Karens, Chins, Kachins, etc.

Adoniram Judson, picture, story of this pioneer missionary brought out by questions: (1) His first name is Adoniram, what is the rest of it? (2) In what year did he go to Burma? (3) Why was he in prison two years? (4) What do you know about his Bible? (5) What connection has a pillow with his Bible? etc.

These posters are to be displayed by the groups and explained; the last one leading naturally to more research.

FOURTH SESSION. Adoniram Judson.

The story of his life may be found in the following: "Ann of Ava" (Hubbard); "Judson the Pioneer" (Hull); a brief story of his call and work as Bible translator, hiding of Burmese Bible in pillow, in "Lamp-Lighters Across the Sea" (Applegarth).

FIFTH SESSION. *Theme Contest:* "Elephant Tails and Other Tales!"

Any real or imaginative story of Burma, especially in connection with the sending of a Nat Trap, if your group elects to do this. *Judges:* the woman's missionary society, who may help to sponsor the project. (Place the Nat Trap in the church lobby on a table, with Burmese village of houses, palm-trees, elephants, and dolls; also poster stating what the box is for and asking for voluntary contributions.)

BENJAMIN'S BULB BUSINESS

I. JUST BULBS

All on account of a penny and a few bulbs and an elephant Benjamin became—but after all, I believe I will let you read to the end of the story to see for yourself what he became! For the thing of all things

to begin with is the penny, which, when the story opens, was lying in the pocket of Benjamin's Sunday-go-to-meeting trousers; a bright brand new penny, somehow seeming worth twice as much as a soiled brown one.

For this reason Benjamin had dived down three times to be sure it was still there. It was. But his mother kept saying: "Now *don't* wiggle so, Benny! You aren't nearly clean enough behind the ears."

"Oh, mom!" gasped poor Benny, who felt positively sandpapered already. "I'm plenty clean!"

"Not *Sunday* clean," she announced.

So you may be sure that by the time he reached church both he and the penny were as bright and shining as could be.

Please do not be impatient with Benny on account of his littleness and his penny and that sad business of being scrubbed behind the ears by a mother. For although he was only five at the time, if you read straight ahead in this story you will very soon find him shooting up into a fifteen-year-old personage. Indeed, what takes most boys ten years, Benny will manage by the time you reach Chapter II—only kindly do not skip over there now, for you might forget to come back and read all these in-between parts, in which case you would miss the elephant. For if it hadn't been for the elephant Benny would have gone to sleep as usual, and neither his penny nor his bulbs would have gotten into this Merry-Go-Round! And it is to be hoped that you would regret this as much as Benny.

Now an elephant is a strange thing to meet in a sermon in church. Nothing could have been more surprising to Benny, who had gone straight to his pew beside the pillar where he swung his five-year-old legs which were not nearly long enough to reach the floor. He was waiting for the pins-and-needles feeling which always comes about sermon-time to legs which do not reach the floor. But behold! there was no sermon this Sunday morning. Instead, there stood in the pulpit a very every-day-looking gentleman without a preacher's gown or any "firstly, secondly, and third-and-lastly" to his remarks. (Benny always pricked up his ears joyfully for that "thirdly-and-lastly," since it meant high time to begin waking up fast-asleep legs for walking into Sunday school.)

But if legs went to sleep on this particular Sunday morning Benjamin never knew it, for the man in the pulpit seemed to belong to the place-where-elephants-come-from, and Benjamin had high hopes that he was telling about some circus. But it was not a circus. It was something called a mission. Benjamin had never heard of one before, and he was spellbound.

"My mission," began this stranger, "is situated here in Burma" (and he touched the center of the pulpit desk exactly as if it had been Burma), "and I am more like a spider than you would imagine from looking at me. For I sit here at the center of my mission web and spin lines out this way, eastward up into the hills, westward down through this plain, southward into this jungle region, northward up into this region

of rather wild tribes. A giant web, covering two hundred square miles, mine and mine alone to weave into a missionary pattern, for while there used to be two of us working there, the other man failed in health and you have never sent any one else to replace him. So there I work: church, school, and a curious little one-roomed hospital. Today I thought you might care to hear how our web was spun a little northward among the hill tribes by the unexpected help of a wild elephant, if you will kindly give me your attention."

Attention? Nothing in the world would have drawn Benny away from that pew just then. Not with an elephant due to appear any moment!

"We have a little mission station up north. Oh, nothing at all to brag about," laughed the stranger. But although he laughed, it was with such a tender quaver that you could see it was the apple of his eye, that lonely, far-off little new church which he described inside and out. Benny thought it sounded rather queer, but immensely interesting, with its straw roof and its palm-leaf walls that only went half-way up to meet the roof. There were no pews. You had to sit on the earth floor in this straw-roofed church. And there was no organ, nor any piano; you praised God from whom all blessings flow with music that sang itself from your heart to your lips. And when you sang, the sound of it went floating out over those walls that only went half-way up to meet the roof, so that every one in the village heard your music and wagged their heads, saying: "It's those people called

Christians again! Every seventh day you miss them from the market-place and there they will be, singing, or listening to somebody talk about their new God. Curious, aren't they? But you can see for yourself how they seem to have eaten of happiness. Some day I must just step inside and listen a while."

One by one they did step inside; and one by one they listened. One by one they also *believed,* until their good brown teacher had actually taught them all that he himself knew, and felt the time had come to send for the white missionary himself to feed these people who were hungering and thirsting for God.

But you will recall that that particular missionary was ill in America; so it was to Benny's preacher that the message came. A dozen different times he tried to tear himself away from his hospital and his endless patients, and finally you are to picture him setting forth in answer to the call. All in a thin white suit he was, with a pith hat, for the weather was piping hot, and with great cases of pill-bottles and stacks of Sunday-school cards which he put on the floor of his bullock-cart. For you are to understand that in his part of Burma there were no trains; no automobiles either, alas; just leisurely oxen to plod patiently along the roadways pulling a covered cart behind.

There are no words in the English language to tell how the wooden wheels squeaked as they monotonously rolled over and over and over, or how the wooden floor of that bullock-cart jolted and jounced and jarred the person who sat on it, lurching him left,

then lurching him right—shaking him, quaking him, aching him!

Sometimes when the cart went sauntering through sunny villages the people would come crowding around calling to others: "Come! Come! Here's the man with the pieces of glass fastened on his white face!" (Spectacles, of course). "Oh, you've been gone so long! Surely this time you can sit down in our village and cure all our sicknesses. Here's old man Bent-Over been hobbling around in pain all the year hoping you might come soon. So just settle down and live here forever."

"Alas!" Benny's preacher would say, "men are waiting for me up in the Village of the Three Twisted Palms. They have been waiting many moons; so I must hurry on. But I will take time to give medicine to the sickest, and leave you new cards and teach you the verse on them. Come now, who's first?"

So they told of their various aches and pains, and to some he gave pills and others he bandaged till they puffed with pride at the curious sight of themselves criss-crossed with glistening gauze and plasters. With a hundred mistakes they repeated the new verse about the Lord Jesus which he taught them—but all too soon he had to start on to his next stop. It was at the fifth such village that they gave him a warning: "Beware of the road through the forest! There must be robbers there carrying on terribly. We don't know anything except that every once in a while somebody will be found in the road, wounded. . . Better take the

rougher road up through the hills, very roundabout, but surely safer."

"Perhaps I had better," sighed the missionary, for if a good road was bad enough, then you can see how a bad road would be indescribably jolty. But he cheered himself by saying: "Since I've never been up that way, what a splendid chance it gives me to visit those wild tribes." (Even Benny in his pew could tell that here was a man who never wasted one of God's minutes!)

But it was just at this point that the elephant came lumbering and blundering into the story. Nobody knows to this day exactly how it happened, for tame elephants are supposed to wear a bell so that drivers of ponies and oxen can be warned of their coming. But there was no bell this time. So the missionary can only suppose that it was a wild elephant that charged out of the undergrowth beside the road, plunged into the oxen, overset the cart, dragged it, broke it, killed both the poor oxen, and then frisked wickedly onward to do new damage elsewhere. And all this time Benny's missionary had been in the cart, buried underneath it when it overturned! You can imagine that the weight of that crushing load, and the pain of it, kept him unconscious for hours; so that the next thing he knew he was up in a house-on-stilts, lying on a hard bamboo floor.

"How did I get here?" he groaned, aching all over.

"I brought you," growled an unpleasant voice nearby. "We've been expecting you for a long time, for we heard that there was a man with pieces of glass

fastened on his face who might come along any day and tell us queer new things."

"Ah!" sighed the missionary gently, "'God moves in a mysterious way!' For didn't I take the rough road up here to avoid robbers, yet an elephant treated me worse than the robbers would have done? Yet how can I complain, since you were waiting for me? I certainly thank you for the rescue and this care."

"Oh, as for that, I didn't *want* to do it, of course!" the man replied with true heathen indifference to another's sufferings. "It's not a thing one does for strangers, but I had to—to save myself. I was afraid: you see, that elephant is evidently my brother."

The missionary actually forgot his bruises and his poor aching head as he repeated, "Afraid? The elephant your *brother?*"

"It's this way," sighed his host. "Before he died, my brother and I used to talk many times about this rumor that there was a man born white-all-over, with pieces of glass fastened on his face, who might come here to tell us of a new god. And whenever we talked, I always swore that I wouldn't sit at his feet and listen to such nonsense—not much! I'd drive the imposter out of town. I'd poison him. I'd throw stones at him. I'd set the dogs on him! Whereat my older brother used to cry that he'd *find a way to make me listen* to every word, and that if I hurt a hair of this white man's head, woe to me! You see, sir, my brother was a dreamer, always hungering for some Big Somebody Somewhere to give him peace. He was very religious,

and did all he knew to win merit with the gods, but he never found peace and kept on seeking and wondering right up to the day he died."

"I am so sorry to be too late!" sighed the missionary, wishing for the thousandth time that there were a dozen of him!

The man sighed also: "I'm sorry, too. For now I've simply got to listen to you, for my brother has found the way to *make* me. You see, there's no doubt that when he died his spirit passed into an elephant. For on the night after his funeral we spread white lime powder from his grave to our house, knowing that if any tracks were to be seen in it by morning, then we would know into what animal my brother had moved. And at sunrise, as plain as day, in the lime powder were the footprints of an elephant. So we've been waiting and dreading ever since. Last moon a friend of mine was found dying in the road, with elephant tracks in the dust around him—and it was this friend who had agreed with me that if you ever came, we would chase you out with sticks and stones. But my brother found the way to prevent him, you see. Then there was my poor little son, my Ning Krang. . ."

Here the man glanced over his shoulder, shuddering. The missionary followed his glance and saw a bundle of rags. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Matter enough! Look how my brother went for Ning Krang, battering him and banging him and breaking his legs. And all because I had carefully taught Ning Krang how to sling a stone straight—

getting ready for you, of course. Now look at the child."

Painfully the missionary scrambled to his feet and went to look at the boy who was more dead than alive, and instantly he forgot his own aches.

"Boil me some water; then hurry to my bullock-cart and look for a big box which is doubtless still there. Hurry, man!"

Grumbling and mumbling, the man went. And when he came back strange things happened—bathing, pills from a bottle, bandaging, splints, then strips of cloth rolled round and round Ning Krang until what had once been a boy seemed more like some brown cocoon. The father of the cocoon muttered things under his breath. The neighbors muttered things under *their* breath. Benny's missionary felt that of all unpopular persons he was the most so, as they crowded around to taunt him: crazy man! why roll a boy into a brown cocoon? And what was his news about a god —they might as well hear it and be done with him. So while they sat around with hatred smoldering in their hearts he told them of Jesus Christ. But they would not believe one word of it. Not one!

"Now that we've heard this fellow through, as your brother desired, let's rush him out of town and be rid of the nuisance."

"Let's!" shouted every one.

Benny in his pew began to shudder. Oh, surely a mission was more thrilling than any mere circus! What could one man do against so many enemies?

But Benny forgot that it really was not just *one man,* that there was also the unseen presence of Him who promised years ago, "Lo, I am with you always." I think it was he who suggested to Benny's missionary, "You and I can use Ning Krang. Don't give him up! Take him back to your station somehow or other; doctor him; cure him; then we can use him to open these heathen eyes."

So the missionary said boldly that he would leave only with Ning Krang—without him, not one inch would he budge! Such uproar! Such clamorings! Such threats! And always the dread of Ning Krang's fierce uncle, the elephant . . wasn't the boy as good as dead—limp little cocoon of a thing? "Let him go," they begged his father, "then we shall have washed our hands of the whole affair."

So the dread of the elephant led to Ning Krang's being laid in the bullock-cart, which the missionary patched together as best he could, borrowing a yoke of oxen for the trip. The people snapped their fingers at him as he left and sneered, "If it hadn't been for you, we wouldn't have had all this trouble in our midst, Boaster!"

The man who had not boasted looked at them gently as he drove away. Some day! Just let them wait!

So down in his funny little one-roomed hospital he put Ning Krang to bed, and the boy's tired eyes followed the missionary and his wife all day long; what a lot of trouble they gave themselves on account of a mere brown cocoon! Days turned into weeks, weeks

turned into months, and he was still there in bed. Sometimes in the morning, if you had been there, you would have heard a soft hum coming out of that bed—Ning Krang trying over the hymns that had sung themselves into his heart. But the truth of the matter was that he himself was not being healed. There were curious unknown things wrong with his spine which neither pills nor splints nor casts could remedy. His father came all the way down from the hills to see him.

"Bah! Didn't I say as much? The man is a Boaster, for aren't you still as good as dead lying there in this new-fangled-thing-called-a-bed? And yet he has worked enough magic on you so that you seem cheerful. . ."

"I tell you how it is," Ning Krang interrupted, eagerly, "there are such hosts of new thoughts walking around in my head all day that I don't mind so much if my body must lie still. And the best of all the thoughts is about the God my uncle longed for so badly."

"I will not listen!" shouted his father, covering his ears. "Next thing you know I'll be bewitched, too. A sorry day it was for me when my brother turned into an elephant."

"As for *that*," Ning Krang said, "it is sheer nonsense, my father. These Christians say that when a man dies he——"

"I will not listen!" cried his father. "I must hurry home. And if there was any chance of your recovering, I would certainly take you along, but you're no

good to anybody now, so this Boaster might as well keep you."

"*Just you wait!*" Ning Krang called after him. "I'll be well some day!"

"But, alas," said Benny's missionary, "he's still over there in Burma, waiting. But since I have been in America a famous surgeon has made a discovery, and I have talked with him, so that we both think this new course of treatment may cure Ning Krang, even as the Lord Jesus made the sick whole again when he was here among men. So I am here to tell you on this Sabbath Day that, sick or well, out of heathen darkness, God is continually awakening rare and beautiful lives to praise him, and each of you has an opportunity to help in this world-wide awakening by giving to the morning's offering, which will now be received."

Benny's penny! He plunged an excited hand down into the pocket of his Sunday-go-to-meeting trousers and fished it up; and I think no one in that church had such reason to be secretly startled at the surprising result of laying that penny in the collection-plate. For when he sat in Sunday school he said timidly to the teacher, "Please, what is a missionary, anyhow?"

"Let me see," she puzzled, hoping to make it clear as clear. "Why, a missionary just means 'one sent,' see?"

And Benny, who could not spell (being still only five years old) felt simply overcome: for hadn't he just given one cent? Then evidently he had *bought a mis-*

sionary! Oh, what an utterly marvelous secret to hug to himself.

"He's mine! My very own! I paid for him, and he's mine. But I had better not tell mother, for she's sure to say that a Sunday penny is meant for Bible school offerings and not for elephant men. He's *mine!*"

But nobody can keep secrets from a mother like Benny's, especially as in his bedtime prayer he always added: "And God please do let my one cent keep right on getting the better of elephants and helping Ning Krang, and everything. Amen."

After overhearing *that,* she simply had to hear the secret. And she loved it.

II. CONSIDER THE LILIES!

Now at last we have reached the chapter where Benjamin is no longer Benny, but *Ben*—fifteen years old and a wage-earner, for after school he earns money helping Mrs. Vanderock's head gardener. When the gardener says: "Fetch me them lily bulbs," Ben fetches them. And because this perpetual "fetching" puts money into his pocket at the end of each week, you might suppose that he would now be feeling slightly scornful about a certain bright penny supposed to have bought a missionary ten years ago. But not a bit of it! That is still one of Ben's favorite memories, although he was not thinking about it on this particular Easter Sunday morning as he sat in church. He was thinking that there never were lilies as tall or as

white or as slender as those on the pulpit which he himself had raised in Mrs. Vanderock's greenhouse. He was busy recalling how she had come through the glass door one day in March and had said, "Ben, could you get several dozen lilies ready for the church on Easter?"

"Why, yes, I'm sure I could!" Ben answered quickly.

But of course he *wasn't* sure; how could he be, when there were countless little matters concerning temperature and sunlight and sufficient water to be considered? So now that the bulbs were actually lilies he nearly burst with secret pride.

"I grew 'em!" he whispered to himself. "I grew them in pots—I moved them here and there all over the greenhouse so they could catch the sun—I hurried from school to tend them—and they're the tallest and the whitest and the beautifullest that were ever in this church on Easter. I grew them!"

Indeed, they were enough to make any boy gloat; but into his gloating came the great surprise, for up behind his lilies rose a man, a stranger, yet not a stranger, for no sooner had he spoken his first words than Ben's memory echoed with the sound of that very voice: *his missionary!* Tall and slender as the lilies he stood there, and almost as fragile. . .

"Been meeting too many elephants, I bet, and jolting in too many bullock-carts, and doctoring too many broken people," Ben sighed to himself, without quite knowing what made him feel this. But I think it was

the tired stoop in the man's shoulders, and the gray in his hair; when you have a feeling of ownership, you notice *everything*.

"My mission," he began, "is situated here in Burma," and he touched the center of the pulpit desk just as he had done ten years before. But one only had to listen to find how his missionary web had widened in those intervening years—real churches now; real schools, north, south, east, and west; a spotless hospital. Like a boy in a dream Ben listened. For years and years hardly a day had passed in which he had not played "wild elephant" and "wrecking the bullock-cart," "doctoring," and other such adventures until Burma seemed as next-door a place as the neighbor's just-over-the-fence.

"Ten years ago," said the missionary, "they did not always want me in their villages, but now—*now*—Well, just let me tell you of one instance, Ning Krang's town."

For Ning Krang, it seems, really *had* been made whole again. When he went back to his father's village, they crowded around him, unbelievingly.

"Move your arms!" they begged. He moved them.

"Did you ever! Just watch the boy. Good as new, I declare! Yet he lay a useless lump of flesh for two long years. Now walk—my, does it like anybody else, doesn't he? Could you skip, perhaps? Or run? Look! Look! He can! Well now, this is strange news."

"Explain it, boy!"

So Ning Krang explained as well as he could. And, on being urged, he even sang them a song—right there in public, you know—a thing no boy really likes to do. But Ning Krang was so happy to have movable arms and walkable legs and a bendable back once more that nothing else mattered, except to make every one understand about the people called Christians.

And the first thing any one knew, Old Granny Crick-In-The-Back pulled him aside to say, "Now tell me, lad, if I should go way down the hills to lie in that thing-called-a-bed, do you suppose the white man could mend me?"

"Indeed he could!" Ning Krang replied.

So down she traveled. Then followed The Man-Who-Couldn't-See-Out-of-His-Eyes, who presently came back with pieces of glass fastened on his face, and able to see anything from morning till night. After *that,* there was no end to the patients.

"My little hospital became so popular," laughed Ben's missionary, "that we had to crowd two patients in every cot, one with his head at the head of the bed and one with his head at the foot of the bed. Extra patients lay all over the floors and verandas until it was impossible to walk from patient to patient without stepping on some one. So I wrote home to you in America to say that we needed a real hospital, with separate rooms and enough cots and real nurses and a dispensary. But I waited three long years to get enough money from you—and meanwhile my patients overflowed even the verandas and were put to bed in

my house, until many a night I had no place to lay my head." ("That's where he got the tired stoop," sighed Ben.) "But I remembered how the Lord Jesus himself had not always had a place to lay *his* head when he was here among men. So I went on waiting patiently, then impatiently, hopefully, prayerfully, anxiously. And now it is *there:* a thing of beauty, brimful always. As I walk up and down between the rows of beds, I know that nothing on earth pays like the work we do there."

He stopped a moment as if a sudden thought had come to him; then he pointed at the glorious banks of Easter lilies on the pulpit. "We marvel at these spotless lilies, don't we? White, lovely things to grow from clumsy, ugly, shriveled bulbs. Just bulbs. Brown bulbs. Yet some one laid the bulbs in the bed of the earth, some one tended them with sun and water, and God did the rest—awakening this amazing purity, so that on Easter Sunday we may see that even from dead brownness comes a resurrection. Well, for every lily here I could name you Burman lilies that have awakened from brown human bulbs who have lain in the beds of my hospital. This one, for instance, would be Ning Krang, The Boy Who Seemed Helplessly Crippled, but God healed him to go home and spread the news of Christian pills. So that the next thing we knew there came to us The Scholar Who Nearly Died of Influenza. But God helped us pull him through, and now he is the teacher of the first little Christian school in that town. Here, for instance, is the Head-

Man Who Broke His Jaw, and vowed that if the awful pain could be eased he would give the land for the new house of God. The pain *was* eased, and today he is the senior deacon of the church that stands on the land he donated. Then I think this exquisite lily surely represents The Girl With The Fever That Never Grew Less: no, not with the beating of heathen drums, or the burning of red-hot irons, or the paid incantations of seven holy men. But today she is a nurse in our hospital with a touch so soothing that it is as if the Great Physician himself stood by our patients. On and on I could go, naming these lilies, bringing before you the people of Ning Krang's village alone who came down in all their brown superstition to lie on our beds and who went home with a great awakening shining in their eyes. All because, like us, they are thirsty for the Water of Life, lifeless until the Sun of Righteousness arises with healing in his wings. . ."

There was more; but to Benjamin Bruce the sermon meant bulbs, bulbs, bulbs. Missions meant bulbs, bulbs, bulbs. And Burma meant bulbs, bulbs, bulbs. To think that he had been so proud of growing several dozen fragile lilies that would die tomorrow, when here was a man whose business also was brown bulbs, but the kind that blossomed into teachers, deacons, nurses.

The minute the service was over Benjamin dashed up to the missionary. "I'm the boy that grew these lilies from bulbs, sir, and I'd awfully like——" he gulped with sudden embarrassment. "I don't suppose

I'd be worth a cent at it, but I'd awfully like to be a doctor in Burma myself. You see, I've *played* at being one ever since you were here the last time, the time I thought I bought you! I used to bandage all my sister's dolls until she nearly went crazy, and the times I've climbed the hayloft pretending it was a Burman house-on-stilts, and the wild elephants I've tackled, and the books I've devoured on Burma—and—and—well, I've got a whole year more of high school, but do you suppose that if I started right in now, I could plan to come over to help you some day?"

"I know you could!" the missionary exclaimed, with a firm grip of Benjamin's hand and a sudden glow in his eyes. "There's nothing like this bulb business, is there?"

"No, sir!" Benjamin smiled, the proudest boy in America.

The Nat Trap

(*Something for You to "Bait" this Summer*)

"And baked beans for luncheon, please." Mrs. Faraway added, as she was about to leave the kitchen.

"Um," said the cook, who was not by any means a man of conversation. Mrs. Faraway strongly suspected that he saved his voice on week-days, since on Sundays he sang tenor in the choir—one of those lovely pensive voices that makes a marble come into your throat as you dream of a little white New England meeting-house across the sea where all your relatives sit side by side singing:

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.

Mrs. Faraway was now so very far away from New England that whenever she felt the oncoming symptoms of homesickness she screwed up her courage anew and ordered a meal of baked beans. Out of a can! Which was the best she could manage in Burma in honor of Boston and vicinity.

Therefore, you can picture her disappointment when luncheon came on the table and the beans were—tomatoes. Red, juicy tomatoes; also out of a can.

She ate them, and Mr. Faraway ate them, without any comment whatever, although tomatoes could not possibly ease the heartache for Boston! Even after luncheon she only said, "Comfort, suppose you open a can of sphagetti for supper."

"Um," said Comfort, the cook, being no more inclined to conversation in the middle of the day than early in the morning.

Mrs. Faraway's afternoon was cut up into as many pieces as a jig-saw puzzle, with brown mothers who were worried about brown babies, and brown girls who were learning to sew, and brown boys who wanted some kind of a class, also, and brown men who came to ask six dozen questions. The mere detail of a menu had quite faded from her mind until suppertime when the sphagetti proved to be—tomatoes. As red and as juicy as they had been at luncheon.

This time Mrs. Faraway simply sighed to herself: "He is using up the left-overs, I presume." So she

ate in silence, for she loved economy and was mentally patting herself on the back that at least Comfort was practising it, even on *her!*

Then the next day dawned, and after breakfast she approached this cook who was a tenor. "Comfort," she said, "you may open a can of asparagus for the salad at luncheon."

"Um," said the cook, for this being Thursday he was still busy saving his voice for the choir, of course.

Mrs. Faraway's mornings were as much of a jig-saw puzzle as her afternoons, for she taught reading and 'riting and 'rithmetic to the primary brownies. Not that you are to picture a little red schoolhouse with stone steps and blackboards and desks-with-ink-wells. But there was a certain palm-tree, then another palm-tree: the two of them made a shady spot plenty big enough for fifteen scholars, and this was all the school those brownies knew anything about. But it was all they needed just at first, for the sandy earth made a near-at-hand blackboard, with fingers for chalk. The more fashionable scholars with clean *lone-gyees* (skirts) skipped over to pull big green leaves off the near-by trees so that they could sit on them while Mrs. Faraway taught Little Miss River and Wee Miss Sugar-And-Spice how to spell through such marvelous sentences as "I see the rat," "The rat sees me," or how to wrestle with the High Cost of Living contained in such grim arithmetic problems as "If eight guavas should cost a rupee, how much would two guavas cost?" Never having owned a rupee in their lives,

how were Little Miss River and Wee Miss Sugar-And-Spice *ever* to settle such financial difficulties? They sighed all the way up from their ten brown toes, and wrinkled their faces wisely and gave the most all-wrong answers possible. It was a morning like this that drove cooks and bills-of-fare from Mrs. Faraway's mind, but luncheon-time brought her back with a thud! For on the lettuce-leaves the asparagus tips were—*red tomatoes.*

"Dear me, haven't we used up that can *yet?*" she sighed sadly, for canned tomatoes as salad are entirely too watery and unpick-up-able with a fork! But it is very difficult to be stern with a cook who sings tenor in the choir. Mrs. Faraway made all due allowances for an artistic temperament which had developed this sudden streak of economy; therefore all she said was, "Comfort, you might open a can of preserved peaches for dessert tonight."

"Um," said he, and clattered his pots and pans as if his soul were miles above such earthly occupations.

Another jig-saw afternoon. This time, calling in the homes. Oh, those homes! Up on stilts they sat, in mid air, out of reach of snakes and centipedes and scorpions. There were babies sucking cucumbers and babies placidly creeping straight into the open fire, there was rice piled up in one dusty corner, there were grannies worried about their souls and grangrannies worried about their sores. Every house-on-stilts a mass of problems—sanitary, spiritual, or sympathetic as the case might be. An afternoon that made

dessert for supper a thing all too easily forgotten, until, at 6 p. m., it came upon the table in little glass saucers, but instead of being peaches was—*tomatoes!* Redder and juicer than ever.

"There is more in this than meets the eye," sighed Mrs. Faraway to herself.

"My dear," said Mr. Faraway, stopping midway of his dessert, "I don't like to complain, but it seems to me we are having tomatoes rather often lately, aren't we?"

"*Are we?*" asked Mrs. Faraway, raising astonished eyebrows at him. Things had indeed come to a sorry pass when Mr. Richard Faraway began to take notice. "Well, Dick, tomatoes ought to give us delightfully crimson complexions."

"Possibly," he answered regretfully, "but I admit they leave me feeling curiously pale and wan——"

"I know! Oh, *don't* I know!" groaned Mrs. Faraway, shutting her eyes and pushing the little glass saucer and its red, untasted contents as far away as possible. "Something will have to be done, but what *can* I do on a Thursday night with a tenor who has suddenly become a tomato fiend? I had better wait till morning to tackle him," she sighed; and all night long wild hordes of red tomato-cans trooped through her dreams.

But that was nothing compared to what had happened to Comfort, as she discovered when she broached the matter to him the next morning.

"Um'm'm'm," he said, drawing it out so much

longer than usual that she thought he might be starting a solo.

" The only reason I have so many *different* cans in the pantry is to furnish us with variety," she repeated. " Of course I'm sorry you can't read the English labels on them, but I thought I had taught you how the various pictures on those labels look so that you could pick the proper can that way, especially as all the peaches are by themselves on one shelf, all the asparagus in a group on another shelf, the baked beans by themselves. I thought that would make it easy for you, but I was perfectly willing to come in and help you select the cans if necessary, Comfort, *anything* rather than tomatoes for another meal! The very sight of them turns us sick. . ."

Comfort drew a long breath and broke forth into speech: " The mistress does not know all," he sighed deeply in the tone of one who has suffered long and unjustly in silence. " Step this way! "

He unlocked a certain door and she " stepped." The little pantry was dark, and coming from the sunlight she could not see the sight there was to see, which Comfort was explaining: " I am an unhappy man! I reach on top shelf for baked beans, and I got tomatoes. I reach on the next-to-the-top shelf for sphagetti, and I get tomatoes. I reach on the middle shelf for asparagus, and I get tomatoes. I reach on the low shelf for peaches, and I get tomatoes. Unhappy man! "

This was such a long speech for him that he stopped, exhausted, and leaned against the pantry wall.

"The poor dear won't have any breath left to sing on Sunday," Mrs. Faraway said to herself; but aloud she was beginning to ask: "Why couldn't you tell by the labels?" when her eyes became enough accustomed to the gloom to see the reason why: *there were no labels!*

"Where are they?" she asked, astonished.

"Gone!" said the cook, waving his hands. "All gone!"

"But *where* are they gone?" she insisted, for surely labels could not blow off pantry shelves.

"Rats!" he answered in sepulchral tone.

"*Rats?*"

"Rats!" he echoed, and launched forth into an explanation that was simply amazing. Mrs. Faraway leaned limply against the other wall and listened, round-eyed. "After this, he won't sing for a *month,*" she kept thinking. And that evening she wrote home to Boston:

"*Beloved Betty*:

"Never again can you say that I am uselessly buried alive in this little Burman town. Never again can you send me letters wailing that I am wasting a college education on these dear brown people. Betty, I need *ten* college educations and *ten* hearts of love and *ten* sets of brains to solve the fifty-seven varieties of problems that assail even brand-new missionaries like ourselves. Take, for example, the problem of rats.

"I think I may have written you that agriculture is

in such a primitive stage in this corner of the map that we were urged to bring along a year's supply of food, in *cans* of course, for everything that comes in boxes the worms eat, or what the worms forget the mold in the rainy season remembers! So on our pantry shelves we have a tin vegetable garden, a tin orchard, a tin cow, a tin lamb, a tin pig—but thank goodness *not* a tin hen. Everything else may be sealed in a silent tin can, but the hens 'Cut! Cut! Cut! Cad-da-cut!' over their eggs in Burma as lustily as ever they did in Boston-town. But imagine discovering that an army of rats had nibbled every label from a year's supply of groceries! Do you think that even a college education would enable you to tell by juggling whether a certain tin can contained peaches or tomatoes?

"The cook is conscience-stricken about it, for it seems that one day when Dick and I were holding meetings in the next village he invited all his friends and relatives to our bungalow for a tour of inspection around the premises. A day at Coney Island could mean no more to you than the terrors and delights of our house meant to them. The thrill of our iron tailor, for instance (the sewing-machine), whose quick little iron fingers do seams zip! zip! The impossibility of a whole family of wee hidden people imprisoned in a square box and singing whenever you fed them off of a black plate (our victrola!). 'Magic!' they cried, since some of the food on the black plates caused *men* to shout forth from that box, and some of the food roused the *women* singers. This tour kept up and up

and on and on, until the end of a perfect day brought the speechless relatives to the pantry, where I presume Comfort dwelt at some length on the peculiarity of missionary stomachs which liked to be fed from tin cans instead of curry and rice, curry and rice, curry and rice ad infinitum. The admiring visitors handled the cans to do justice to the lifelike portraits of salmon and sardines and peaches; and this is the way the sorry mix-up came, for Heinz's spaghetti was set back on a shelf to hob-nob with Campbell's soups, and green corn lends listening ears to the pickled measures of the beet! Then came the rats to eat the labels. . .

" So our diet is bound to be unsettled for the next twelve months. We never know what a day will bring forth. We feel like the advertisement of the bulldog for sale: ' Will eat anything. Very fond of babies.' Variety may be the spice of life, but *certainty* is the sweetness of it. However, what can we do, except hope for a Pied Piper?—"

There was more to the letter, but Betty of Boston was such a practical person that she read thus far in the letter to her department in Sunday school the Sunday morning following her receipt of it. Where it created so much enthusiasm that by evening the following letter was on its way to Burma:

Dear Mary, Mary, Missionary!
How does your tin garden grow?
On pantry shelves with no la-bels,
And brownie maids all in a row!

"I read your letter to my Intermediates and the girls immediately said: 'Oh, let's be her Pied Pipers, Miss Betty! Let's save our money and send her mouse-traps—those cunning little round red ones with four holes.'

"'Better send Rough on Rats,' the boys suggested. 'With such an army of rats it would keep her too busy baiting traps all day. This powder makes them *die outdoors.* The advertisement says so!'

"So we de-*baited* wildly: traps or not traps, agreeing on only one point—namely, *to help you.* So it was voted that I should write you post-haste to see what kind of traps or powders would be most useful, and to assure you that meantime we shall be saving every possible nickel and quarter and dime in the most delightful 'mite-box' you ever saw. I made it this afternoon by painting a child's round hat-box *red,* printing on the top, THE RAT TRAP. In the sides I cut four round holes through which our savings may be dropped, and between the holes there are pictures of Burma cut from missionary magazines. *Write soon,* Mary dear, to your loving

"BETTY."

As fast as wind and wave could waft this letter to Burma it sailed, and this was rather slow; then as fast as bullock-cart could creak from the coast inland to that distant mission station the letter traveled onward, and this was slower still. But when Mary Faraway read it at last she said two things at the same time (if

that be possible), "How awful! How lovely!" And in her turn sat down to write an instant reply:

"You wonderful American Pied Pipers!

"Never in my life have I been so surprised as at the unexpected offer from your Intermediate Department to rid me of rats. What a relief that would be! Yet how *impossible!* For of course you do not realize that the religious beliefs of my Burman neighbors cause them to think that the spirits of the dead enter into animals, provided these dead persons displeased the gods while living. My poor cook, for instance, who is such a beautiful tenor, is still struggling to give up this old heathen belief, and he tells me with tears in his eyes that the rat that ate the peach labels is undoubtedly his grandfather! It seems that shortly before his death, this grandfather was among the visitors at our bungalow and was especially delighted with the peach cans; he thought the picture on the label was too mouth-watering for words. As indeed it is: such a lovely pink and gold peach with a fadeless green leaf beside it.

"So can't you imagine what a frightful commotion it would make in town if we two Christian newcomers should set traps and kill off grandfathers, uncles, or friends whose spirits may have entered rats? It would never, never do. I think the Faraways, who are so new in all their other ways, would surely be driven out of town with stones.

"But, oh, you good young Pied Pipers, don't you

remember that in Mr. Browning's poem the piper of Hamelin had an even greater attraction over *children* than over rats? This, I think, is your cue. So I am writing post-haste to say that while I dare not use a single rat trap, I *would* like a *NAT TRAP,* please!

"I can hear you saying: 'What a very poor speller Mrs. Faraway is, for nat is spell with a g—gnat.' But I assure you that Burman nats are quite different from American gnats. For ours are sights unseen—*evil spirits* that lurk in all manner of places to tweak little boys' ears and stub little girls' toes and cause sickness in grown-ups, too.

"Take the case of Wee Miss Sugar-And-Spice (but *not* everything nice!) This very morning that prim little maiden was skipping sedately to school, when she stumbled. Over a pebble or the root of a tree, you suggest. *Of course!* But Miss Sugar-And-Spice knew better, and ran home in terror to tell her mother, so that by the time I came along I saw a very strange sight! For there was *Mrs.* Sugar-And-Spice, standing on tiptoe, putting a little rice and a delicious titbit of rotten fish (*nga-pi,* they call it) in the branches.

"'Now what may that be for?' I asked.

"'The nat that lives in this tree is evidently displeased with Sugar-And-Spice; see, he made her fall and cut her knee! But this offering may make him forget his grudge against her.' explained the dear brown mother. And Sugar-And-Spice stood there anxiously watching Teacher: didn't I agree?

"I didn't! And I said so. But I am so very, very new in town, how should I know the ways of nats which are so very, very old? There isn't an ache or pain in town which the nats are not supposed to have brought. Oh, I wish you could see the sight I see at sunset-time, when the *houses are given a spanking!*

"There is a prodigious rattling of tin pans, a deafening din of shouts and screams, while every house in town (but ours) is beaten with long sticks. Why? To frighten away the nats, of course; for in the dark they would not be able to find their way back again! Naturally they think these homeless spirits will try to get refuge in any house which omits this wise procedure; so with every house being vigorously spanked imagine how the naughty nats must flock into the unspanked House of Faraway! 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' Yet we keep so well, my husband and I, we act so normal, that Sugar-And-Spice says proudly: 'I don't know why, but you're *special!* The nats don't trouble you.'

"'They never trouble *any* Christian,' I explain. So do you wonder I want 'a nat trap, please'? For the sooner I can spread the joy of Christian things, the sooner the fear of nats will be trapped forever.

"Kindly choose a good stout carton for my 'trap,' and 'bait' it with little dressed dolls (the button-and-unbutton kind), with pencils, with pins, with work-bags, with thimbles, with scrap-books, with postals, with all kinds of toys. If you will surely mail it by September first, then I can have it for Christmas, which

ought to be a day of days to lay low the nats and raise high the joy of living. With oceans of gratitude(both Atlantic and Pacific) from your friend,

" Mary Faraway."

" What fun! " chuckled the Intermediates. " Much more fun than *rat traps!* "

" I should say so," added the girls who could sew, " for it gives us all summer to dress little dolls."

" All summer to earn money," cried the boys, who were aiming to buy pencils and pins and toys.

" All summer to interest everybody we know in our Summer Christmas Tree," Miss Betty added, and right then and there they decided to have a *real* tree with real candles and carols—outdoors.

" There's a pine-tree on my lawn," piped up the Boy-Who-Was-Always-Bored. Only now he was not bored at all, he had so many new ideas at once! " I think my mother has fixings to trim it up——"

" Let's have August *twenty-fifth* for our summer Christmas——"

" Let's ask all our neighbors——"

" Let's have the admission fee some article for the Nat Traps——"

" Let's have a little play——"

" Oh, yes, a little play, Miss Betty, to show how Christmas traps the nats——"

So that is what they did!

Not a day in July but you could have seen one of those Intermediates binding, finding, grinding, mind-

ing. Not a day in August but the secrets grew almost too good to keep another minute. Talk about the night before Christmas! December twenty-fourth seemed almost pale beside August twenty-fourth, when the Boy-Who-Was-Always-Bored actually got out of bed twice to be sure that the little pine-tree was still on his lawn. It was! And I think it grew all of an inch the next morning at the astonishing sight of itself decked out in tinsel and candles with a star on its very tip-top.

The birds who went south every winter could hardly believe their eyes. "Isn't it still August?" they twittered in consternation. "We haven't skipped a cog or two, have we? We *never* stay north for Christmas!"

No wonder they thought it time to pack their trunks when Santa Claus came strolling on the scene and jolly guests began assembling, armed with bundles tied in red, all shouting, "Merry Christmas!" to each other and mopping their brows (for the August sun is a little too much like Burma).

It was, of course, the nicest party in the world, and the stacks of pencils, pads, pin-cushions, jack-knives, pictures, dolls, toys, tooth-brushes, tubes of paste, etc., etc., were something to make a real Santa Claus gasp with surprise. Two days later the Nat Trap started on its big adventure. . . Are all boxes on the ocean so brimful of hopes and longings? I wonder! And when the little waves lick the steamer-sides, aren't they sending kisses to the little Christmas boxes that must start so very early to reach some far-off place in time?

Certain it is, the Nat Trap traveled safely through both wind and storm; and finally, in a bullock-cart, came jouncing and creaking to the Faraway's front door.

" Um'm," said the cook when he spied it, and stirred up a panful of succotash. (Yes, he *had* hoped it was going to be beans, but he never could tell.)

But on that December twenty-first when the homesick Mrs. Faraway saw the box, so square and solid and full of secrets, she fell on her knees and opened it eagerly, saying over and over in a contented little refrain: " Bless those Intermediates! Oh, this will crush the nats! Oh, bless those Intermediates, each and every one—look Dick, just see this darling doll! And this splendid scrap-book! And this marvelous top! Yes, this will crush the nats! This will crush the nats! " (Until an eavesdropper might think that nats were touch-able, see-able, crush-able gnats!)

But in spite of their invisibility I am sure you can guess how the Nat Trap had the desired effect upon them, when the pride of possessing a doll made Wee Miss Sugar-And-Spice say quaintly: ' I tell you how it is, now that I have this white folks' dolly. I wouldn't be surprised if Mamma Faraway's God would guard *me* with a special, all the same as he guards *her*." And nat number one was trapped!

The lovely part of it is that another year has rolled around; summer is again before us; other evil spirits over in China and in Africa and in India still need trapping; other missionaries are wishing and hoping and praying that other Intermediates (and Juniors and

Primaries) will bait such a trap for *them!* Which is such a perfectly obvious hint that I imagine every ship that sails in September will have a Merry-Go-Round box in its hold—for you have part of the bait in your home this very minute, haven't you?

RECREATION SUGGESTIONS TO SUPPLEMENT THE LESSONS ON BURMA

1. *Spelling Burma*

Choose sides and stand in line as for spelling-bee. Leader calls letter B; first in line on one side must give a word beginning with B, then first in line on other side must do likewise; and so on, alternating from side to side over and over, until one entire side can think of no more B words, which makes the other side win that letter. Repeat the same process for U; then R; M; A.

2. *Climbing Up to the House-On-Stilts*

This may be played in one of two ways: Draw a very large house on stilts for (1) on a blackboard, for (2) on a piece of corrugated cardboard, in either case drawing only the uprights of the ladder and omitting the rungs, which for (1) are to be drawn in place by blindfolded players; and for (2) are to be pencils, twigs, or skewers to be thrown into place on nails or glass-headed thumb-tacks, placed at intervals along the ladder supports.

3. *Trapped in the Nat Trap*

This is really London Bridge, but the first four "nats" to get trapped are to form a group to work up a charade on some Burmese word; the next four "nats," another charade; etc. The following are suggestive: (1) Adoniram (Add-dough-nigh-ram). Announce: "This charade will be acted in four syllables; the proper name of a very prominent person in Burmese history." To enact the whole word at the end have a boy come in carrying a pillow, with a Bible hidden under it. (2) Burman (Burr-man). (3) Moulmein (Maul-main, or mane). (4) Pagoda (pay-go-da).

4. *An Egg Hunt*

Before the members of the group arrive, hide a number of colored cardboard ovals, cut egg shape, around the room. On each egg is some question about Burma. Divide the players into tribes—Dog tribe, Bird tribe, Cat tribe, Horse tribe, Hen tribe, etc., each tribe with a distinctive sound—bark, warble, meow, neigh, cackle. Each tribe is to choose its own chief, and if desired, place on his head the insignia of the tribe, so that he can be easily distinguished. At a whistle from the leader the hunt begins. Each tribe is anxious to find the most eggs, of course, but must obey the following rules: The chief may not hunt, but stands waiting while his loyal tribe search anxiously; when an egg is found the member of the tribe may not touch it, but gives the special tribal call (bark, warble, meow, etc.) to summon the chief, who must hurry to pick it up before some other tribe gets its chief on the scene. The tribe with the most eggs will find that it has won; but at the end of the game all tribes are summoned to a conclave, and if they cannot answer the questions on their eggs about Burma the unanswerable eggs must be handed over to the tribe first furnishing the correct answer.

HANDWORK

The making and the packing of contents of a Nat Trap for Burma will require much preliminary work on the part of the groups, who should themselves be the ones to initiate the suggestions and carry on the correspondence with headquarters to find out what materials will be needed to fill such a box.

VIII

[MAY]

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND SWINGS DOWN TO AFRICA

Use two thicknesses of black cardboard for these African dolls. White circles may be pasted in place for eyes, and gold strips of paper for bracelets, anklets, necklaces. Gingham for the woman's dress, and raffia for the grass skirts, or little pieces of fur. Be very careful not to make the faces in any way comic.

A strip of tan cardboard may be fastened into a circle for this hut. The roof made from a cone of the same cardboard, with the lower edge jagged to represent thatching. Brown crêpe paper palm-leaves may be pasted in place, in layers. The palaver-house should be larger than the other huts in the "kraal." These huts face each other across a straggling roadway, with the palaver-house facing the end of the roadway, at right angles to the other houses. Use a few palm-trees here and there—twigs stuck in spools, with green crêpe paper fronds tied to the tops. A stockade should surround the village.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND SWINGS DOWN TO AFRICA

OUTLINE OF FIVE SESSIONS ON AFRICA

Country: Africa.

Aim: To show that the something-inside-which-talks-back-to-the-heart is really the voice of God in us, and that the highest in everybody everywhere (e. g., Mr. Richards, his fellow villagers, Tulu, ourselves) responds to the wonder of this inner correction, delighting to serve God with heart, soul, strength, mind, whenever the full awakening comes.

Memory Hymn for the Month: "Angel Voices, Ever Singing" (verses 1, 3, 4, 5, 6).

Key Bible Verse for the Month: "*HAPPY* is the man whom God correcteth" (Job 5 : 17).

"Go" Vehicle for Merry-Go-Round: Camel.

First Session. *Story:* "The Great Grab." (See pp. 225-235.)

This story lends itself easily to impromptu dramatization. From the group, one person volunteers to be Mr. Richards, the others to be the villagers. Mr. R. has a hut—a hollow square of four chairs will answer, the seats spread with real (or imaginary!) dishes, knives, forks, spoons, hat, Bible, umbrella, pencils, pillow, etc., which the villagers proceed to "grab" after the eventful verse has been translated to them by Mr. Richards. It is always doubly effective to have a story told at one session, then enacted by the listeners at a second session, using their own ingenuity in reliving the parts.

Second Session. *Map Exercise:* Answering the Giant Question-mark.

Make a large poster with a large hand-drawn map of Africa in the center, blackened.

1. Call attention to the shape, like a giant question-mark, as if Africa were eternally asking, What can I do to be safe?

2. Tell what Africa is afraid of: Evil spirits supposedly lurking in air, earth, vegetation, etc.

3. Only way Africa knows how to feel safe is by wearing fetishes. Fasten some of these home-made charms around margin of the poster; e. g., meat bone, with meadow-grass chain for necklace; tooth; feathers, etc.

4. Notice Africa's shape: also like a giant ear—listening. To what? To such stories as Mr. Richards told daily. Review story of Great Grab. Speak of conscience.

5. Locate mission stations of your denomination by pasting paper candles in place. Why a candle? A light shining in a dark place.

6. Pictures of African villages, people, etc., to be pasted in remaining spaces of margins.

7. Africa in size equals combined areas of United States, Europe, India, and China.

THIRD SESSION. *Story:* "Tattoo-Marks." (See pp. 235-246.)

For this session the members of the group may wish to make an African village, a row of huts along both sides of a crooked roadway, with a palaver-house at one end, a stockade built around the village.

FOURTH SESSION. *Theme Contest:* An African Hero.

The life-story of one of the following great missionary heroes of Africa: Robert Moffat, David Livingstone, Bishop Hannington, Alexander Mackay, Mary Slessor, Dan Crawford, etc. For reference see such books as: "The Moffats" (Hubbard), "Livingstone, the Pathfinder" (Mathews), "Uganda's White Man of Work" (Fahs), "The White Queen of Okoyong" (Livingstone), "Back to the Long Grass" (Crawford).

Judges: Three church trustees.

FIFTH SESSION. *Poster contest, subject:* The Call from Africa.

These posters are to be developed by pictures and slogans and drawings, working in denominational statistics: all to present

the appeal of the Dark Continent, evangelistically, educationally, and medically. A witch-doctor, with fetishes, around the border of the poster, could make a striking "call."

Judges: Three other trustees.

The Great Grab

There never was a "grab" like it in the history of man. It was unbelievable! It was staggering! It was amusing! It was depressing! It was devastating! Yet, if the Man himself had not said that the grab could take place, it would never have occurred; at least, not on such an overwhelming scale. One by one, perhaps, the things might have disappeared just as they had been disappearing for four years—black feet would tiptoe secretly into the hut, and black hands would close covetously on a much-envied object: but that was theft, and every one knew it; whereas this other greater grab the Man himself permitted—oh, it was unbelievable—staggering—amusing. How people laughed! Long and low and guttural, at first; then in high glee. The little stars winked down in sheer surprise. Had such very special laughing ever risen from that jungle village in all the history of man? Never! Never!

You will be wanting to know all about it, for there is wonder in it, and dismay, and glee, and a happy ending. Moreover, every bit of it actually happened.

When he first came, he was better than a circus would be to you. Speaking very reverently of him, it is still true that he was like a continuous side-show to the people in that village on the Congo.

"What a lot of trouble he is to himself!" everybody thought, for he was surrounded by the most peculiar set of objects. Not a person in that village could guess what anything was. Surely this man was foolish above all men, for he took a little stick with stiff bristles on one end, and with these bristles and some water, he scrubbed his teeth. So silly of him! The very babies gurgled over such absurdity.

"He must be very proud of his teeth!" people chuckled, nudging one another. But by and by it was whispered in awe: "He has gold teeth. Not all. But some!"

Now nobody in all that tribe had ever had a gold tooth. People stopped laughing at the stick-with-bristles. They accepted it as necessary for the proper respect due to precious gold teeth. But although they accepted the tooth-brush, there were still the hundred and one other queer belongings. For instance, he sat on specially prepared pieces of wood, raised up in the air on legs.

"As if the ground weren't made to be sat on," people said, their eyebrows raised.

"It is those tight pieces of cloth he puts his legs into! Can a man sit just *anywhere* when his body is sheathed in such stuff as he wears?"

In fact, his clothes caused talk for a whole year. Shoes, for instance. What atrocities they were! Why should any sensible mortal want to wedge five toes into one big round leather toe—so stiff and tight and airless?

The only possible answer was, His feet are white. White feet must be very soft and tender. White bodies must be very sensitive, they evidently needed all sorts of nonsensical things: clothes, peculiar sticks of wood to sleep on—for a bed was the prize surprise, there was so much trouble to it! The funny legs, the queer mattress, the punchable pillows, the white sheets. All absolutely unbelievable, except, of course, that one could see and feel and handle with one's own eyes and hands. Or even steal these unbelievable things, when fortunate enough to succeed.

Here then was a man who was a great deal of trouble to himself. But otherwise quite harmless. He seemed to have come to live among them forever. Also, he seemed to have no other purpose than to talk.

Well, talk was a good thing. There was always plenty of time to sit in circles around him on the ground and let him talk. But their eyes were busy with his belongings. So that for a long time his talk went in one ear and out the other. They would interrupt him frequently with their deep questions:

"Are you really white all over?"

"Can a black man grow gold teeth?"

All this time the Man talked. It was good talking. About some one called God-the-Father. It took four years to tell them over and over how God-the-Father said, "Don't do this!" and "Don't do that!" They always nodded their black heads at the appropriate times: yes, this was a good talking. Yes, this was a wise talking. Yes, they had no doubt that it was all

true. But the Man became discouraged when he saw that they kept right on being the same kind of people—black feet still crept on tip-toe into his hut, black hands still closed covetously around much envied objects, in spite of that well-known "Don't" of God-the-Father: *Thou shalt not steal.*

The Man began to think. He thought very hard. He decided that "Don't" is a very cold part of the Bible; he decided that there was something warmer in it—the warmth of the Lord Jesus Christ to whom little children ran gladly, and for whom great men had left profitable businesses to give back dishonestly earned gain.

"I will try love on them," he said. And so, after four years of "Don't," he began that very day with the really fascinating Book of Luke. Every day he translated twelve verses into the dialect of that tribe, and the black people sat in circles on the ground around him listening with the first interest they had ever shown, for these stories were very real. All about a baby—shepherds—presents. These were things a person liked.

All went well, therefore, until one day the Man came to the sixth chapter and the thirtieth verse of that chapter. Put yourself in his place and see if you would want to read it to such a circle of covetous savages: "*Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again.*"

How dared he translate those words? Would not

all the feet that had stealthily crept into his hut, now come openly and—grab? Of course, he dared not translate. Moreover, he felt sure that the Saviour would understand why he skipped that verse. He would know that his missionaries needed proper equipment to carry on the work and sufficient simple comforts to keep them well and strong. Of course it was only right to omit the thirtieth verse.

But you know how it is with us; there's that little Something-Inside-Us-That-Talks-Back-At-Us. Conscience! And it began to talk back at the Man: what business had he to decide what to skip and what not to skip? Was it not all God's Word? It took him days and days—I think he probably had review lessons, to pass away the time while he debated—debated—oh, the dismay of it! The terrible indecision!

But there came a day when he stood in the usual spot with the usual crowd around him, and on the amazed ears of those listening people fell the thrilling words: "*Give to every man that asketh of thee,*" etc.

If the Man's heart beat faster than usual, consider how theirs beat! The bliss of it! The wild bliss! Would he never stop talking? For nobody was listening now; there was that momentous question to decide; what to take? What to take?

But when the Great Grab finally began, it was no longer a question of what to take, for everybody wanted everything, and the problem was to keep the thing you grabbed.

Picture it to yourself: the tropical sun beating down

on palm-trees, on bare black bodies bustling here and there, grabbing. See the strut of pride that young black brave displays as he sallies off with an umbrella, grinning from ear to ear. For of all things, an umbrella is the most laughable. In dry weather, a mere stick; in wet weather behold it spread out its black branches like some strange palm-tree! Hitherto in the rainy season, it had been sufficient to tear off a huge banana-leaf and balance it on the head; what style, therefore, to carry this collapsible bit of magic! He held it tight—clasped in his arms, and no one could pry it loose, although I assure you there were many who tried.

The grab went merrily on.

There was a general rush for that comical little round gleaming thing with a white face, which ticked inside as a tiger's kitten purrs, and slowly moved its two black whiskers over its face. Impossible as it was to believe, it was with this thing that the Man had been telling the time of day for four long years—no matter whether the sun rose visible or invisible. Now surely this was something to grab! It was grabbed! You would have thought it a Harvard-Yale football match, the way the new owner ran for home, tackled on all sides by rough hands, now tumbling down, now hurtling forward.

How shall I tell you of that congregation? Of the women who took boots for their bare feet? Handkerchiefs for their flat black noses? Spoons and forks—when hitherto fingers had been plenty good enough?

How shall I tell you of the desperate pillow fights? The mattress match? The awful pom-pom-pull-away of which each chair became the center? As for the bed, it was envied by whole families, who pummeled each other lustily over it; and the books—the food in tin cans—the dishes—the table—the pencils—who did not take what he could?

The Great Grab kept up for hours; and articles which belonged to one person one minute, belonged to another person another minute; for the muscles of some were better than the muscles of others. The girl who prinked into the mirror amazed at her own loveliness, prinked only a minute, for a warrior who needed to know how he looked as much as she, grabbed it from her. For the fiercer the war-paint, the more startled the enemy.

Yes, the Great Grab went on.

Down every little forest trail the Man saw his possessions disappearing in a whirl of flying arms and scurrying legs.

There never was a Bible verse so upsetting—so devastating. At nightfall he walked into his hut, and it was just a hut. Just a roof, like other roofs, thatched with palm-leaves; woven walls; a floor. It held nothing else, nothing.

I do not like to picture the Man lying down to sleep that night. With nothing but the floor. Yet surely he remembered that when the Lord Jesus was here among men, he had no place to lay his head, either. But I can feel the loneliness of it seeping into his very

bones. I can feel his utter dismay. What was he to do now, dear God? What, indeed!

And all this time there was wild laughter in the other huts. The little stars winked down in sheer surprise. There was the family with the umbrella, bent nearly double with laughter as they did the simple trick which made a foolish stick spread its black branches in the air above them. The mattress family rolled on the mattress—bounced up and down—proved a hundred times how soft it was! How shock-proof! They laughed and laughed.

The Spoon Family practised eating; the Fork Family also. They couldn't do it! They spilled things. They dropped things. They seemed all thumbs. "Here, let me try it!" ordered a vain-glorious father, only to be doused with the spoonful of liquid or spotted with the drippings from the fork. Laughter! As for the Clothes Family, their problems were legion: where to wear the various articles? How to climb in? How to walk in them? Which was front? Which back? How to climb out?

In fact, all over that kraal and far out in the deep black forest, the same mirth had seized every one. The Great Grab had been a complete success. Even the surprised little stars could see that.

The Man who was a hero to God could hear the sounds of it. I think the angels covered their faces with their wings. But God-the-Father is patient. He knows how to help heroes. And sinners.

Mirth had to die down some time, and one by one

the gay persons lay down on their floors to rest. And then, the high excitement over, a curious thing happened. That little "Something-Inside-That-Talks-Back" began to talk back to them, too.

"Selfish person," it said to each one's soul, "how about that White Man? A long way from his brothers in the tribe of White Men is he. He must be low in his heart, always, missing his father, his brothers. And what did he come for? To teach you the things of God-the-Father. To make your children wise enough to read the magic medicine. Yet think of him tonight—no bed, no pillows, no sheet, no candle, no table, no chair, no food, no book, no clothes—nothing. You have made him uncomfortable; he, used to the soft things of white men. His heart is low within him. Yet what word did he say to stop you?"

There is nothing like such inner conversations. They twist us, and turn us. We writhe! We deny! We stand up for ourselves. But black men and white men have a hard time of it when consciences begin to talk back at them. A very hard time, indeed. Even in the depth of an African jungle. Such a hard time of it, that toward morning down the forest trails came the soft patter of stealthy footfalls—somebody is bringing a mattress—somebody is bringing a pillow—somebody is bringing a chair—a table—a mirror—books—spoons—clothes——

"This must be Nzambi's (God's) Man," these somebodies whispered, awed. "We must not rob God's man."

If they had learned a lesson, God's Man had also, in the morning, when he saw the stack of his possessions at his door.

With a new joy in his face he read them the other chapters in Luke's Gospel, and the people listened earnestly. They wept as if their hearts would break when he came to the death of the Lord Jesus; but when they heard about the first Easter, it was as if Christ himself had risen in at least one heart, for the first convert came forward—Lutate was his name. He had to be hidden in the White Man's house for safeguarding, for his enemies tried to poison him. Then the chief's son was converted, and before long there were ten eager believers.

The Man took all ten of them with him on a trip through the surrounding forest villages, telling the story of Jesus. The ten grew to be a hundred. The hundred, two hundred. The two hundred, five hundred. The five hundred, eight hundred. More. More. Then a thousand.

But it all dated back to the Great Grab!

News of this marvelous revival reached America: The man who was first "White Man" to the African was known by name in America as *Mr. Henry M. Richards.* It became known that there was no church on the Congo big enough for those thousand persons, and a beautiful thing happened.

For there was in the city of Boston a famous church. The minister's name was Dr. A. J. Gordon. The members of Doctor Gordon's church decided to send

a chapel to Mr. Richards! It was in many sections, all ready to be put together. In the course of time, these sections arrived at the end of all transportation facilities, which was exactly sixty long, hard, rough miles from Banza Manteke where Mr. Richards lived. What were miles to those new Christians! They wanted that chapel; therefore, they volunteered their services and walked those sixty miles there and sixty miles back carrying the entire chapel *on their heads,* in seven hundred separate loads. Each trip took a week, yet some of them made that rough and tedious journey five times—their faces glowing with a new love and happiness—a happiness which had kept on growing ever since the Great Grab.

Surely you are remembering a Bible verse: "Freely ye have received, freely give." If it is true that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, then how he did love those new Christians in their new church. In the King's Book of Friendship their names are all written side by side with the name of the heroic Mr. Richards: "For ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

Tattoo-Marks

Tulu looked over his shoulder, and shuddered. For some one—or something—had certainly said to him, as clear as day, *"You ought not to have done it, Tulu!"*

Yet when he looked around, not a thing was to be seen but the slender tree-trunks and the tall grasses at

the edge of the forest. And who in all that forest could possibly know of the secret, stealthy thing he had just done? Had he not crept into the White Man's hut like some shadow cast by a tree in the moonlight, and had he not reached out his five black fingers like silent shadow-twigs as he clasped them on that small square object which he had grown to dread? Curious, that a little square thing should have such an uncomfortable way of making him wince. All the White Man had to do was to open that creature of his, flap its white leaves, covered with tattoo-marks, find the particular marks he wanted, read them aloud, and behold! Tulu would want to run far away! He hardly knew whether it was pain, or joy, or disgust, or trouble, that upset him so completely whenever that Creature-of-the-Tattoo-Marks appeared. Certain it was that he had stood it as long as he could . . . he had stealthily crept to the White Man's hut and stolen it.

"Ha! Ha!" he had grunted to himself. "How clever I have been! Now nothing can prick me! Now nothing can worry me as a lion worries a sheep!" But even as he ran swiftly along the little trail toward his own hut, this Creature-of-the-Tattoo-Marks began to burn his very fingers. . .

"Alas! Alas!" cried Tulu to himself. "What am I doing? Taking this White Man's magic into my hut? His strange powerful magic! If my fetishes have never protected me against it while it lay in his hut, what possible help will they be to me now that the thing is to lie in my hut? Somehow I must get

rid of it forever. At once. Before morning . . now let me see. . ."

Ah yes, the silvery sheen of moonlight on a dazzling water answered his question for him. Of course! Of course! Drowning—that was the thing to do. Sink all those teasing tattoo-marks in the bottom of this forest pool and silence them forever and ever!

With fast-beating heart he tossed the square heavy object into the center of that placid silver pool. *Splash!* and it had sunk. Immediately a series of little bubbles rose in gurgling protest against being disturbed at midnight. Then ripple after ripple started up in widening circles from each bubble, radiating out and out until they lapped against the reeds at the edge of the pool, making the dry stalks rustle against each other. Tulu watched those ripples, horrified.

"They look like the tattoo-marks on my body," he groaned; for curiously enough his own body was fantastically tattooed with intricate circles within circles—his shoulders, his back, his arms suddenly seemed merely the photograph of that pool. "Alas!" he shuddered superstitiously, "the patterns on my flesh will always be reminding me of this deed—at the center of each circle I can always know that there is lying the thing I stole from the White Man. But I shall laugh; bah! how I shall laugh, for it is lost forever!"

With confident stride he was hurrying home when that mysterious voice had seemed to say: *"You ought not to have done it!"* Yet not a human being was in

sight. Frozen with horror and fear, he ran all the rest of the way to his own hut and crept in to sleep beside his brothers on the floor. But whether he slept one hardly dares say; for in the morning one brother said: "Troubles certainly kept coming to your head all night, poor Tulu. You babbled over and over: 'Stop, ripples! Stop looking like my tattoo-marks!' I laughed to hear you muttering nonsense in the blackness of night."

Tulu looked at him sternly: "You light-headed boy! A youth like you ought to keep his ears closed in the dead of night." But that was only for effect, that remark. Actually, he was trembling. He had a disease called "Ripples," I think. He presently found that it might prove fatal. For he sought out the witch-doctor and asked for a new fetish.

"I want a charm to protect me from things lying at the bottom of a forest pool," he explained.

The witch-doctor rattled his rattles and swished his feathers and looked more truly awful than usual as he answered solemnly: "But that is the most difficult of all charms to procure. You would have to pay me well for it—perhaps a piece of new cloth, some beads, a dog bell or two."

Tulu began to look dreadfully discouraged: "I am not a person with possessions," he groaned. "I have no goods to give."

"But I thought you wanted the fetish badly," replied the sly and crafty gentleman, fingering his leopard-skin girdle indifferently.

Poor Tulu!

He owned nothing. A few fetishes to hang like necklaces around his neck. A lion skin to go around his waist, nothing more. You cannot do much with such poverty. He sat all day sunning his heels, lost in thought. And that night the impossible happened.

For at least he felt sure that he had silenced the White Man forever. Was not his Creature-of-the-Tattoo-Marks gone? But the amazing person went as usual to the tree near the palaver house. He hung his lantern on a hook. He played on the baby organ. He sang. Everybody sang. He prayed. Everybody prayed.

" But tonight he can't talk," chuckled Tulu.

But he did talk! No stammering confession here; no ashamed explanation that he was sorry to have no story this evening because. . . He stood there just as usual, only he began somewhat differently.

" Tonight there is some one in this town who has been pricked in his soul by the words I have been reading you about the Lord Jesus. Some one who dreaded those words so much that he has stolen my Bible and hoped to make an end of my talking. You foolish man! Did you not know that the words of the Lord God can never be destroyed? Did you not know that they are written on my heart even as you have patterns tattooed on your bodies? So tonight, even without my Book, I will continue where I stopped last evening."

Black wild thoughts raced around in Tulu's head!

These Christians, were they not wonderful? There seemed to be no stopping them. He sat there trembling while the new stories began to prick him and win him just as the other stories had been doing. "Alas!" he muttered, "I am like a little child in the presence of these tales!"

"I also," whispered a neighbor. "I would gladly torture the thief who stole the White Man's precious Bible. Who do you suppose it could be?"

"Who indeed?" asked Tulu, a bit uneasy in his heart. *Ripples within ripples!* He moved away as the final hymn was being sung, but above all the sound of singing and chattering he heard the voice of the White Man calling: "Tulu, my friend, there is a word I would say in your ear if you will linger a minute."

Tulu waited. Oh, for a fetish now! *Ripples within ripples. . .*

Presently the White Man said: "The others are gone; let us sit down so that we may have a palaver as friends like to do. But are you well, Tulu? I seem to see you shivering."

"No, no, White Man, Tulu does not shiver. He is well." *Ripples within ripples* . . . he rubbed his hand across his eyes to blot out that horrid disturbing sight. . .

"Good! I am glad to hear it, for I had been wondering. Wondering many things all day, for last night, Tulu, I saw a shadow creep into my hut to steal my Book of God. I have been wondering ever since what that shadow did with the Book. For just as the

shadow slipped out of my hut, behold! the moon shone upon the shadow's bare shoulder and there I saw circular tattoo-marks, ring within ring, such as my brother Tulu has tattooed upon his shoulders. But I said, 'No, it cannot be my brother Tulu, for he would never treat me so.' Yet, alas, the shadow turned its face to be sure that I was still asleep, and lo! it was indeed my brother Tulu. So I have been wondering many things all day. Did you steal my Book for love of it, Tulu?"

And Tulu had no fetish! There was nothing to protect him! *Ripples within ripples. . .*

"O White Man," he cried, "I stole that book from hatred of it! That Book! Why, it was making me into a little girl! It was making me into an old woman! Were the feet of Tulu to be found upon the war-path with the other young fellows of his tribe? No, he sat spellbound listening to tattoo-marks which told him of the Lord God. Bah! is that a thing for a brave young warrior to do with his strength? I hated your Book. It was a chain around my ankles. So I drowned it in a forest pool where neither you nor any other man nor the Lord God himself can ever find it again. And tomorrow, with a fetish strong enough to save me, I shall not be so weak and shivering."

The White Man sighed, ever so gently. Who was he to blame this fine young savage for thinking things his race had always thought? "Tulu, listen! You have that fetish now. Forever and forever you are safe, if you have the Lord God in your heart."

Tulu mumbled. He would have liked to get up and leave, but the White Man had his arm around his shoulder. " My brother, do you remember how, when I first came to your tribe, I had to learn to speak your language? How I would point at a chicken, at a tree, at a man, at a child, and get you to say the words for such things in your language so that I could write down on paper the way they sounded to me? You never knew that words could be set down on paper; you looked at them in terror, crying, ' They are magic tattoo-marks!' Well, Tulu, I was lonely in those days. I listened for the sound of a man's voice to speak my own tongue, and there was none to speak it. I looked for the comfortable things I was used to seeing, but there was no White Man's comfort for me. So while I learned your strange new words I made chairs to sit on and tables to write on and a bed for sleeping. I explained these curiosities to the men of your tribe as best I could, and they proudly called me ' brother.' You called me ' brother,' too, and I was comforted down in my heart for the lack of other men from the tribe of white men. I lived in a simple hut of palm-leaves and mats like yours, but I was happy. Long after you went to sleep I would sit up learning your language; night after night I covered new leaves of whiteness with tattoo-marks, translating the Book of God into your tongue. Night after night; day after day; moon after moon. Is it not so? "

Tulu nodded miserably. *Ripples within ripples:* what had he dared do?

"And when it was all translated, my brother, I sent a copy of it to the town near the sea, where there is a printing-press, to have enough copies printed for my new brothers. But meanwhile I kept my other copy to use in teaching the things of God to the men of your tribe. And now you tell me with glee that my Book lies deep down in a forest pool. I ask you—is that the way to treat a brother? A brother who has left all for your sake?"

Tulu was in torture. "Don't!" he cried, "don't! I did not want to hurt you, White Man, but that hurting is nothing compared to the way your Book was hurting me. A fearless fellow had become a little child! People taunted me: 'See what a gentle little old woman Tulu has become!'"

The White Man laid his white hand on Tulu's dark one: "There is nothing so strong as gentleness, my brother! The strong lion could kill its little cub with one slap of its great paw or with one gnash of its cruel jaw—but no, its strength becomes weak and gentle and tender. The little cub plays safely under that destructive paw, it is carried safely by the nape of its neck between those once cruel but now gentle teeth. The Lord God loves your strength, He delights in your great muscles, like giant cords. He smiles at your tirelessness upon these forest trails. 'I can make use of Tulu's strength,' he says, 'but only if I find his strength is gentleness and helpfulness.'"

A great light broke upon Tulu's poor black heart. "Tell me again," he cried.

"'My strength is made perfect in weakness,'" the White Man quoted; "it is in God's Book."

Tulu bowed his head: "And it is tattooed on my heart! O White Man, how should you—with your smooth flesh—know the torture and the ecstacy of the little prickings that must go deep into the skin to form a pattern? Well, you have done this on my heart! You have tattooed a pattern of the Lord Jesus, and as the pattern grew you stabbed me more than I could bear. All the tribe could see it: 'Tulu is not the same fellow.' I was ashamed then. But now I have a pride in my shame—O White Man, dare I be happy with the Book gone forever?"

The White Man stood up, smiling: "There has been a secret on my lips all evening. Walk with me to the door of my hut, and I will show you the secret. For today carriers came staggering along the trail with heavy packages. Look, my brother, look!"

Tulu lifted the neck of one of the burlap sacks—Bibles! Bibles! Bibles! More than a man could count on the fingers of both hands, and other sacks equally full. A great smile broke over his black face: "How the Lord God has been laughing at me today! He knew I could never destroy all his Bibles!"

The White Man opened a Bible, and pointing to a certain verse, he read, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

I think that you would have loved to see Tulu the next morning out on those little forest trails delivering Bibles—a wide smile on his face, no fear in his heart.

It was all that he knew enough to do for the Lord, but he did it with all his strength. But the thing you would have loved most of all would have been Tulu's young brothers, those jolly impish little creatures who wriggled all through school and giggled all through church.

Tulu wanted to make them Christian. He did not know how. He was so very new at it, himself—but he looked at those little brothers critically. I assure you that they were worth looking at, with their slim and shiny black bodies, their wide white smiles, their twinkling bright eyes, their great mops of woolly black hair.

Tulu looked and looked and looked. Then, suddenly, he knew. To him there was just one Christian fetish—one charm to make and keep a person safe: tattoo-marks.

He went to the missionary: "White Man, can you print me out, very big and plain, some Bible verse to tell how God's man is a brave man?"

The missionary printed Daniel 11 : 32.

"And now, is there a verse to show that the Lord God doesn't love the white man any more than he loves the black man?"

There was! The missionary printed Romans 2 : 11, very large and clear.

"Well this is fine! But now I want a verse to praise God's preacher. Can you find one?"

He could! He printed Romans 10 : 15.

But little he dreamed what was to happen. One

wonders whether he would have stopped the proud and painful tattooing which was slowly but surely being pricked upon the jet black backs of three small boys! Vain boys, because who else in all their tribe carried such distinguished marks of learning as the little fellow who was "finished" first and whose back announced to all his world, *"They that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits"?*

Surely there never was embroidery such as this! Brother Number II was enormously excited when his back finally could say, *"There is no respect of persons with God."*

Then, by and by, Brother Number III had his "dress" done, too, *"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace."*

Every blessed one of them a little Sandwich Board that he who runs may read! Small Master Exploits, I wonder, are you still walking with Tulu down some dangerous jungle trail to carry news of God to savage men? And little Mister No-Respecter, are you telling every one you meet how the Saviour of mankind is truly *everybody's,* since he was born neither black nor white but the soft and lovely brown of Palestine babies? While you, Master Beautiful Feet, are you preaching a gospel of peace in the heart of your savage jungle? For wherever you are, you three, as your backs grow straighter and taller and stronger they are living symbols that——

"My Word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish the thing whereto I sent it."

RECREATION SUGGESTIONS TO SUPPLEMENT THE LESSONS ON AFRICA

1. *Presents from Africa*

Explain to the players that the world's supply of Rubber, Ivory, Gold, and Diamonds comes largely from Africa. Label each of the four corners of the room with the name of one of these commodities. The game consists of a story made up by a story-teller in a most impromptu fashion, involving articles made of gold, ivory, etc. The moment the story mentions the commodity indirectly, there is silence, and the players must rush to the proper corner. Those who have been inattentive, or slow to guess, must drop out; e. g., "Once upon a time Mr. and Mrs. Smith were playing *Mah Jong* (stop—"Ivory" is the suggested word), when their son Billy accidently hit his father with a *ball* (stop—"Rubber"), and broke his *watch* (stop—"Gold"). His father said he must get it fixed at once, and jumped into his auto when he heard the blowing out of a *tire* (stop—"Rubber"). Mr. Smith wondered what time it was and pulled out his *watch* (stop—"Gold") only to discover it was broken, so—" etc.

2. *Crossing the Equator*

Choose sides and captains. The captains are to be blindfolded and thereby turned into crocodiles doomed to lie on their stomachs along the equator, which is a rope (or a chalk-line) stretched across the middle of the floor. As the crocodiles lie stretched straight out toward one another, there must be a distance of six inches between their finger-tips, through which dangerous six inches the wary travelers from each side must try to cross the equator until each side has sent every player to attempt this crossing, alternately. The crocodiles are hungry for prey and wave their arms as wildly as is possible in such a prone state, and if they *touch* a traveler he becomes "devoured" and out of the game. The beauty of it is that a blindfolded crocodile captain can never know whether he is "devouring" one of his own team or not! You can make the game more difficult by pinning on each player the name of a well-known missionary in Africa. The crocodile must tell this name in three guesses before "devouring" the player.

3. *A Two Minute Palaver*

Place on the table the model of the palaver house, with four cups inside the door, a set of separate labeled slips in each cup, (1) name of African animals, such as camel, elephant, crocodile, monkey, (2) name of place, such as African jungle, African forest, African village, etc., (3) name of person, such as African chief, African cannibal, African witch-doctor, (4) name of Christian influence of some sort—church, hospital, school, missionary.

Every player must draw a slip from every bowl, after being summoned "to sit in the palaver-house with the men of the village and tell in two minutes what has happened to you." Each player is then timed, and the story must last exactly one hundred and twenty seconds, as a yarn is spun from the four slips about: "One day, in the heart of an African *jungle* I met a fierce *cannibal* and was turning to run when there stood a *tiger,*" etc. The players then vote for the best "palaver."

4. *Returning the Great Grab*

Pin on the wall an African hut, with a doorway. Provide the players with pencil and paper on which they are to draw one of the objects "grabbed" from Mr. Richards. Armed with the drawing and a pin, each player is to be blindfolded and sent forth to return his grab to Mr. Richards' front door, if possible.

HANDWORK

The needs of a missionary may be ascertained by the group by writing to denominational headquarters. One group sent sixty colored celluloid thimbles; sixty colored workbags, six by nine; sixty packages of needles; sixty packages of pins; sixty scrapbooks showing pictures of American life. The missionary in Africa wrote back that "My sewing class was rendered speechless for half an hour, but has not stopped talking about it ever since! How can I thank you?"

IX

[JUNE]

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND, AFTER LOOPING THE GLOBE, RETURNS TO AMERICA

These are the goggles to prevent eye-strain! They may be cut from black cardboard, with circles of white paper pasted on as lenses.

It is possible to build up a very congested tenement district with gray hat-boxes, the bottom side forming the roof; alleys lie between the boxes, with clothes-line stretched from building to building, washing dangling. In cutting the windows do not cut away the cardboard, but divide each window space into sections, cutting like shutters to be be folded back and painted black. The back view shows how floors and rooms may be made by fitting shoe-boxes inside the other box, removing the bottoms, leaving only the four sides to form floors, ceilings and side walls. Clamp these in place with brass paper fasteners. Neat window curtains for a Christian Center may be pieces of shelf-paper, or the scalloped paper edging in candy-boxes. Use spools or pill-boxes for chimneys, painted red. Have one story for each room in the tenement, telling what is made there. On the day when the story

Front view.

Back view.

is told have this object pulled through the window by a string, with the story pinned to it. The following prices are several years old, and may have varied recently (for the better, let us hope!): (1) *Baby's dress* (50 cents for a dozen, sell in stores for $2.98); (2) *buttons on cards* (twenty-four buttons on card, woman receives 5 cents for sewing buttons on twelve cards); (3) *baby's bootee* (25 cents for making a dozen); (4) forget-me-nots (3 cents for making one hundred and forty-four); (5) roses (8 cents for making one hundred and forty-four); (6) men's neckties (15 cents for lining, turning, and pressing a dozen neckties; New York City alone buys *half a million* neckties a day!). Send to National Child Labor Committee, New York City, for latest tenement prices.

If you have a Christian Center in town label the corners of the boxes with names of actual streets, and have one of your handwork activities the making of a Christian Center, with rooms like the real rooms. This will necessitate a visit, fortunately, and real contacts!

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND, AFTER LOOPING THE GLOBE, RETURNS TO AMERICA

OUTLINE OF FIVE SESSIONS ON NEW AMERICANS AND WHO GIVES US OUR DAILY NECESSITIES INCLUDING A CHILDREN'S DAY PROGRAM

Country: The United States.

Aim: To show that we are dependent for our daily comforts on unknown workers, whose lives are often perplexed and lonely and overburdened in this new land to which they have come.

Memory Hymn for the Month: "Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun" (three verses as given in Children's Day program).

Key Bible Verse: "The merry heart hath a continual feast" (Proverbs 15 : 15).

FIRST SESSION. *Children's Day Exercise:* "Making the Merry-Go-Round Go Round."

1. *Hymn:* "Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart."
2. *Responsive Reading.*
3. *Pantomime Story:* "The Black Daffodil." (See pp. 258-273.)

While this is told by a story-teller it is to be acted in pantomime by the little Japanese boy (kimono), Takata, the Boss, and all the Smiths, and a Deacon. The only equipment necessary will be (1) a table with a telephone on it, and two chairs, placed on left-hand side of platform, so that the boy may telephone as indicated by the story; (2) on the right-hand side of platform a church pew, into which the entire Smith family are to file, introduced, off-hand, by the story-teller: "This is Mrs. Smith, and Algernon Smith, aged ten, and Angelina Smith, his twin," etc. They put envelopes in the collection-plate passed by the Deacon; Penny prays at her mother's knee, etc., as in story. It will add to the appeal if Penny actually does *speak aloud in church* when the envelopes are put in the plate.

4. *Recitations.*

Immediately following the story a group of recitations may continue the same line of thought.

(1) "Penny Smith" goes over to the telephone, and taking off the receiver recites into it:

I'd like to send a whisper song
Across the water blue,
And say to all the boys and girls:
"Jesus loves you!"

At first they may not understand,
They'll wonder if it's true,
So I'll just keep on whispering:
"Jesus loves you!"[1]

(2) "Tennyson Smith" kneels at Mrs. Smith's knee and recites, with closed eyes and clasped hands:

Dear Father, there's the other boy tonight,
Who's praying to a god that's made of wood.
He asks it to take care of him till light
And love him—but it won't do any good.

He is so far I cannot make him hear;
I'd call to him and tell him, if I could,
That you'll take care of him, that you are near
And love him—for his god is made of wood.

I know he'd ask you if he only knew,
I know he'd love to know you if he could,
Dear God, take care of him, and love him too—
That other boy, whose god is made of wood.

(3) "Algernon" and "Angelina Smith" take Shoichi Hatanaka by the hand.

Shoichi Hatanaka:

If every little child could see
Our Saviour's shining face,
I think that each one eagerly
Would run to his embrace.

[1] Verses by W. H. Neidlinger.

Angelina:

Though black the hand, red, yellow, white,
All hearts are just the same;
Each one is precious in God's sight,
Each one he calls by name.

Algernon:

And those who hear in every land
With loyal hearts and true,
Will grasp some little brother's hand
And lead him onward, too.[2]

5. *Hymn:* "I Think When I Read that Sweet Story of Old."

6. *Dramatized Story:* "How the Artist Forgot Four Colors." (See pp. 274-278.)

For this story the Artist may be either a man or a woman, as preferred, wearing an artist's smock and carrying palette and paint-brush. Requirements: an easel with a large canvas on it, placed with back of canvas toward the audience. A story-teller narrates the story, Artist painting and Primary children posing in white clothes, singing "Around the Throne of God in Heaven," repeating chorus softly when indicated. Later, Artist leaves platform, returns to find that, one by one, new children of other races are being added to the group already posing, in response to the Stranger's "call."

7. *Demonstration of the Merry-Go-Round Year's Work.*

Whichever group in the church has been following the Merry-Go-Round suggestions should now be given an opportunity to show where the circle of lessons has taken them, in some such way as this:

(1) Member of group to show globe: "You know how we say Merry Christmas to each other on Christmas morning? Well, our department has been discovering this year how that 'merry' has been going round the world ever since that first Christmas Day when Jesus Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost. We have called our discovery Merry-Go-Round, because it was Jesus himself who first said *Go*—don't you remember, 'Go

[2] Verses by Alfred R. Lincoln.

ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.'" (Swirl the globe.) "I guess you know better than I do how Singer sewing-machines go round the world, kerosene oil goes around too, Ford automobiles go round; and so, because I'm a Christian, and Jesus said 'Go!' to me, I'm glad to help the message of Merry Christmas to go round, just as this hymn says."

Group sings:

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does its successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

(2) Second member of group: "Before we started on our Merry-Go-Round, some of us were very much like the Artist who forgot four colors! But now that we've seen the merry going round, we know that hearing about Jesus makes the black children and the yellow children and the brown children as happy as it makes us. So even though we discovered many different ways to *go,* you'll hear how everywhere we went the children were singing the same song"—(up on the platform should come selected members of the group carrying the various life-sized "Go" vehicles in such a way that to the audience they really seem to be riding; they sing:)

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

(3) Each of the "riders" on the Merry-Go-Round vehicles may give in a few sentences his or her story, mentioning the country represented. All sing:

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

8. *Offering.*
9. *Benediction.*

[An exhibit of the handwork should be on display following the program, each country having a separate table with village of houses, dolls, vehicles, etc., with the research posters on the wall behind the tables.]

Second Session. *Story:* "The Bean Pole." (See pp. 278-294.)

Have on display string-beans and cans of string-beans to give point to the plot. Such summer centers always need toys, picture-books, games, etc. Send to Council of Women for Home Missions, 150 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., for needs and addresses.

Third Session. *Research Posters:* "The Merry-Go-Round Meal."

Send to M. E. M. for picture-sheet on "How We Are Fed" for pictures to help the individual posters which will show how one meal may have circled the globe on its way to us:

1. *Orange Poster:* Pictures of oranges and Japanese pickers (recall "The Black Daffodil").

2. *Vegetable Poster:* Pictures of vegetables, especially beans (recall "The Bean Pole").

3. *Tea Poster:* From India; Assam; China.

4. *Date Poster:* From Arabia; dromedaries.

5. *Olive Poster:* From Spain; pictures of olives and Spaniards.

6. *Sugar Poster:* From Cuba; pictures of sugar, sugar-cane, Cubans.

7. *Salmon Poster:* From Alaska; pictures of fish, Alaskans, totem-poles.

8. *Bread Poster:* From wheat grown on prairies, "amber waves of grain."

After such posters have been displayed and explained (and others readily suggestive, also) the key memory verse has a new meaning!

Fourth Session. *Research Posters:* "The Merry-Go-Round Clothes."

In the same way as above, discover by individual posters where the following articles were obtained: (1) *Silk,* spun from

silkworms by Japanese girls in Japan, woven in silk-mills in America, perhaps by Hungarian girls; (2) *hair nets,* from China —see EVERYLAND for February, 1925, for picture and poem; (3) *cotton dress,* (*a*) cotton picked by Negroes in the South, (*b*) woven by mountaineer girls in cotton-mills, (*c*) sewed by Jews in clothing factories; (4) *shoes,* (*a*) leather from cattle raised by cowboys, (*b*) foreign shoemaker, (*c*) Greek shine-boy, (*d*) rubber for heels from Africa; (5) *lace,* from India, perhaps; (6) *beads,* from Czechoslovakia; (7) *straw hat,* (*a*) straw, woven by Italians in factory, (*b*) forget-me-nots, made in tenement homes by Italian families, etc.

FIFTH SESSION. *Research Posters:* "The Merry-Go-Round House."

In the same fashion as just described the articles in a home will be found to come from all over the world. Magazine advertisements will prove ideal. Send also for picture-sheet, "How We Are Sheltered" (M. E. M.). Such research as this can easily carry a group through months of study, supplemented by stories, e. g., *lumber,* see "Shining Mark" in "Some Boys and Girls in America" (George H. Doran Company, publisher, New York), and *coal,* see "Finis and the February Face," in same book; and *cotton,* see "Black Is Such a Lovely Color," same book.

THE BLACK DAFFODIL

Of all Christian things in this Christian land the most astonishing was the Black Daffodil (not that he knew it was Christian; not at first). To begin with, instead of growing in the ground where daffodils usually grow, it sat on a table indoors and rested on its round black bulb from which grew two long green roots—one stretched from the table into the wall, the other grew into a long black bud. As if this were not curious enough, it was a fact that if you held the bud against your ear and talked loudly into the daffodil

itself, somebody always talked back at you. Somebody who said, "Number, please!"

You can see for yourself, that it was magic, pure and simple, the sort of thing an *O-ba-san* (grandmother) might tell as a fairy-tale in Japan, where everybody was Japanese and spoke Japanese and thought Japanese and looked Japanese. America was quite different. Shoichi Hatanaka knew all about America. He had kept his eyes open—wide open—and he knew everything about everything (or thought he did!), except the Black Daffodil. At first he had thought it was possibly an idol: there it sat on its little table, rather like a shrine, and every morning the Honorable Boss (he with the red whiskers) would come in, sit down before it, and shout American words into the daffodil. They really might be prayers, those words. Certainly it happened every morning, and the Boss always looked fairly meek, fairly subdued. Ordinarily he blustered a great deal, and paraded his importance. Before the Black Daffodil he looked like a very peaceable soul!

This was all too much for the curiosity of the young Shoichi Hatanaka. He decided that it would be well for him to make a prayer also. He knew exactly how to do it. Hadn't he been watching like a detective for days and days? He waited until the Honorable Boss had gone tramping off among the orange groves, then he crept into the office, bowed politely toward the shrine of the Black Daffodil, took off the black bud, pressed it against his ear, and was about to shout his prayer

into the Daffodil, when—suddenly! crashingly! startlingly!—the Black Daffodil shouted into him, *"Number, please!"*

Imagine! He hadn't supposed that anywhere in the whole world there was a god-who-talked-back-at-you! I doubt if there ever was anybody in America with such weak knees, such trembling legs, such nerveless hands. The "bud" dropped from his fingers and dangled useless at the end of its little green "root." Poor Shoichi Hatanaka! He sat there frightened stiff, unable to move or think, glued to the chair, apparently. Paralyzed. Then gradually his courage came back to him; he could hear buzzing inside the Daffodil. . .

He decided to leave. And at once! He took to his heels and ran, ran, ran, ran. I think that he might be running yet if he had not seen his own mother down the road; she never knew what made him pant so breathlessly or act so speechless, rescued by her comforting arms.

"Mother!" he cried, in Japanese.

"This America!" she grunted, resentfully. It was too big a country. It was too strange a people. She never understood what was happening. Never. Not even after eight years of it. But she understood Shoichi Hatanaka. She crooned Japanese words into his ears. They might have sounded like mere tiddledywinks of words to you. To him, they were wonderfully comforting. He began to act like a young hero once more. He left the protection of her wide kimono sleeve. Grinning, he soon ran off to help his father

pack oranges in a big crate—perhaps the very oranges you had for breakfast yesterday or the day before.

But of course he was more curious still about the Daffodil God who talked to men and murmured "Number, please!" Although he considered himself a fluent speaker of "American," he simply could not imagine what such a combination of words could mean. He decided that he must make one more test.

He watched his chance, therefore, and when the Boss was away, again he crept into the office where the Daffodil shrine was placed. Again he held the bud against his ear, again he had a prayer all ready to say, again the Daffodil got ahead of him. "Number, please!" it whispered.

But he had rather expected it this time, so with great boldness he bowed at it politely and shouted: "Honorably excuse. No got any number, but——"

The voice sounded provoked: "I'll give you Information."

There were clickings and buzzings. Then the first goddess was heard to say, "Give this party Information."

Instantly a second goddess answered, "Information speaking."

Shoichi Hatanaka was completely puzzled. What to do now?

"Information speaking," the voice of the second goddess reminded him.

"Honorably thanks," he bowed, with the most elaborate politeness.

"Hello! Hello! What party did you want, please?"

Meekly he bowed again: "Honorably excuse. It is to making a pray——"

More buzzings, clickings: "Speak a little louder, please; I can't hear you."

The heart of Shoichi Hatanaka was beating like a trip-hammer. The little he had to say seemed unworthy of this Great Listening One.

Just then in came Takata. Takata, you must know, was almost as important as the Boss, although he was Japanese. He looked at Shoichi Hatanaka in surprise.

"Who said you could using that telephone?" he thundered.

The boy looked at him in rebuke with a finger on his lips: "'Sh! 'Sh! I pray!"

"Pray? Through a telephone?" gasped Takata, amazed. "The boy's gone crazy!" he trembled, and hung up the receiver quickly. "What to do?" he asked.

Shoichi Hatanaka explained. He had been about to pray to whatever gods or goddesses lived enshrined in the Daffodil.

Takata stared at him curiously: "Gods? In America? There are no gods in America. I spend fifteen winter and fifteen summer here. I make a walk up and down the country. I make a walk up and down the city. I make a look here. I make a look there. I ask mans. I asks womans. No god. Not one. Nowhere."

Shoichi Hatanaka pointed at his Daffodil: "What that?"

Takata laughed: "Speak me no more such a foolishness! Are you green that you never see a talk-box before? I, on this end, talking at somebody on San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, New York, no matters how much miles between."

Magic! Sheer magic. Shoichi Hatanaka could not believe a word of it. So then Takata told about wires stretching east, west, north, south, all over America. The voice went over the wires.

More magic! Who could ever believe such nonsense?

Takata grew excited: "Listen, idiot boy. Suppose you got dog. Nice very long dog. So much long a dog that the tail of him wag in San Francisco, and the head of him wag here in Orange Valley. Well! Somebody pull dog-tail in San Francisco. Where your dog bark, eh?"

"Here!" shouted Shoichi Hatanaka, beaming. Telephones suddenly seemed very simple affairs, indeed. He understood them. But that very night after he got to bed, just as he dozed off, he began wondering all over again: a black daffodil here, a black daffodil there, green roofs stretching between—miles and miles and miles of green roofs all over America—but no god. Not one.

Except, of course, on the godshelf of his own little shanty. Oh, there were plenty of gods there. Big ones, little ones, wooden ones, brass ones, brought all

the way over from Japan in his mother's bundles years before when she was a little Picture Bride. The god of wealth, for instance, a little brass god standing on brass bales of rice which were being nibbled by a small brass mouse. Every morning of his life Shoichi Hatanaka had to kneel before that godshelf, had to clap his hands as if to say, "Honorably condescend to notice my small and insignificant self come to worship you." Then he would lay a bowl of rice on the shelf and go away, feeling that he had done everything possible to keep the gods in a good humor with the family that day. Sometimes this all seemed rather useless; especially during those dreadful weeks before they came to the orange groves, those weeks when there was never enough rice for the family rice-bowls, and yet up on that shelf a fresh morning offering was always placed . . . were the gods off on a spirit journey that they did not notice seven empty Japanese stomachs? Seven pale, pinched, hungry Japanese faces? Seven smileless Japanese mouths? Seven-times-two anxious hollow eyes?

"Perhaps," his mother sighed, "perhaps Japanese gods can't have such power in a strange land."

That was it, of course.

His father thought so. His sisters thought so. He thought so. It was then that they began wondering about an American god. But although they looked and looked, and asked and asked, nobody knew of any such god. Think of it! Right here in our own America!

And only sixteen miles away there was Mr. Smith. Also Mrs. Smith. Algernon Smith, too (aged ten). Angelina Smith (his twin). Tennyson Smith (seven). And Penelope Smith. Penny was only six. But every blessed Smith, from Penny to Papa, sat in church on Sunday morning, with Mamma at one end of the pew and Papa at the other end. Every blessed Sunday morning the dear Smiths sang every hymn at the top of their dear clear voices. Every blessed Sunday morning the dear Smiths dived down into their pockets and fetched up an offering all nicely sealed in a little white envelope. There were two parts to the envelope: one part read, "*For the support of the work of this church,*" and the other part read, "*For the support of the missionary work of our denomination at home and abroad.*"

You were supposed to put some of your Sunday offering in one side, and some in the other side. But Papa Smith never did. He put it all in one side. The side that supported his own church. It was too bad! But no one could persuade him to change. The minister had tried. The deacons had tried. Mamma Smith had tried. But always he replied: "No, not one red cent in the other half of those envelopes from any of the Smith family. I don't believe in missions. The heathen are perfectly satisfied with what they've got, and America suits me just as it is."

So neither Algy nor Angy nor Tenny nor Penny had ever put anything in the other side of their envelopes. Probably that is why they had always asked so

many questions about it. Why did Papa never fill that side? And what was the matter with it, anyhow? Deep down in their hearts every single little Smith was sorry, dreadfully sorry. And one Saturday night Penelope Smith prayed for that empty half of her Sunday envelope. Penny prayed for everybody and everything in the dearest, most affectionate fashion. She prayed for the laundress; and for Jake, who shoveled the walks; and for Mike, the one-legged newsboy, down-town; sometimes when she was sleepiest she added a tired: "And you know who else needs praying for. Amen."

This particular Saturday night she was really very, very sleepy; so sleepy that she completely forgot about saying, "Amen," until she had opened her eyes. She was just closing her eyes to add the "Amen," when she saw the church envelopes in a row, fixed the way Papa Smith always fixed them—by ages: Algy's first, Angy's next, then Tenny's, then Penny's. One side of each envelope bulgy; the other side very limp and flat and empty.

"And oh, dear Jesus," prayed Penny, "do please bless our poor little empty 'velopes. Amen."

"Now that's a silly prayer," said Tennyson Smith sarcastically; he just happened to be passing through the room.

Penny's sleepiness vanished in the twinkling of an eye. "It's a puffekly lovely prayer," she said. "Why, I like that prayer better'n the one for the one-legged boy, 'cause Mike *has* things inside him. Papa's

oranges, Mamma's soups, and everything. But our 'velopes hasn't one least sol'tary thing in their insides. I guess they need praying for. I guess God likes me to pray for empty things."

Tennyson went on his way in that dreadfully superior fashion of brothers a year or two older.

Penny felt small. But she wouldn't admit it: "Just you wait and see, Tenny Smith. God likes me to pray for empty things."

Tenny told Algy, of course; Algy told Angy; Angy told Mamma; which meant that straight down the whole line in the Smith pew every Smith put his or her envelope into the collection-plate that Sunday morning with a very special glance at the empty side, and a second glance at Penny. Now Penelope Smith always looked too good to be true in church. It was partly the organ music which made her feel like an angel and look like a saint, with her yellow bobbed hair like a gold halo and her wide blue eyes very reverent and awed. Surely you are realizing what a squeezable child Penny was!

Especially on this particular Sunday morning, as she sat next to Papa Smith. She felt all the Smith eyes upon her, and as the collection-plate came traveling back toward her she laid her contribution on it and said, "God bless my poor little empty 'velope." This was really done to impress Tennyson.

But the person whom it most impressed was Papa Smith. "'Sh!" he whispered, scandalized. "You mustn't speak aloud in church, Penny."

"It was a prayer," Penny explained. Then, wistfully: "Prayers is proper in church, I thought."

He had to smile. She looked so small and sweet and serious. *Praying for an empty envelope!* He must remember to tell the joke to Deacon Jones. Deacon Jones was his partner in business—"SMITH & JONES Co.," the sign-board read. Everybody in town called them the Orange Kings because they owned so many hundreds of miles of orange groves.

Sunday dinner passed as usual. That afternoon Papa Smith said that it was such a pleasant day he and Bob Jones were going to ride out to Orange Valley. They wanted to see the Boss a moment. Just a small trifle, but it couldn't be arranged by telephone very well.

There were at least four young Smiths who wanted to make the trip, but they were not invited. Only Deacon Jones was invited.

It was sixteen miles to Orange Valley, and during one of those miles Deacon Jones heard the story of Penny's prayer.

He was supposed to smile at the joke. But he did not smile at all. He looked Papa Smith in the eye, "'A little child shall lead them,'" he quoted from the Old Testament.

Papa Smith looked uncomfortable. "What's that?" he muttered.

"Just a way of saying that Penelope's not the only member of our church praying for those empty Smith envelopes, Tom."

After which there was silence all the way to Orange Valley.

Of course you haven't forgotten who lived at Orange Valley—the Boss, Takata, and Shoichi Hatanaka, among others.

Since it was Sunday the Boss was sitting on the little porch outside his office with his feet on the railing. Takata sat on the railing. Both of them were laughing. They were laughing about the Black Daffodil.

The Boss simply couldn't get over it. "A god inside my telephone!" he roared, with tears of amusement rolling down his cheeks into his red whiskers. "Can you beat it? That little fellow praying to a god inside a phone! Say, Takata, you go get that kid; I'd like to see him."

Takata strolled down to the shacks where the Japanese workmen lived. The Boss kept on chuckling with amusement, for on Sundays he was really a very pleasant person. He was feeling more pleasant than usual on account of the absurd little Japanese boy when suddenly there was a loud *Honk!* and lo, "SMITH & JONES CO." had arrived at his very feet. Quickly he removed his feet from the railing and stood on them. He no longer felt so pleasant. If he had only known the Orange Kings were coming today! There were certain things he didn't want them to see—what *could* he do to keep them from prying around, asking embarrassing questions?

Just then he saw Takata leading a small boy. The very thing!

He shook hands with the two gentlemen from the city. Then he began to chuckle; he forced new tears of laughter to roll down his cheeks into his red whiskers. He began slapping his legs in high glee: "Mr. Smith! Mr. Jones! I've got the funniest thing to tell you—haw! haw! haw! Here comes the little chap that did it—you'll hardly believe it, but that little chap actually prayed to the telephone in your office here." He slapped his hands once more.

"Prayed to the telephone in our office," repeated the partners in a duet.

More tears ran down the red, red cheeks of the red, red Boss. "That's it! Thought the phone was a god! Says he watched me praying into it every morning! Haw! Haw! Haw! That was when I was phoning in town to you for the day's orders, see? Haw! Haw! Haw!"

Mr. Jones looked at Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith looked at his feet. For some reason he began to feel uncomfortable again. He wished the Boss would not slap his hands so noisily.

Shoichi Hatanaka wished this also. For he was uncomfortable, too. He felt quite sure that all these important gentlemen standing around were going to scold him for touching the Black Daffodil.

Mr. Jones said, "So you're the little boy that prayed to the telephone?"

The Japanese boy bowed politely.

"But what made you think that the telephone was a god?"

Shoichi Hatanaka was truthful by nature. He jerked an elbow at the very uneasy red-whiskered Boss: "Mr. Honorably Boss pray every day into Black Daffodil. If good for *him,* praying, good for me."

"But what made you think he was praying?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" chuckled the Boss, wishing he had kept quiet almost immediately afterward.

"Mr. Honorably Boss speaking to Japanese mans are one much cross person, he buzz angers down in his whiskers." (He buzzed, to illustrate. It was a wonderful buzz.) "But Mr. Honorably Boss praying to Black Daffodil are one nice much polite person, do got like oil in his voice, all softly, all gently he purr like cats." (And he purred, to illustrate. It was delicious!) "This are to making the god feel a like for him. We Japanese do make softly prayers to little wood god and little brass god. So I think I make American prayer to Black Daffodil God. Honorably excuse. Very stupid." He bowed beautifully, because he was Japanese, and no matter how uncomfortable one felt, one remembered to be polite.

But everybody else was uncomfortable, too. The Boss felt that he had been shown up as a very two-faced individual.

And Deacon Jones said to Papa Smith: "To think that any child in America doesn't know who and what and where our God is! Especially a child living on land owned by Smith and Jones, in houses built by

Smith and Jones! A child to whom I've never given anything but a telephone to worship. I feel like a hypocrite. Tom, it makes me think of Penny's prayer for the empty envelopes."

"Humph!" grunted Papa Smith. I have no way of knowing what he was thinking, but surely it must have passed through his mind that it was because of too many empty envelopes that his denomination had not been able to afford to build a new mission in Orange Valley for the Japanese families. It was as if the empty envelopes had had written across them, "A telephone is a good enough god for the Japanese."

But Papa Smith knew that it was not good enough for his own little Smiths. You will remember how—rain or shine—there was Sunday morning church for them, and Sunday school, and Bibles for each member of the family. Deacon Jones said all of this aloud—he evidently felt much troubled.

It was then that Takata said what he said once before: "I have spend fifteen winter and fifteen summer in America. I am young, fifteen years ago. Now I go old. All those fifteen year I make a walk here, I make a walk there. I make a question here, I make a question there. Nobody worship a god in America. Nobody. Sometimes I got a hungry for a god, same as Shoichi Hatanaka got."

Hunger!

Why, it was because of hunger that SMITH & JONES Co. had made a fortune. Hungry people wanted

oranges. The partners liked that hunger. It put money in their pockets. As Papa Smith and Deacon Jones rode back home in their automobile, they talked this all over. Deacon Jones said they must take a third Partner into their firm. A Partner whose speciality had always been hunger. Hunger like Takata's. Hunger like Shoichi Hatanaka's.

"*He filleth the hungry with good things,*" was written in the Bible of this Partner.

Deacon Jones said they had no business making money out of one kind of hunger if they did not let their Partner use that money in feeding the other kind of hunger, feeding it with Bibles and missions and Sunday schools. Wasn't this all true?

"Humph!" said Papa Smith, brusquely.

But this was not the end.

I thought you would like to know that on the following Sunday morning every single Smith envelope was bulgy on the "Empty" side; Penelope Smith was so surprised and excited and delighted that she talked out loud in church a second time, holding up her envelope: "Just look, Tenny, look! It only took God a week to get my prayer answered!"

But surely you have gathered from this story that if only people could be brought face to face with the hunger caused by their empty church envelopes, then they, too, would want to go through the world hand in hand with our great Partner, for

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.

How the Artist Forgot Four Colors [1]

Once upon a time a very beautiful church was being built, and before it was done all the people said: "Now the time has come to get the very finest artist in the world to make us a wonderful picture in glass, for our stained-glass window over the choir."

So, as grown-up people have a way of doing, they left it to a very wise committee to choose the artist and the subject of the picture. Because the name of the church was to be the Church of the Christ-Child, they wanted the picture to be about little children, so they chose as a subject that lovely hymn we sometimes sing in Sunday school:

Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band, singing:
Glory! Glory!
Glory be to God on high.

You know how an artist works, don't you? With a great big sheet of white canvas and a queer oval thing called a palette for colors with a hole in the middle for his thumb? Well, our artist painted and painted and painted, day after day, until he made what he knew was the very best picture he had ever painted, and he loved every inch of that canvas; for there was Jesus, and all around him the dearest, loveliest, happiest children you can imagine, singing—oh, you could almost

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hear them sing, "Glory! Glory! Glory be to God on high," as they stood around the Saviour with their golden heads thrown back and their sweet white throats full of beautiful music!

The artist was perfectly delighted with his work, and as it was all done, he sent word to the wise committee to come the next morning to see it, to be sure they liked it—before the glass window picture was started, you understand?

Then he went to bed. And he went to sleep, still very happy over the finished picture in his studio. But in the middle of the night he was quite sure he heard a little noise in the studio in the very corner where his precious picture stood—he listened—yes! he knew he heard sounds there. So he got up and hurried in, and there he found a Stranger with his thumb through the artist's palette, actually painting on the artist's picture!

The artist rushed up, crying: "Oh, stop! Stop! You are ruining it! Oh, look what you have done already! You have spoiled it—and alas! alas! the committee are coming tomorrow morning."

The Stranger turned calmly, and just as calmly he said: "When I came into the room I saw that you had spoiled it yourself, so I am merely making it right. You had five colors left on your palette, why did you use only one color for the faces of the little children? Who told you their faces were all white in heaven?"

The artist looked surprised as he tried to think: "Why, no one ever told me, sir, but I always thought of it that way!"

The Stranger smiled kindly: "But now, of course, you see how wrong you were. I have simply used these other colors and made some of the faces yellow and some brown and some red and some black, for these little ones have come from many lands in answer to my call——"

"Your call?" the artist repeated in a puzzled fashion. "What call was that, sir?"

The Stranger's wonderful voice replied in words that sounded strangely familiar: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Then the artist knew that the Stranger must indeed be the Lord Jesus himself, but even as he knew it, the Stranger was gone, and the artist was alone, facing his changed picture. And as he looked he smiled happily, for there were some dear little yellow children with slant-up eyes, and he knew they were singing, "Glory! Glory! Glory be to God on high" in Chinese. And next to them were quaint little brown children with great brown eyes, and next to them black children, and next to them fascinating little red children; indeed, the happiest, loveliest lot of boys and girls, and white ones, too.

The artist looked and *looked* and *looked,* he was so pleased with himself for being able to guess where the children came from: "You came from India, you dear little brown fellows with turbans, and you cunning brown girls in gay shawls! You brown boys with red fezzes are from Turkey; and you little black infants—

you're from Africa; while you red ones live near me right here in America—you're American Indians." In fact, it seemed to him as if he kept on standing there, looking and looking, loving the picture better and better all night long—when all of a sudden *he woke up,* to find the morning sun shining in the window, and there he was in bed! He simply could not understand!

He rushed into the studio, and there stood his picture—exactly as it had been with all the faces as white as yours! Then he knew that he had had a dream, but such a beautiful dream that he could never forget it again.

You will remember that the committee was coming that very morning to judge the picture, so you can imagine how quickly he had to work to try to make it look exactly the way the Stranger had made it look in his dream; and sure enough, one by one quaint little yellow faces with slant-up eyes, and little brown faces with great brown eyes, and smiling black faces with smiling eyes, began to appear, until the picture became just as lovely as the dream picture had been.

Then the wise committee arrived, and they loved the picture at once, only, of course they had to use the most important of big words, as grown-up people (even the best of them) will do: "Fascinating!" "Such atmosphere!" "Such marvelous characterization!" "Talk about chiaroscuro!" "Matchless technique!" And, oh dear me! a great many other equally curious remarks; but one sweet, quiet lady who looked as if she certainly had five little sons and five

little daughters looking exactly like you, said with a jolly smile: "Why, it's *God's family* at home with him, isn't it? I just love it!"

And I think it was the most sensible thing said that day, for *God's family* must always mean *all* those five colors to you and to me, mustn't it?

The Bean Pole

The Bean Pole has not always been a Bean Pole. He will never forget the day when he first discovered that he was on the brink of becoming one, for it also happened to be the very day when he had spied something absolutely fascinating in the gutter and had promptly sat down on it. For in the street where he lived that was what you had to do: sit down on things with neatness and despatch the moment you discovered them, for otherwise there was the whole neighborhood in general to snatch them away, and the odious Feodor in particular to swoop down and grab.

You, being a person with treasures untold, can never know how Bean Poles feel about these unexpected gutter gifts.

"Treasures?" you ask me, utterly astonished, because you may have always considered yourself as poor and doing-without-things. But have you ever owned a ball? Just any ball—big, little, or in between? Or a bat? Or a dollar radio set? Or a toy engine? Or dominoes? Or checkers? For if you have, then the Bean Pole would call you the weathiest person in the United States—what more could anybody possi-

bly want than you now have? Certain it is that he had never had even such simple treasures as balls or bats or dominoes, although he always had one eye cocked toward the gutters, for there was positively no telling what you might find there, especially down on Dock Street where drays lumbered by on their way to the railroad, and ash-wagons rumbled past on their way to the dump yards, and pedlers pushed their carts piled high with everything imaginable. . . Oh yes! Decidedly it paid to watch the gutters. And to sit down on what you discovered if anybody else seemed likely to grab it.

So there, one sweltering morning in June, was our Bean Pole, sitting hard on the round thing that he was positive was a ball. He felt as rich as Crœsus (who was quite the richest of men), and not all the pummeling of the odious Feodor could make him get up from on top of his wealth.

"Mine!" he yelled. "I found it!" But it took a solid hour of kickings and scufflings and buffets to make Feodor retire from the scene with a bleeding nose and one sleeve ripped out of his shirt.

Monarch of all he surveyed, the Bean Pole now arose with great dignity and stooped to pick up his new possession, wondering if it were going to be worth his own bruises. But it was. For any rubber ball with "bounce" left in it is always worth a bruise or two. It was only natural, therefore, for him to want to test the bounce, but alas! There is this to be said about Dock Street: the drays and ash-wagons and pedlers'

carts fill all the space from curb to curb in an unending stream, while as for the sidewalks—Mr. Abram Sofieski has piles of pots and pans for sale right out on the pavement before his store, Mr. Isaac Rubenstein has an even larger collection of second-hand furniture jutting out sufficiently to trip the unwary passer-by, and three doors farther down Uncle Moses Aaron keeps second-hand clothes dangling from long hooks so that the empty jacket sleeves beckon temptingly in the wind while the coat-tails gesticulate frantically: "Buy us! Buy us!" And so it was all along Dock Street—shops on the sidewalks, jabbering passers-by trying to make bargains or stopping to gossip, until there was not one spare inch of pavement on which any Bean Pole could ever test the bounce of a rubber ball.

But the Bean Pole waited, hoping for an unexpected clearing, and while he waited the odious Feodor returned.

"For one bounce of that nice little ball, I tell you one grand secret, yes?"

"No!" thundered the new owner of the ball.

Feodor smirked. It is a horrid thing to do—smirking. "Always will you be sorry over not giving me that one little bounce, for the secrets is very grand."

"But what is the secrets about?" asked the Bean Pole.

Feodor smirked, an even worse one than before: "Oh just—picnics," he announced, quite as if this weren't at all an important word to mention on Dock Street.

"*Picnics?*" echoed the Bean Pole, utterly unable to believe his ears. For picnics had never happened to him. Never!

"Uh-huh," nodded Feodor. "So you give me one bounce, I tell you everything."

"Just one bounce?" asked the Bean Pole, nearly dead with curiosity. After all, he might find another ball in another gutter, but picnics were magic affairs not to be found for the looking.

"Just one bounce," agreed Feodor, his dirty hands grabbing the ball eagerly. But I am sorry to say that no sooner did the generous Bean Pole let his ball drop into the hands of Feodor than that dishonest young gentleman took to his heels and ran like the wind, dodging here and there behind Mr. Abram Sofieski's pots and pans, hiding behind Uncle Moses Aaron's second-hand suits, with the desperate Bean Pole close on his heels every moment until, in Smith's Alley, behind some ash-cans, the chase ended with the Bean Pole sitting on top of Feodor's stomach, demanding fiercely, "Now about those picnics, is it true?"

Feodor rolled his head around in the dust meekly and declared it was true. Hadn't he just heard it?

"When? Where? Who?" the Bean Pole asked.

"I and you and—everybody," wriggled poor Feodor. "Get off my stomach."

But the Bean Pole sat harder than ever—didn't he always sit down on things when he finally found them? Therefore he continued to pin Feodor to the earth as he asked other questions—all the questions that any

one would ask who had heard that magic word "picnic."

Feodor was uncomfortable enough to tell all: "Well, there was a man by the door of your mamma's flat. He said to your mamma: 'It's one grand easy chance for widow-ladies like you to earn money. All summer by the nice green country with your children, just picking nice green vegetables off vines. Why say, it will be like picnics!'"

"Like picnics!" echoed the Bean Pole. "And what did my mamma say over picnics?"

Feodor: "Get off my stomach, so I can tell you."

Bean Pole: "Not much I don't get off until you tell me all, you Feodor! You ain't said yet am I going on those picnics, or is they for ladies only?"

Feodor: "Ain't I said it once? I and you and everybody goes. For your mamma smiled on the man by the door. She said picnics sounded awful good to widow-ladies with six children, and when should she start, please. So then he said how she should start Sunday."

"Sunday!" shouted the Bean Pole. "I'm going on picnics by the country on Sunday!"

"Sure! And I'm coming, too," said the meek Feodor, still flat on his back, "for when I heard how these picnics were for widow-ladies I make a nice bow to the man by your mamma's door and I say to him, real polite, how my mamma is also widow-lady, with lots more children than your mamma got, so couldn't she get invited, please? And he goes across the hall

to my mamma's flat. And Sunday we all go. So now me get up and bounce that ball."

The Bean Pole arose. Feodor arose. Solemnly they tested the bounce of the ball. But balls were suddenly too unimportant to be noticed. Picnics, *picnics* were the things now. Oh, how long it was until Sunday!

Picnics wouldn't be picnics without bundles, of course; and because this particular picnic was to last all summer, the Bean Pole went to the train loaded down with all sorts of things tied up in a quilt. The man who had invited his mother seemed rather provoked at the number and size of her bundles, but there was no time to do anything about it because everybody else had bundles, too; and in about ten minutes their train came thundering along the track, snorting past as if it did not intend to stop for them, but apparently changing its mind just in time to let them board a car directly in front of their quilted bundles.

The Bean Pole had seen any number of trains, of course, but he had never traveled in one. He had never sat on a red velvet seat. He had never leaned out of the window and seen telegraph poles and houses go skating past him; it took much persuading to make him believe that neither the houses nor the poles were running backwards!

But presently he stopped caring about houses and poles, for the world had become amazingly full of green meadows! He kept thinking: "This is the last

of those meadows, we'd better get off here and begin our picnic. There won't be meadows, farther on. Oh, *why* doesn't the train stop?" He grew positively sick over the speed of trains which rushed through green meadows so recklessly . . . he had not dreamed that America had so many of them. Until that day he had supposed that America was all Dock Street; no matter how far you walked it would still be Dock Street with drays and ash-wagons and pedlers. But that was not so, for trains took you to meadows. And meadows meant picnics. He adored trains! He adored America!

He was far too excited to eat sausages and pickles and bananas. They stuck half-way in his throat. Moreover, he thought that it was positively rude to eat before you reached the picnic itself. Yet even after hours and hours of traveling they did not seem to get there; the sun finally went sliding down the sky and hid behind some trees at the edge of the millionth meadow. "*Now* we must be there," announced the Bean Pole.

And they were.

Everybody hurried from the train, pushing and jostling for fear of being left behind. The little platform was a mass of people, bundles, babies.

"Is this the picnic?" asked Katya of her brother.

"This?" he asked in a scathing tone, scandalized at the utter lack of sense displayed by sisters. "Picnics, Katya, is meadows with people sitting on them eating things."

The odious Feodor smirked at Katya: "Ain't he the wise man? Guess he's been coming on picnics before, yes?"

But even Feodor's heart was thumping excitedly, for big farm-wagons were at the platform now, and people, babies, bundles, were being crowded aboard. Off the wagons jolted down a country road. . .

"Oh, I see awful big little birds!" shrieked Katya, pointing through the twilight at a peaceful farmhouse door.

"Hens!" snorted Feodor, with a superior smile.

The Bean Pole wished that sisters had more sense. But even her stupidity did not worry him seriously, for he was sniffing the country air and saying how he loved it.

"With smells in it like cologne out of bottles in the Five and Ten Cent Store," thrilled Katya, also sniffing.

Feodor sneered: "Cologne! Out of bottles!" The Bean Pole suddenly wished that picnics could be for friends only, a wish that he kept right on wishing all summer long, for by this time they had reached the end of their journey. It seemed impossible that it could be the end for there was nothing in sight but a long tumble-down shack.

The man who had invited everybody to come now shouted, "Choose your quarters quickly, one room to a family!"

Such pushing! And jostling! And shouting! "Mamma, do we want this horrid room? No?"

"Mamma, is this better?"

"Say, look at the hole in the floor!"

"Yes, but holes in the floor is better than those holes in the roof next door."

"This bed is broken down."

"Bed? Do you call that a bed? It's just a bundle of straw!"

"We can't stay here——"

"Oh, no, of course not. There must be something better. Come on, let's look further."

But looking did no good, for there was nothing else from which to choose, just this one long, low-roofed shack. Inside, the little rooms were separated by walls which went only half-way up to meet the roof, so that what Feodor said to his family in their room could easily be heard by the Bean Pole's family next door. It was too public—too horrid—too dirty—too crowded —too uncomfortable. The picnic was not being a success! Nobody wanted to stay. Yet nobody could leave. Dock Street was now far, far away, and wasn't this a picnic which was to last all summer? Well, summer had just begun.

Nobody joked or laughed or giggled as they had expected to do. Even the stars were ashamed to twinkle in their usual jolly fashion as the tired Polish families lay down to sleep in their new homes. Only the Bean Pole was hopeful; tomorrow would be different. It was! But not in the way he expected.

For at five o'clock there was a whistle, very shrill and loud. Sleepy mothers got up and dressed; sleepy children rolled over and slept again until their mothers

grew tired of calling them. But the Bean Pole did not have to be called twice; he was far too anxious for the picnic to begin.

But it had hardly begun—yet! For his mother and Feodor's mother and another mother shared one rusty, old, iron cook-stove. They tried to make a fire in it but the fire simply smoked in their faces. They built it again. It still smoked. Every one coughed and sputtered. The Bean Pole was sent with a bucket to find some water. He walked and walked and walked and walked until he was almost back at Dock Street, then he found a spring of water. He filled his bucket and carried it back.

"I hope this won't happen every morning," he sighed. (But it did!) And still the stove did not burn enough to boil the water. Everybody said disagreeable things to everybody else, until certainly the picnic was not a success as far as breakfast went.

An hour later you could have seen the Polish mothers and children standing among rows of plants picking slender green beans and dropping them into pails: snip, snap, plop! snip, snap, plop! snip, snap—plop! Moment after moment. Hour after hour. The sun rose higher in the sky and beat down on their heads.

Katya said miserably, "Is this the picnic?"

The Bean Pole did not know what to answer, for surely snipping, snapping, plopping was not the jolliness to which he had looked forward. Yet that was all he did for one day, two days, three days, four days until the cannery next door to the farm was ready

to begin canning the beans, cutting them into little pieces ready to be cooked. . .

And all this time you never knew about it, did you? Never knew that year after year new little Poles were being lured into the country by smooth-tongued agents who painted lovely pictures of green-meadow-picnics, all in order to gain new workers to pick your beans for supper? Little green beans in a can, all neatly cut and cooked and canned to save your dear mother the trouble of cutting and cooking and canning them herself. But oh, the trouble that it made for the Bean Pole's mother and for Feodor's mother and for those dozens of other Polish mothers! And oh, the disappointment as they waited day after day for the promised picnic which never arrived!

But our missionary societies have a "Council of Women" in New York City, and they had heard about those bean-pickers. So one morning there stood before them two college girls. The "Council" was looking at a map.

"Right here," they said, laying their thumbs on a certain spot, "right here is a large group of Poles picking and canning beans. After they finish the beans, there will be corn to gather, then tomatoes, then squash, and late in the fall the boss will send them down to the seashore to shuck oysters during the entire winter. In all that time they will be living in make-shift shanties, with no comforts and no privacy, their little children will be utterly neglected from morning until night. Does it seem Christian to you that we should

pray each morning, ' Give us this day our daily bread,' and then proceed to eat the beans and corn and tomatoes without doing something to bring a little joy to the people who have worked so hard to feed us?"

The two college girls shook their pretty heads. And that is the way you and I sent them to bring the picnic to our Bean Pole! But it was not a picnic to anybody for several weary days, I assure you. For however pretty those two girls may have looked in New York City, they looked curiously rumpled and mussed and dirty the following day in the Land-Of-Beans, due to the fact that the only building they could use was an old barn. An old barn with a hole in the roof and a hole in the floor and cobwebs in every corner. Dingy, gloomy, impossibly horrid.

But college girls specialize in the impossible! They love it! They mended the roof; they mended the floor; they wiped down the cobwebs; they had big new windows cut in the walls so that the gloominess suddenly became sunshine. Then they took buckets and brushes and brooms and attacked the dirt until inch by inch, foot by foot, yard by yard, the impossible barn began to have a scrubbed and shining look. Then they bought great lengths of snowy muslin and curtained off one spotless corner of the barn.

"Behold!" they cried proudly. "Our day-nursery!"

Each new minute that passed turned that barn into a more fascinating place, with cheerful little curtains fluttering out of all the windows as if to beckon:

"Hurry up! Come on in!" Little cribs and tables and chairs began to appear; but the cleaner the barn, the more rumpled the two girls. Until finally, when the barn was entirely "fixed," they took time enough to make themselves pretty enough to match their handiwork. And, at last, the time for the picnic had come.

But—nobody knew it.

Neither Katya, Feodor, nor the Bean Pole knew it. They had been warned against barns that became changed into such glorious places almost in the twinkling of an eye. "It will cost you good moneys to go inside such grand places," said their poor tired mothers, "and who's got money to spare?"

Certainly Katya had none. Nor Feodore. Nor the Bean Pole. So they stared sullenly at the pretty ladies who kept begging them to come in.

"Not much we won't come in," sneered Feodor.

Such an odious boy! The Bean Pole was ashamed to have him act so disagreeably to these heavenly creatures. "We ain't got the moneys to pay," he explained with a quaint bow.

Whereupon the pretty ladies became prettier than ever as they smilingly waved their hands toward the enchanted barn: "It is yours! It is free! Walk in!"

The Bean Pole walked. Katya walked. Feodor walked. And there before their astonished eyes were two little Polish babies being washed and powdered and put into cunning clean dresses.

Katya was stunned: "We got babies by our house," she gasped.

"Then do bring them here! We keep babies safely all day while mothers work. We feed the babies properly. They get fat and jolly and happy," explained Pretty Lady Number I.

Katya dashed away headlong to collect her little sisters. The Bean Pole thought it risky business, this washing of babies.

"Leddy," he warned the nurse, "babies ain't potatoes that you should boil them in hot waters. We never do it to our babies. Not a drop of water!"

But P. L. No. I looked wondrous wise: "I love water, and babies love water. You must learn to love it, too. Wouldn't you like to have a bath right now?"

"Me?" asked Bean Pole, alarmed beyond words.

"*Him?*" gasped Feodor, pointing a thumb at the poor Bean Pole. For, enemies though they were, he would not want him to be the victim of such hot, wet torture.

But would you believe it? Within five short days there were a number of other little Poles who ventured to take their very first baths; they came forth with such a soaped and shining air of piety: "We feel so cool!" "We feel so nice!"

It was too much for the Bean Pole. He asked his Pretty Lady No. I for the bathroom key and a piece of soap. Then he locked himself in, his heart beating like a trip-hammer. I think he felt that the much-delayed picnic was at hand. But not yet! Not yet! For he did not fully understand about baths, and when the tub was full to the brim he climbed in, clothes and

all. It simply never occurred to him to take them off! But he worked up a lovely lather of soap and bubbles from top to toe; he splashed and splattered for a full half-hour until the P. L. No. I grew somewhat alarmed; she knocked at the door and said, "It's time for you to come out."

He came out. Just as he was—sopping, dripping, with little rivers of water trailing along behind him, his soaked clothes clinging to him closely as if he had just been saved from drowning. "I came out, leddy," he beamed, contentedly.

The Pretty Leddy gasped. The other Pretty Leddy gasped. And perhaps you can guess what Feodor did! It was Katya who saved the day: "Excuse him, leddies, he ain't so wet but the sun could dry him up."

So the Bean Pole was set in the sun to dry; and the "picnic" unexpectedly began, for while a spellbound audience sat around to watch him dry, Pretty Leddy No. II told a story. It was something called a Bible story. Nobody had ever heard of one before, but they loved it. They listened hard. It was thrilling.

"And now we will act out my story," the wonderful lady said.

Because he was still so wet, the Bean Pole was named "Joseph," the good brother who was hidden in a pit ("a pit is like a well," the story-teller said) by all his wicked brothers. Feodor as a wicked brother did famously, of course. But by and by, when Joseph was sold into Egypt, Feodor was asked to be the great King Pharaoh who befriended Joseph. It was, of

course, a great honor to be king. Feodor poked out his chin and thumped his chest importantly.

"Don't put on too many airs, little Mr. King Pharaoh," begged the Pretty Leddy, "for you would have starved without Joseph! Crowns and robes and thrones and scepters would have meant nothing to you without food, and only the wise Joseph knew how to give you that food. So naturally you will now try to make Joseph the greatest man in all Egypt—you are to love him devotedly—you are to honor him—Joseph is to become dearer to you than a brother! So ask him to sit on your throne beside you and give him the kiss which a great king bestows on an equal."

Oh, it was a bitter pill, this pretending to love the Bean Pole! But Feodor sat up on his throne (it was an empty sugar-barrel) and made a royal gesture with his right hand: "Climb on up here alongside of me, Josef," he ordered.

The Bean Pole climbed up. He was much drier by this time. Feodor placed his arms around the Bean Pole's neck and kissed him on the cheek: "My brother!" he loudly announced to his speechless courtiers.

The Bean Pole was terribly embarrassed. He forgot that it was a play! He rubbed off the kiss and said to little King Pharaoh, as friend to friend, "Say, I guess this picnic's begun, all right, all right!"

"Sure!" said Feodor generously.

And the two Pretty Leddies suddenly kissed each other, too.

"They like it!" cried P. L. No. II. "They like my Bible stories! I knew they would."

"Oh, no, you didn't!" answered P. L. No. I. "You *hoped* they would, just as you hoped they'd like baths and games and sewing classes and carpenter classes. Oh, I'm so glad I came to this Land-Of-Beans."

"Me, too!" said Katya.

"And me," said the Bean Pole.

"And me!" said King Pharaoh, still clinging in a very friendly fashion around the neck of the damp Joseph, the Bean Pole, because life on a throne (when it's a barrel) is a risky thing to share and requires quite gentle treatment.

Surely you can see for yourself that the picnic really *had* begun!

RECREATION SUGGESTIONS ON LESSONS ABOUT NEW AMERICANS AND WHAT THEY MAKE FOR US

1. *Eye Spy*

Behind a screen have a table covered with objects about which your group has had posters, stories, etc., such as orange, beans, cans, sugar, forget-me-nots, etc. One by one the players are blindfolded and led behind the screen to finger these objects, which they must not only name, but about which they must also tell something, either where it came from or who obtained it for us, etc. Score is kept, and the player who has answered best is the winner.

2. *The Magic Goggles*

To prevent eye-strain all travelers need goggles. Seat the players in a Merry-Go-Round of chairs, arranged in a circle, each player provided with a pair of Merry-Go-Round goggles and

a pencil. The map of each hemisphere is on the outer side of the goggles. On the inner side each player is to write some of the necessities of life which are grown or made for us in the western hemisphere, then in the eastern hemisphere. This is to be kept secret, as it will serve to refresh the individual memories for the playing of the game. The leader then stands in the center of the Merry-Go-Round and mentions various commodities, such as "oranges." Music starts playing, and instantly all the Merry-Go-Rounders who know that our oranges come to us from the western hemisphere rise from their seats and start marching *to the left* until the music stops, when they must sit down where they are. This will be more difficult because some players will not have risen, and the Magic Goggles improve only the inward vision and not the outward! For all commodities coming from the eastern hemisphere the marchers must go *to the right* (e. g., dates, olives, rubber, tea, coffee, silks, etc.).

3. *The Merry-Go-Round*

This can be played like going to Jerusalem, only the chairs are arranged in a circle, this time with their backs toward the center of the circle. There is one chair less than the number of players, and a new chair is removed at each round.

4. *Back from Around the World*

Pin on the back of each player a slip of paper bearing the name of a commodity, such as tea, gold, salmon, silk, etc. The players are very eager to discover what is pinned on their backs, but can ask only one question apiece from each of the other players, and as in Twenty Questions the answers can be only "yes" and "no." E. g., "Does my gift come from Africa?" "Could it feed me?" etc. The player who first guesses his gift tells the leader, and is the first to have refreshments!

HANDWORK

See second session.

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